The LOST KINGDOM OF BURGUNDY

ROBERT J. CASEY

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BOUILLAND

Ruins of the Abbey built by Ste. Marguerite near Beaune

THE LOST KINGDOM OF BURGUNDY

BY

ROBERT J. CASEY

AUTHOR OF "THE LAND OF HAUNTED CASTLES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH MANY PHOTOGRAPHS

"Where went they, the Kings?"
"Over the mountain."

—MISTRAL

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TO
MY FATHER AND MOTHER

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CHAPTER I

ON SUCH A NIGHT AS THIS

Phantoms of Empire

Over the keys the musing organist
  Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
  And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay.

LOWELL.

THE LOST KINGDOM OF BURGUNDY

CHAPTER I

ON SUCH A NIGHT AS THIS

OLD Mère Therese pushed half a dozen willow twigs through the lower door of her tiny stove and moved the *pot-au-feu* to a warmer place on the nearly gelid surface. Then she drew forward her rush-bottomed chair and settled herself to her knitting. . . . Mysterious noises in the street. . . . Strange whisperings in the empty fireplace. . . . Rattling sounds like hurried footsteps on the tiled roof. . . . Shadows on the wall, dancing as the flame staggered on the wick of the guttering candle.

"On such a night as this, monsieur," she observed, with a solemn tone and secretive air, "Charles the Bold of Burgundy rode out to his death. He lost an empire, monsieur, because he did not dare to rescue a beautiful woman."

Click, *click*, *click*, the needles, flashing like swords in miniature combat. Madame was much concerned about this sad fate of Charles the Bold. I had heard the story

before and I knew that I was next to listen to a detailed account of all his virtues—his bravery, his generosity, his chastity. Mère Therese knew all of these things as well as she knew her prayers. She might have been put to some small effort in telling me of the personal affairs of Jacques Routray who had lived next door to her these many decades. But no such difficulty existed in the case of the Duke Charles. In madame's conversation he was more than an intimate, he was a confidant.

"It was a sad day for this part of Burgundy when the great Charles was killed, monsieur. Although they do say that in the end it was the best thing for France. But the people of the duke's country loved him. They were rich, very rich, monsieur, and how they must have wept when that brave man died!"

And so the story went on while the twigs crackled in the stove and the wind walked with ghostly footsteps among the tiles.

"On such a night," is a common enough reference in the Côte-d'Or in early spring. Rain and fog and wind. . . . If the ghosts of Burgundy's crowded cemeteries fail to wander over the country-side under such conditions, they are a sorry lot and cannot appreciate an opportunity.

Madame finished with Charles and pushed another handful of twigs into the little stove.

"On such a night, monsieur—so they tell the tale in Provence where I was brought up until I came north to the

cold and the fogs—Guillaume Moret of Tarascon followed the Golden Goat to perdition in the caverns of Les Baux."

More knitting, more attention to the fire, and more stirring of the *pot-au-feu* while madame lowered her voice to spin another tale. And so through the evening this little old woman turned the crank of the cinema of the Golden Kingdom.

When she spoke one saw Gondebaud of the iron hand, stern example of a royal race of fratricides, standing in the shambles of Lyon; Bertille of the Three Golden Crowns, tripping down the sunlit road out of Châlon; Joan the Maid, riding from her sheltered home toward a pyre at Rouen; Charles the Bold, uncrowned emperor, cut down in his glory by a penniless duke and a minstrel king; René of Provence, fighting stirrup by stirrup with La Pucelle before Orleans, writing chansons in his prison tower at Dijon, jingling his lute or dancing with the shepherds in his toy-shop kingdom; knights, ladies, troubadours, crusaders, mercenaries, courtiers, pages, heralds, queens, kings, and courtezans . . . gray ghosts growing dimmer and grayer.

There is a little left of Gondicaire's kingdom of the Burgundians—a moss-grown wall here, an ivy-covered tower there, a crannied cathedral nave, a fragment of a cobbled road. Of the kingdoms that emerged from the engulfing tide of peoples only to be themselves engulfed, the relics are scarcely more numerous or more coherent. The Burgundy that was is divided between Switzerland,

Germany, Belgium, France, and Italy. No trace of language and few of custom give hint that these scattering provinces might ever have had a community of interest. And yet the old kingdom lives on as certainly to-day as it did when the genial blond barbarians from the forests beyond the Rhine overthrew Roman control in the Rhone valley. The kingdom lives because its motley kings, tatterdemalion warriors, guitar-playing swashbucklers, and mace-wielding choristers have refused to remain in their moldy tombs.

It is perhaps unfair even to refer to the heroes of Burgundy as ghosts, for that would imply that they are dead and gone, a supposition far from fact. The white riders of Autun and the mysterious ladies who glide among the roses of Dijon are not phantoms but reincarnations—a bit more ethereal than ghosts, it is true, but on better terms with the general public.

Physical Burgundy was a thing quite as elusive and intangible as the wraiths of memory that have given it immortality. Bryce in his "Holy Roman Empire" points out that it had ten different existences: the kingdom of the Burgundians, established by Teutonic invaders in 406; the kingdom of Burgundy, a principality under the Merovingian kings; the kingdom of Cisjurane Burgundy, also called the kingdom of Provence, founded by Boson in 879 and comprising the present districts of Provence, Dauphiné, the southern part of Savoy, and the country between the Saône

and the Jura; the kingdom of Transjurane Burgundy established by Rodolfe in 888 and embracing all of Switzerland and northern Savoy; the kingdom of Burgundy or Arles, formed by the union of Cisjurane Burgundy with Transjurane Burgundy under Conrad the Pacific in 937; Minor Burgundy, a duchy comprising most of Switzerland west of the Reuss and technically a part of the Holy Roman Empire from the collapse of the kingdom of Arles until 1648; Upper Burgundy (the Franche-Comté), the district between the Saône and the Jura to which the name Cisjurane Burgundy properly belonged, German, French, and Spanish by turns and ceded back to the crown of France in 1678; the landgraviate of Burgundy, which lay in western Switzerland and disappeared in the thirteenth century; the Circle of Burgundy, an administrative grouping of the Franche-Comté and the Netherlands provinces inherited by Emperor Charles V, established in 1548; and finally the duchy of Burgundy, northern part of the old kingdom of the Burgundians, plus the Franche-Comté and the Netherland provinces, the great feudal heritage of which the Valois dukes hoped to build an empire.

There is still a district of Burgundy in France, an amorphous territory that spreads out from the Côte-d'Or and includes the rocky uplifts of the Saône and the Yonne, whence come the rich red wines to which the ancient kingdom has given its name. One who speeds through it aboard the *rapide* from Paris to the Riviera retains an impression

only of vine-clad hills, peaceful villages, and laughing rivers and fails to realize that here was generated a movement which nearly changed the face of Europe. Even the traveler who pays an extended visit to this district usually remembers it as a friendly and fascinating reliquary in which the dead bones of other ages remain imperishable. Few find time to consider Old Burgundy as the vast entity that it was, to read its unbelievable story in its towers and spires and donjon keeps, to commune with its phantoms on terms of understanding and sympathy.

The ancient Burgundy was and is something quite apart from the France that enveloped it. And even now that it has grown hazy in the twilight of the years, a sort of Atlantis engulfed beneath seas upon seas of new people, the imaginative visitor may walk its old roads as in a country so far undiscovered by tourist and native alike. There is magic in the castles that crumble on the hilltops. The eternal rivers, laughing on their way to the sea as they did when iron-bound knights followed them on their gallant adventure against the paynim, are a tangible link with the past. There is sorcery in the moonlight trickling through the crooked streets of a gray old city.

The legend of Burgundy, its wealthy lore of fairy queens, mythic beasts, and invincible heroes, its *chansons de geste*, its chronicles of joust and battle, all are something quite different from tales pieced together for the amusement of children. Burgundian literature and Burgundian history

are closely intertwined. Burgundian heroes of folk-lore may differ somewhat in character from the Burgundian heroes of fact. But not much. Whether Charles the Bold worked his military miracles with a flat sword or the talisman of a serpent's fangs is merely a matter of detail. Whether Queen Fredegunde was a witch or merely a too amorous Jezebel is a fine literary point that probably did not concern the royal heads that passed through her scarlet hands. Sufficient for the telling of the story is the fact that there really existed a Charles the Bold and that Fredegunde once lived and loved and brewed potent poisons.

Decked in the quaint coloring of its legend, Burgundy's history continues to be vital. Like that of Spain, it is one vast melodrama with great tense moments, tragic dénouements, and an underlying motif of tender love and glittering romance. As history it is so amazing that no fantastic detail of it seems incredible as legend.

There is no fairy-story in any language to compare with the marvelous adventure of Joan of Arc as it may be read in the unembellished chronicles of contemporary historians or in the dry, stilted phrases of the court at Rouen that burned her as a witch.

An illiterate peasant girl hears voices under a fairy tree, rides into battle, routs the wily veterans of a dozen campaigns, and saves a nation. So fantastic a figure is she in that hard-bitten age which fostered her that later centuries might not be blamed for doubting that she ever

existed. King René of the ready sword, the facile pen, and the singing lute is as strange an anomaly as ever stepped into a nursery-rime. Jaques Lalain, a sort of combination *Gil Blas* and *Don Quixote*, was "the knight of the enchanted armor" in contemporary gossip; in history he is "the knight of the invincible sword-arm," a distinction at which the true romancer may be permitted to smile.

And so it is no task at all to credit the tales of Burgundy. One feels an instinctive sorrow for the somewhat ludicrous Arlesian who wasted his substance in pursuit of the Golden Goat. One thrills at the passionate recital of the love of *Aucassin* and *Nicolette* of Beaucaire. One alights from a twentieth-century automobile at Domremy and finds a tear in his eye for the Maid of Orleans, gone to her doom these many centuries. One wishes luck to the imprisoned fairy of the Jura. One feels an indignation that practical minds might consider a bit useless when the shade of the intriguing Duchess Imogene brushes by him in the Salle des Gardes of Dijon. And one walks the old roads in strange company. . . .

Old Mère Therese fed another handful of twigs to the little stove.

"You will find when you have lived here for a time, monsieur," she said, "that you can see the old people of Burgundy very easily. Monsieur le Curé says that they do not exist and that there may be harm in imagining such things. But I see no harm in it.

"Strange men lived in these hills and valleys, monsieur. One should not expect them to behave like ordinary persons after they are dead. And I think that it would be very hard for the ghosts of common folks to stay in their coffins on such a night as this."

CHAPTER II

AUXERRE

Trip-Hammers in Arcady

And the devil will fetch me now in fire
My witchcrafts to atone,
And I who have rifled the dead man's grave
Will never rest in my own.

SOUTHEY.

CHAPTER II

AUXERRE

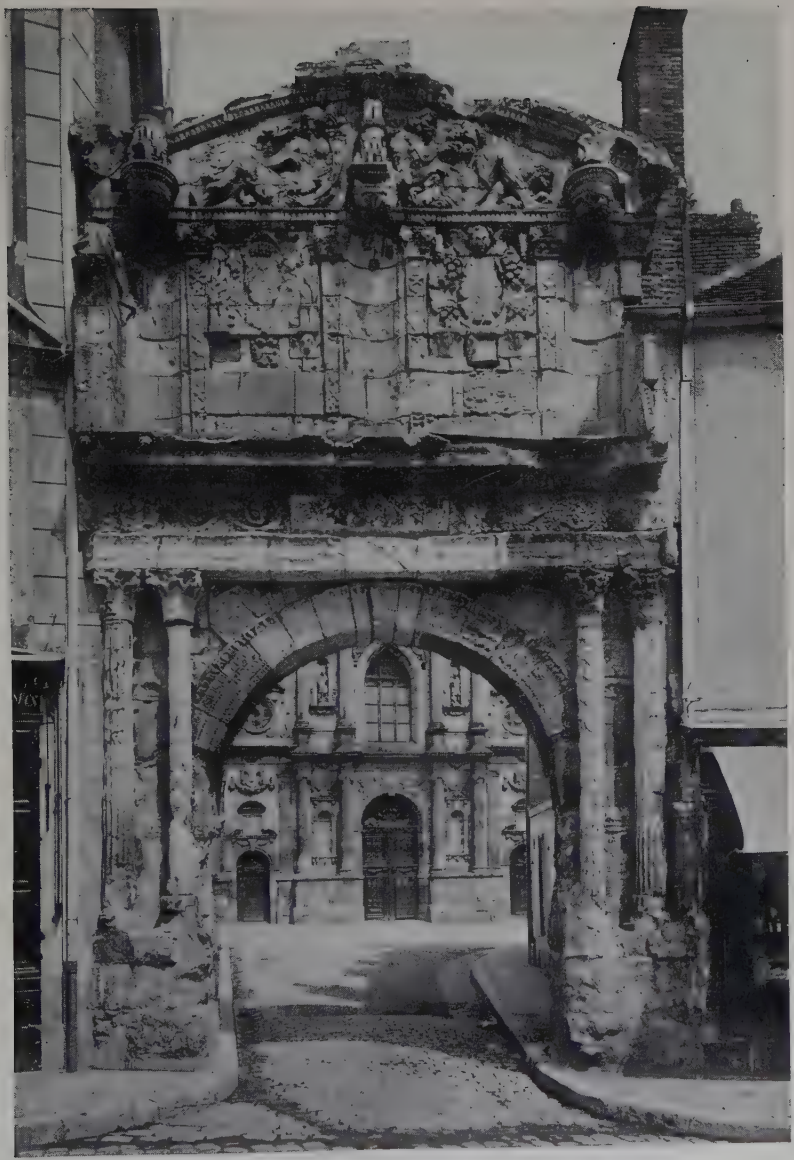
SO I tuned my lute and went adventuring into Burgundy. Despite the shivery stories that had circulated about madame's hearth on nights when the rain walked on the roof, there was not much promise in the quest. Flat fields succeeded one another in a monotonous march southward from Paris. Little squares of grain, little squares of garden truck, little squares of towns, little squares of toy woods, little square church spires all of a kind, little square trees mathematically spaced along the highways to the left and right, little square wheels ticking off the kilometers with a nerve-racking tattoo until even the most thorough-going troubadour might wish for a return of the days when this journey was to be accomplished only on horseback or by closely guarded carriage.

For nearly an hour the railroad skirts the Seine, plunging presently into a more heavily forested district and emerging upon a path of crimson poppies. There is something appropriate in the poppies. Many times in the days of the mailed knights of Burgundy this road from Paris to the south was reddened, and not with poppy petals. This is the highway of the ready sword, where a fight was to be had for

the asking, and death often attended the dropping of a lace handkerchief. . . . There is consolation in the thought of the dead men who stand along this road patiently waiting for judgment day. They make good company for a troubadour. Even the scenic monotony that surrounds them, even the quaint antics of a thoroughly modern and totally disagreeable railroad train cannot make one forget their history.

At Montereau the road leaves the Seine and pursues an upward course through the valley of the Yonne. Here one begins to feel that the chroniclers have been wrong in attempting to prove Old Burgundy merely an artificial arrangement of colors on a map. There is a geological difference between Burgundy and the Isle of France that is readily discernible. As one ascends the Yonne the hills become more numerous and more abrupt, the forests more shaggy and more irregularly spaced. The smooth vistas of green fields are lacking, and in their place spread rugged terraces of staked vineyards with stretches of brown earth between them. Bare rock emerges from the slopes with increasing frequency as the way leads southward, and one senses that this is as characteristic of Burgundy as the wines by which the present incarnation of the ancient kingdom is known.

The little train staggers on up through narrower passes, plays hide-and-seek in tunnels, and breaks through rock walls to a valley where the horizons are higher and the



AUXERRE

Portal of St. Peter's

hills rise from yellow green to mountain blue in the distance. Here, on a point of rock, still girt round with its ancient enceintes, sits Auxerre, northernmost sentry of the lost kingdom.

Auxerre was the capital of the Capetian dukes of Burgundy and remains an impressive monument to their memory, the only town distinctly theirs, perhaps, in all the central region of France. Viewed from the left bank of the river, Auxerre is two cities, one nestling in the sunlight on two hills, the other seemingly below the water as deep as sunken Lyonesse in the reflection on the smooth surface. Clean white buildings front on the river with a mass of greenery beyond them. Other buildings cling to the terraces in the farther distance, points of relief in a striking panorama of formal gardens. High above the highest of the red-tiled roofs rises the square tower of St.-Etienne.

Auxerre is a summer-time city. The hills beyond the old ramparts are squared with vineyards and gay with fields of wild poppies. Sunlight drenches the white streets save in the sequined shade of willowed arbors. The air is heavy with the scents of flowers and vines.

Center of the famous vineyard district that bears its name, the ancient Autissiodurum of Roman Gaul has acquired sufficient wealth to heal its medieval scars. Its towers are not the gaunt ruins of bare rock that one sees in the lower Rhone country. Instead they resemble the abbey remains of England, deep green with ivy and set in

the midst of luxuriant foliage. It is only here and there that the remnants of the Capetian fortifications break through their covering of pastoral loveliness like gloves of mail beneath lace cuffs.

Two bridges lead across the Yonne into the town, one of them a bit of twelfth-century engineering, restored and reinforced for modern traffic. The older bridge strikes the *quai* of the Yonne at a spot once protected by thick walls. As in many another ancient fortress city come upon the ways of peace, the outer cincture has been used as a foundation for a broad circular boulevard. The bastions of the old ducal stronghold are thatched with roses. The moats in which many an assaulting lancer fell to his death are sunken gardens filled with acacia and vines. Streets, wider and whiter than one might expect in so old a place, curve through the site of the vanished citadel. The remains of the interior fortifications and buildings of state emerge unexpectedly from the commercial town that dances on the grave of the half-forgotten capital.

Just out of the Rue Fourier, near the market-place, the street wanders through a tower-flanked arch, one of the gates of the wall that encircled the city during the days of Philippe de Rouvères. This relic, the Tour de l'Horloge, is the only visible remnant of that portion of the enceinte. Over the arch is the great clock that gives the monument its name. It is usually wrong, but has run slow enough to take step with the correct time on hundreds of occasions

during its centuries of service. Who could ask more of a tower clock?

Auxerre is rich in churches. Two of them at least have sat by the side of the Yonne serene and complacent as Burgundy changed from kingdom to fief, from fief to empire, and from empire to the empty echo of a name. No one can tell you how old the Cathedral of St. Etienne actually is. The present structure was begun in the thirteenth century and remodeled during the fifteenth. But there is plenty of evidence that a Romanesque church of indeterminate date was incorporated—in part, at least—in the Gothic structure that one sees to-day.

Lack of attention has cost St. Etienne many of its decorations, but the beauties of its ensemble are still sufficient to make it one of the most notable examples of ecclesiastical architecture in France. Inside and out it is elaborately ornamented and still possesses a fine set of rare old painted windows.

To the left of the altar is a statue in white marble to the memory of Jacques Aymot, translator of Plutarch, who was a native of Auxerre. The sculpture, which is very well executed, shows the old man kneeling at a prie-dieu as he was frequently seen in the ancient church during his life. Another statue of note is that of Nicolas Colbert, Bishop of Auxerre. The Colberts, descendants of a Scotch family that settled at Rheims in the thirteenth century, gave many remarkable men to France, among them this

same Nicolas and his brother, Jean Baptiste Colbert, famous minister of state for foreign affairs under Louis XIV. Two other great men of Auxerre are represented in marble on the most remarkable tomb of the cathedral, the Marshal and the Admiral de Chastellaux. They are shown recumbent, side by side in full armor. A bas-relief on the side of the tomb represents the battle of Cravant, where, in 1423, the English and Burgundians raised the siege successfully started by Charles VII.

The church of St. Eusèbe near the post-office was founded while the kings of the first dynasty were still reigning in Burgundy. It was rebuilt in 640 and has come down to the present generation with little change. Its architecture is a mixture of the Arabesque and Roman, a combination as pleasing as it is novel. Its stone spire is one of the striking features of the town's profile as seen from across the Yonne.

St. Germain, originally part of a royal abbey founded in 623, is another landmark that retains a quaint atmosphere of the early Burgundian civilization, despite numerous additions and restorations. The church itself is all that remains of the abbey. The greater part of the structure is new and was used for centuries as a hospice. The church is made remarkable not so much by what remains of it above ground—for its grandeurs have disappeared bit by bit during the centuries—but by its subterranean extensions. It has two crypts, one above the other, both of

them spacious and splendidly built. In these dim vaults one finds the history of the town carved in the epitaphs of the great—bishops, statesmen, warriors, dukes, counts, saints, and martyrs. St. Germain will muster a noble concourse when Gabriel sounds his trumpet.

A pleasant enough place this for an inquisitive troubadour. Water from a clear spring trickles down the hill under the old buttresses behind the cathedral. Red-headed babies play in the streets. Where the boulevard curves from the ancient wall to follow the river, cobalt glass in the shop doors makes a magic mirror in which the river is purple and the trees black. The street signs bring back the days of the Capetians: "Street of the Holy Pilgrims," "Street of the Housewives' Well," "Street of the Under Walls," "Street of the Arquebus," "Street of the Sign of the Sword." Gradually the atmosphere of the medieval town that was envelops one. . . . Auxerre is still the capital of Burgundy. . . . And then from the white buildings above the bridge comes the sharp tapping of a woodpecker, a steel woodpecker with an appetite for hot rivets. . . .

Auxerre is a manufacturing center nowadays. Close to the spot where once an armorer with a hand forge, a hammer, and an anvil battered out buckler, casque, sword, and other trade-arguments for the nobility of Burgundy, a factory now repeats his processes on a large scale in the manufacture of tools.

Near the Tower of the Horloge I came upon Père Le

Brun, a somewhat aged canal pilot, large-boned, heavy of feature, typically Burgundian, a modern of the moderns. He was just concluding a heated argument with one of the mill-workers—concluding it because his adversary had arisen from the table and was striding rapidly out of hearing.

"He is a new-comer to Auxerre," Monsieur Le Brun declared, addressing himself to me for want of better audience. "What should he know about the traditions of Auxerre who has lived all his life like a ground-hog making repairs in the Paris subway? . . . I was trying to tell him that the city came upon evil days because of the great famine of the tenth century and because of the curse of the wolf. It was because of the wolves and the evil stories of this plateau that the dukes moved their capital to Dijon. And you know how poorly Burgundy prospered with Dijon as its first city.

"The wolves used to bother us a great deal. It has always been so in the wine-growing districts. The wild animals learn to eat the food that is available, and so, hereabouts, we have had to guard the grapes against the wolves and dogs.

"There seems to be an exhilarating effect in ripe grapes. I suspect the stomach of the wolf is so constructed that the fermentation of the fruit juices proceeds rapidly after the animal has eaten the grapes. At any rate, intoxication is frequently the result.

"We don't see as much of that now as formerly. The wolves nearly all have been exterminated, but I can remember one occasion when they ran in a drunken pack right through this very street. Few who saw that sight will forget it.

"The wolves were all intoxicated. That was what caused them to come into the town in the first place, and it was also what saved the townsfolk after they had come in. They were too drunk to remember that they were wolves.

"They just lay down in the street, stupidly drunk. Then the townsfolk came out and killed them. That was the last wolf scare in these parts. The dogs still bother us. They are inveterate grape thieves. But unless there should be another famine sufficient to reduce the population of the district, these animals will never endanger our lives again."

The rocky, wine-growing regions of France were a frequent prey to famine in the none too paternal days of feudalism. The most prosperous wine cities of to-day are naturally located in rocky, sandy soil that is adapted to grape growing and of little use for any other sort of agriculture. The tradition of these famines has come down to the present generation with thrilling detail; and there are many well fed vintners not yet past the age for military service who can tell you all the harrowing details of the period immediately preceding the Truce of God.

Perhaps these stories of starvation have kept alive the

legends of the wolves, for somehow in human imagination the two go together—the dim, terrible form of famine, driving before it the lean, hollow-eyed wolf. It was usually only at times of universal starvation that the wolves came out of their haunts to penetrate the towns.

Old Père Le Brun seemed to be bearing all the weight of suffering of the entire community of those far-gone days as he recited tale after gruesome tale of cannibalism and death. One of his stories is interesting as demonstrating a possible source for one very wide-spread bit of folk-lore:

"Many people were missing from the towns hereabouts, monsieur. At first it was thought that they might have fallen dead of starvation in the woods and on the roads. But it was noticed that not only the weak were taken but the strong as well. It was a great mystery.

"During these sad days there was a man near Tonnerre who used to sell fresh pork at a high price. Inasmuch as many of those who disappeared had been last seen near Tonnerre, an investigation was directed towards this butcher shop. It was discovered that the proprietor had been dealing in human flesh. The skeletons of a dozen of his victims were found under the earthen floor of his cottage. Ah, monsieur, a man goes back to the animal immediately when he is hungry."

It is not difficult to see, in this and other more or less authentic accounts of the cannibalism to which the private

wars of the iron chevaliers of feudalism had reduced the country-side, the germ of the werwolf legend. The connection between the human being who dealt in the flesh of his fellow-man and the human being turned wolf long enough to obtain a similar repast seems evident. It is not surprising that a region rich in the lore of grape-eating dogs, drunken wolves, and flesh markets should also cling to traditions of ghouls and their nauseous cousins.

A story in point is that of the Chevalier de Broussy, whose chateau stood near to that of the dukes of Burgundy in the region of Auxerre. He was a strong, stern man and well loved by Robert of Burgundy, his patron.

De Broussy had a beautiful wife whom he adored with all the ardor of an elemental nature. He protected her against the temptations of the dissolute feudal courts, gave her everything that a woman could desire, even to the point of impoverishing himself, and made her life a long honeymoon in a castle where the stairs were marble and fountains played in the courtyards. And yet he was never able to penetrate her reserve. She seemed to love him, but always there was a mystery behind her blue eyes, always a hint of fear in her fleeting smile.

He left her alone one day to go hunting in the woods with Hugh of Cravant, his close friend. It was a beautiful day in mid-spring, the sort of day when Burgundy is at its best; and he should have felt the exhilaration that such days always bring. But a moodiness was on him as he

left the castle . . . a moodiness that seemed to increase as he rode onward.

Toward noon he came to an open space in the woods, near the rocky summit of a hill, and there found the realization of his forebodings. Lying on the greensward, surrounded by daisies, wild roses, and poppies, was the body of a child. Standing over it with bloody jowls was a wolf. The knights rushed upon the beast immediately, manœuvering so suddenly and so skilfully that the wolf was caught between a precipitous rock and two naked swords.

The wolf leaped at Hugh of Cravant first, cleared his guard, and caught him by the throat. He fell dying. De Broussy made a quick, cutting stroke and slashed the beast on the right foreleg. The wolf leaped once more and disappeared among the rocks of the hillside, leaving a paw lying on the ground beside the body of the knight.

De Broussy picked up this relic of the terrible affair, put it into his pocket, and proceeded home. He washed at the banks of the Yonne, lest his blood-stained clothes should alarm his wife, and he considered for a long time the story that he should tell to her to explain the death of his companion. Her eyes had told him of great unspoken sorrows in her life. He hoped he might be able to spare her the shock of this newest tragedy.

He heard some one weeping as he passed through the Salle des Chevaliers. Wondering men-at-arms stood at the foot of the winding staircase, gazing dumbly toward

the upper floor, which their master's strict orders had forbidden them to penetrate. The evening had brought a bit of springtime chill, and the freshly lighted fires were casting an eery shadow-dance over the high vaults.

De Broussy dashed up the stairs. In her apartment sat his beautiful wife. She was huddled before the fireplace, weeping piteously. She looked up and shrank back in terror as her lord approached. Then he saw: her right hand was missing at the wrist. The bleeding stump of her arm showed a cut as clean as that of a sharp sword.

CHAPTER III

AVALLON

The Magical Inland Isle

My days among the Dead are past.
Around me I behold
Where'er these casual eyes are cast
The mighty minds of old.

SOUTHEY.

CHAPTER III

AVALLON

ACROSS the ridge eastward from Auxerre one finds the district which produces the best of the Burgundian white wines. Chablis, a center once better known for its standing on American wine-lists than for its position on the map, sits amid its acres of vines and stones and sticks, about twenty miles over the hills. Tonnerre, another town of vinous memory, keeps watch over the valley of the Armançon on the eastern edge of the rocky divide.

Tonnerre's history began with an enchanted spring that enticed the Roman colonists northward out of their pleasure-cities in Provence. Its reputation as a town of good luck had much to do with its subsequent story.

Gallo-Roman Tonnerre became wealthy. In 451 Attila and his Huns stopped long enough to sack it. A hundred years later it was fortified and made one of the strongholds of central Gaul. It held out as a Frankish position against the Burgundians after the invasions. In 954 it was given by Hugh the Great, Duke of France, to Miles, one of his officers; in 1774 it was made the capital of a duchy, and fulfilled a royal destiny until the revolution.

But, for all its adventurous history, Tonnerre presents little that might attract an investigative soul from the better cuisine of less modern portions of Burgundy. Its sacred spring is still there—the Fosse Dionne—which sometimes flows a torrent and sometimes trickles barely enough to moisten the rocks upon which the hopeful Romans once pressed feverish lips. There is a hospital in the town—an institution dating from 1293, when Marguerite of Burgundy, sister-in-law of St. Louis, gave it a charter. The tomb of Marguerite and the church of Notre Dame are listed among the national monuments of France.

The district preserves one relic of the pre-Merovingian period quite apart from a few Romanesque buildings and sundry exhibits of ancient armor and more ancient kitchen-pots. One valley immediately south of Tonnerre is inhabited by a people who seem to be a race entirely different from those that have leavened the rest of France. Like the Basques of the south, they stand alone.

Ethnologists have ascribed their origin, although without conclusive evidence, to the desertion of Huns from Attila's army during his retreat to the Marne. There seems to be much in the appearance of the valley people to support the theory, although they are typically French in everything but their flat noses and Oriental eyes. . . .

A moment before leaving Tonnerre. . . .

Where the Street of the Bridge is joined by the Street of the Railroad Station is a house with an ornate

AVALLON
Heights of the Cousin

door. Here lived the strange Chevalier d'Eon, political missionary of Louis XV in Russia and England and the first ultra-feminist of whom history makes any note. In his youth in Tonnerre he adopted women's clothes because his legs were not of the contour best displayed in silken hose. From that time until his death in 1810 he adhered to the garb of his choice. Even on important foreign missions petticoats and a lace cap were his favorite uniform, and he signed his reports with the name "Chevalière d'Eon," a sentimental tribute to the sex he aped. A bit ludicrous the memory of the chevalier. Yet he was typical of Burgundy, where mace-wielders coveted a reputation for charm and lace cuffs decked the strongest sword-arms.

Southward from Auxerre the road winds to Avallon. Few tourists ever see this road, a rollicking, haphazard ascent along cascading brooks and through precipitous gorges. The wayfarer who follows his own whimsies may have a train almost to himself, perfect privacy, and the thrill of a Columbus when he comes to the end of the journey.

Avallon—a magical isle, or a sleepy little mystery of mossy gray buildings, white roads, vines, and sunlight, a landmark on the highway of Burgundy's advance? Who will say? In the gloaming when the angelus is sounding from the blackened spire of St. Lazare and the lamps have made golden gratings of the shuttered windows, and a thin gossamer of mist is flowing out of the hills into the valley

of the Cousin, then one Avallon might well be the other. There have been stranger things in the old kingdom than a dry-land island, and stranger things than Arthurian legend.

On a summer afternoon when the children are at school and their elders in the fields or taking a siesta, Avallon might be the capital of the *Sleeping Beauty* before the coming of the *Prince.*

Up from the railroad station the way leads between green-starred beech-trees. In the white dust of the dazzling road a funeral is slowly plodding along toward the Church of St. Martin. This is the only sign of movement in the long avenue: two priests with pale candles, an acolyte, an open hearse and flag-draped coffin, a dozen mourners carrying umbrellas, the entire cortège intangible and unreal in its veiling of incense—"Dies iræ, dies illa," the only sound that competes with the humming of the insects.

At the top of the gentle slope, the Promenade des Capuchins is black in the shadow of great arching trees, cool, quiet, and peaceful. But the benches are vacant and the freshly raked gravel of the walks undisturbed by human foot.

There is a picture in this promenade. At the end of its shadowy greenery is a white portal almost as high as the vaulting of the trees, and indescribably brilliant in the sun. A closer approach shows it to be a monument, a peristyle in front of which the heroic figure of a poilu stands over a fallen comrade. A weird quality in the sculpture

and its setting combined conveys the impression of motion suddenly arrested, of flesh and blood held captive there in the white marble.

From the statue an avenue turns to the right and strikes into the heart of the town. But even here there is nothing to evidence human activity. Not a dog is astir in the sun-baked street, not a sound in the air save the distant chants of the funeral procession. Red and white curtains sway lackadaisically in front of deserted butcher shops. Three hotels present a gleaming mass of white walls, white awnings, white porticos, and white shutters, and in the square before them a bronze statue of Marshal Vauban nods as if to avoid the glare.

The statue, a work of Bartholdi, reminds one that Vauban was a native of this district. It is fitting that the fortifications that he built here near his birthplace should endure while the remainder of the masonry that he scattered across the face of Europe has succumbed to the dynamite of the wreckers who followed him.

Behind Vauban is a tree-filled park through which one passes to a lower terrace and then across a shaded square to a bastion and a mass of crumbling wall. Here one comes suddenly upon the magnificent secret of Avallon's importance to feudalism. One walks the deserted streets without being aware of elevation. The streets are flat as those of a prairie city, and the trees and houses blot out the hills.

But one turns about the bastion, follows a little *ruelle*

to a stone staircase and down, and suddenly comes abreast of a parapet that overhangs the world. For a moment mystic Avallon seems to be suspended in mid-air with the earth dropping sharply away from it.

This lower cincture of the old wall is intact three quarters of the way around the city, although a boulevard and spreading trees take the place of the flags on which the medieval tar-pot wielders stepped their nervous watches. Straight southward it leads along the precipice for about five hundred meters, where it mingles with the outer works of the citadel now vanished.

Here the battlements of the inner walls rise higher and display more clearly their mission in Vauban's plan of defense. They come to an acute point presently at the Petite Porte opening upon another garden promenade, "The Way of the Little Terrace."

From this point the heights of the Cousin and the frothy cascade of the torrent itself come upon one with sudden magnificence. One sees the bare granite of the elevation upon which Avallon is perched, a chaos of rock that plunges boldly some two hundred feet down to the river, receding again a few hundred yards farther on as the waters swirl to the eastward. Leaning out into space over the cliff is the advanced bastion of the fortress wall, with the remains of its seven towers still traceable.

Below it terraces of gardens, hanging gardens whose stony buttresses are hidden in foliage, form a mysterious staircase down to the edge of the stream.

SEMUR

Where the Duke of Burgundy slew his father-in-law in a quarrel over a fish with amazing results

There is movement under the walls—children carrying water to mildewed, windowless houses as their ancestors did centuries aforegone. Five old crones in black sit in the shade of a hedge down by the river road, breaking bread and drinking wine in solemn ceremony. Behind them the valley climbs upward through a carnival of color: fields of purple clover, mossy walls crowned with daisies, roses in the hedge-rows, white clusters nodding under the ancient machicoulis.

On the terrace where the Grand Rue leads from the gate into the town, lilac petals swirl and drift along the walls. The air is scented with roses and pine.

The Church of St. Lazare, another of Avallon's medieval relics, fronts on this street. It is remarkable chiefly for its carved portals. The interior is a fair example of early Burgundian Gothic with groined vaulting but conceals its treasures in deep shadow even on bright days. To one who would know and understand Burgundy it has one significance aside from its age and artistry. The queer ornamentation of the columns on the interior identifies it immediately as a church of the twelfth-century Cluniac school and hence a work peculiarly Burgundian. These churches mark the spiritual frontier of the old kingdom and prove it to have had an influence far more wide-spread than the scant historical evidence of the chroniclers might lead one to believe. Without St. Lazare a casual visitor might be tempted to classify Avallon with the Isle of France. But the church removes all doubt. To this rock came one of

the back-washes of the barbarian invasions. Here Gallo-Roman civilization was choked and died, and here a new culture, typical and virile, was planted and fostered.

Close by the spiral pillars of St. Lazare rises the slim arrow-point of the Tour de l'Horloge, a massive spire erected in 1456 by Jehan Berg over the "New Gate of the Butchers" and a few meters behind an old Roman gate which has now disappeared. It is nearly two hundred feet high and easily the dominating monument of the town.

So much for that Avallon. Its physical properties are romantic enough but somehow fail to explain the charm of the name. I prefer the other Avallon—the transplanted island that seems quite contented here among the fragrant hills, far from the luminous sea in which folk-lorists believe it so firmly anchored. The choice is open. There are any number of Avallonais who will overlook the minor detail of the absent ocean and admit without hesitancy that their town contains the ghosts—the very tangible ghosts—of the brave King Arthur of the Round Table, Ogier the Dane, and Charlemagne. Few towns, even in Burgundy, could boast a more striking assemblage of distinguished guests.

Guillaume Ferraud, proprietor of an *auberge* in the Place Vauban, was stirring about among the marble tables when I returned from the walls. He was quite surprised when I broached the subject of luncheon. It was obvious that only an unexplainable foreigner would be seeking food at a time when he might just as well be sleeping. He

consented to gratify the strange whim and led me across a Moorish courtyard, about which ranged latticed balconies on thin iron pillars. A fountain played in a moss-green bowl at the far end, and birds were circling about in search of crumbs. Monsieur Guillaume was still grumbling as he showed me to a seat in a closely shuttered dining-room, and plainly out of patience when he showed me the menu. It was not until I asked him about the health of the late King Arthur that he forgave my indiscretion in asking for food.

King Arthur! He had not heard of him since the war. But he knew all about him. . . . Oh, yes, since he was a child he had known about him. . . . And why not? Was not this Avallon?

"This King Arthur was an Englishman," he began as he spread out the *serviette*. "And he was a good man. I 'll grant you that, although I am as strong a republican as my great-grandfather who fought with Napoleon.

"Everything is clear about Arthur except how he died. Merlin the wizard told the chroniclers that he had gone to Avallon, an island floating somewhere near sunken Lyonesse. And for a long time no one knew where that island was.

"But consider the evidence. In the first place, Merlin was a necromancer and a reprobate. He was the last person in the world who would tell the truth.

"In the second place, consider the description; Avallon

near Lyonesse. Lyonesse might mean the sunken city off the coast of Gales and then again it might mean Lyon of Gaul. If the matter of the island were worth argument it is not hard to imagine that this spot was once an island.

"But the story: Your King Arthur went to Avallon and fell asleep in a crystal cave. The English believed that one day he would wake up and rescue Britain from its enemies.

"Arthur is n't alone in Avallon. You have heard the stories of Charlemagne and his paladins, and of his son Roland who was killed fighting the Saracens at Roncesvalles, and of Ogier the Dane, his mightiest swordsman. What men! But they died, monsieur, they died, and their dust is scattered. . . . But Ogier's death was not like the death that visits other mortals. Ogier went into a magic slumber such as Arthur's, and he, too, was whisked away to Avallon to await the call to arms.

"For that matter, Charlemagne is sleeping there with the rest of them. The body sitting in the tomb at Aix-la-Chapelle with the great sword between its knees is not that of the great Charles. He came to Avallon, not to Odenburg as the silly Germans asserted; and he is sitting there in the crystal hall waiting his summons from the grave.

"You have heard of Barbarossa, monsieur—Frederick of the red beard who was Germany's great emperor? They tell a story like that about him, too. He is sleeping in a

mountain in Thuringia. He is seated at a stone table; how they know that, I can't tell you; they make up such silly stories, the Germans. He has been there so long that his beard has grown through the table and has begun to entwine itself about the stone top. The legend was that when it had twisted about the table four times the great Red-Beard would come to life."

"When do you suppose that all of these resurrections are to take place?" I inquired.

He shook his head. When he replied he leaned forward confidentially.

"If you ask me I'd say that they have taken place already," he said. "Perhaps I'm not the one who should be giving an opinion, monsieur, but it appears to me that the whole lot of them came back to earth in 1914. The people who write the histories have paid no attention to the fact that when four great conquerors get out of their tombs to lead their people into battle, some of them are going to be beaten. . . . And that was the way of it in 1914. Charlemagne, Arthur, and Ogier came back to rescue France and England. Barbarossa was on Germany's side, but the odds were too strong for him to do anything. He was only one against three, and then, besides, he had von Kluck to contend with. . . ."

He paused to take a sip of wine and smile.

I thought that I had solved the mystery of the magical inland isle as I left the hotel. The white dust had turned

golden in the afternoon sunlight, and the gate of the old fortifications, the Tower of the Horloge, and the spire of St. Lazare stood out against the sky in luminous relief. The marks of decay, the wrinkles of age, were effaced in the play of light and shadow, and Avallon appeared suddenly to be its real self, a creation independent of time. It was not that the sleeping warriors had lingered on into the time of present-day Avallon; present-day Avallon had never emerged from the magical years of Charlemagne.

In the Promenade des Capucins, a golden-haired miss of about three years sat gazing enraptured at a pair of silver slippers.

"They are very pretty," she told me as I stopped before her.

"They are surely that," I admitted. "And quite fashionable. How old are you, *petite?*"

"Next week," was the amazing answer.

"What is your name, *chérie?*" I pursued.

"They are surely pretty and quite fashionable," she replied seriously, and she raised one foot to her lap for closer inspection. . . .

"Do you live near here, little one?"

"There is n't any more."

Truly a *Mad Hatter* conversation, but, for all that, a conversation that seemed permeated with the atmosphere of the place. So I pursued the subject no further. I kissed my chance acquaintance good-by and passed on through

the promenade, leaving the puzzle of enchanted Avallon and its sleeping kings to the more active minds of golden-haired maids with silver slippers.

The rocky region where the Yonne, Cure, Cousin, Serein, and Armançon flow northward to join the Seine has many points of interest and a few practical mysteries other than the mythical rendezvous of the dead conquerors. About twelve miles southeast of Avallon is Quarré les Tombes, which, for some unaccountable reason, is the only town in France that has more tombstones than would be necessary were it to allot two apiece to the illustrious but sadly moldered ancestors who occupy its ancient churchyard. The village takes its name from a stone-yard near the church, where large quantities of unused grave-markers lay for centuries. Those who advance any explanation at all for the glutted tombstone market in these parts say that at one time this hill was a depot which supplied most of medieval Burgundy with cemetery equipment. It is impossible to fix the date at which this industry flourished.

Still farther southeast of Avallon is a former Benedictine abbey called Ste-Marie-de-la-Pierre-qui-Vire. The abbey took its name from a druidic dolman of considerable size, which, according to local legend, turned around three times of its own accord on Christmas day in 1853. It has not moved since.

Vézelay, a small town on an eminence above the Cure, houses phantoms no less important than the warriors of

Avallon. Here St. Bernard came to send out his call to the second crusade, and it was here that the clans of Richard Cœur de Lion and Philippe Auguste mobilized in the service of the cross.

Vézelay's decline was similar to that of the other abbey cities of France. It gained importance and wealth when the reputed relics of Mary Magdalene were brought to it from Provence, where the Saracens were active. It maintaind its position until it was sacked by the revolutionists.

"Its ramparts are in ruin," says Porée in his monograph on the abbey. "Its mournful streets, where ancient dwellings contrast with the mediocrity of the modern, attest its decadence. But it preserves a magnificent testimonial to its departed grandeur: its abbey church, whose spires attach to the heavens."

This church was restored by Viollet-le-Duc and is now virtually the same in every detail as it was when St. Louis visited it before starting on the crusade that ended in his death.

About twenty miles due east of Avallon, well along toward the outer edge of the granite upheaval that characterizes northern Burgundy, is Semur-en-Auxois—a feudal stronghold of the Ardennes in architecture, construction, natural protection, and everything save geography—swaggering insolently on a rocky hill that rises out of the Armançon.

The little river made of this place a natural site for a castle by attempting to convert a rugged promontory into

SEMUR
Port Guillier

an island. It fell just short of success, isolating the pedestal of granite on three sides. On the point thus carved the Gauls, Romans, Franks, and Burgundians by turns built and occupied strongholds which, until the introduction of gunpowder into feudal affairs, were considered impregnable.

The belief in the strength of the château that eventually grew out of all these occupations was well founded. The four granite towers of the donjon, great round piles with candle-snuffer roofs, rise out of the town to-day as insolently as they did in the good old bloody days of feudalism. They have been there for hundreds of years and apparently will be there hundreds of years from now.

That other portions of the castle have vanished is not due to any defect in their manufacture. The keep was assaulted with torch, battering-ram, and solid shot during the days when Henry IV was having his troubles with the civil war of the late sixteenth century. The cannon-balls bounced off the round towers, and the torches burned out on the granite slabs with which the place was roofed.

Henry moved the parliament here from Dijon in 1590, assured that he would be safe from the Leaguers, who just about that time were making his life a burden. And he was not disappointed in his hope for protection. Semur never fell into enemy hands.

The great king proved himself a more efficient destroyer than artillery twelve years later when he tore the donjon apart from the inside.

The castle ghosts, however, remained billeted upon the

community long after this ancient appanage of the dukes of Autun had been battered down to the rock that gave it root.

There is a local banshee that howls like a wolf through the valley when the souls of the descendants of the ancient lords of the castle are passing. There is a blond siren who would lure the foolish to their death in the unplumbed *oubliettes* of the old towers. Her reputation is well established, for it was only a decade ago that a vintner of Semur was found dead under the walls as the result of her wiles. He had been to the annual festival of the Semur Musical Society and had started home shortly after midnight with only as much wine in his custody as might be counted an abstemious ration for a vintner on such an occasion. And he walked along the crumbling ramparts, enticed, as any one in the vicinity will tell you, by the beckoning wraith with the blond hair. There is no other way to account for his presence in the vicinity, for his home was on the other side of town. His end was the usual end of those who follow the Burgundian siren: he made a misstep and fell a hundred feet or more.

One of the most notable of the local apparitions is that of Duke Robert, a hot-headed ruler of the Capetian line. He was the brother of Henry I of France, who reigned from 1031 to 1060. It is quite logical that so turbulent a person as Robert should not be content to remain entombed. There are many reasons why his ghost

should be forced to wander about the face of the earth. He organized a revolution against his brother, seized Burgundy, and established himself as its sovereign on an equal footing with kings, and, after the fashion of Burgundian rulers in all stages of history, was mixed up in every intrigue of his period. His protracted stay in Semur, however, is due not to these small errors but to a matter concerning a fish.

Hugh, the father-in-law of Robert, was seigneur of Semur and on one unfortunate occasion invited his distinguished relative to dinner. Robert, with that fine politeness so much a characteristic of the eleventh century, complained bitterly over the quality of the fish served by the seigneur. Hugh replied in kind, whereupon the patience of Robert became exhausted and he was forced to silence his father-in-law by braining him with a stool.

Take them by and large, the wraiths of Semur must be an imposing spectacle as they pass in review—Frankish chiefs, Burgundian ladies, restless crusaders, bearded Huguenots. I am sure it would be worth any one's time to stay here and watch for them—if only the moon, and the wind, and the barometer and the what-not should ever be in proper accord.

CHAPTER IV

AUTUN

Sister and Rival of Rome!

Prophetic sounds and loud arise for ever
From us and from all Ruin, unto the wise . . .
We are not impotent—we pallid stones.

Poe.

CHAPTER IV

AUTUN

SOUTH of Avallon the railroad climbs to the plateau of the Côte d'Or, and, having accomplished the ascent, travels a crazy course to preserve its altitude. On either side a green landscape spreads out to merge with distant fields of blue. Slim paint-brush poplars are on the horizon. Squares of red, clean-cut in the mistless distances, mark the villages where, now and then, ambitious spires make blue pencil-strokes against the sky. Here are farms, once more, in restful relief from the vista of vineyards. Brown-eyed Susans make splashes of yellow on the grass-lands, ready evidence of the logic with which the "Ridge of Gold" was named.

Every field has its pile of fagots in a fence-corner convenient to the road. Each farm is laid out with square-topped furrows that blend in the distance to give this ridge a characteristic appearance. Wild raspberries and blackberries cover the hedges.

Away to the south and west rise the peaks of the Morvan, mounting higher and ever higher as the train at length steps off the plateau and descends in a crack-the-whip fashion toward Autun.

Autun the medieval city lies in the encircling embrace of Autun the Roman. The moss-grown Augustodunum that was the metropolis of the central watershed at the time that the barbarian tribes rolled out of the east has come upon evil days. Fire, weather, time, and civic apathy—elements which increased in effectiveness as the population dwindled—have destroyed most of the monuments of the Roman conquerors and have swept aside innumerable relics of the age when the knights of the cross rode out through the Porte d'Arroux to fight the paynim. The present city is much smaller than the one which the legionaries of Augustus built as the successor to Bibracte. If ever it overflowed its walls, such a movement was checked long ago, and now it nestles comfortably inside the Roman cincture.

Little old Augustodunum, raided in turn by the Huns, the Burgundians, the sons of Clovis, the Saracens, the Hungarians, the factions of the religious wars, the revolutionists, and the Prussians, shrank steadily and ceased to be "the sister and equal of Rome" in commercial importance while more fortunate towns carried off her art treasures. And yet the result was not entirely evil. While the engineers and soldiers and sculptors and patrician benefactors of the ancient empire knew nothing about advertising, they were writing on the walls of their civic creation the publicity copy that would one day insure the importance of Autun for ever. The little city by the Arroux, quietly manufacturing its cloth and distributing its wines, might not

attract a second thought in Paris save at the time that the tax lists are being compiled. But Augustodunum weeping amid its ruins, like a Marius before Carthage, is known to every one who can read the history of France in its relics.

There are streets in Autun where the stone pavements laid by the engineers of the Roman army, unchanged, virtually unrepaired for nineteen hundred years, are still carrying traffic. It would be unbelievable were not the similarity in masonry between this surfacing and the structure of the outer enceinte so obvious.

One does not know where to begin to explore such a town. First impressions are everything, and those who wander through squalid, crooked little streets without beauty or legendary significance might well be depressed at the memory of the factory town that has grown like starved lichen over the ruins of Augustodunum.

In my own case such a mishap was prevented by Monsieur Jacques Auguier, an engineer of the French army, who found me a ready listener on an evening when time was hanging heavily upon his hands.

It was a moonless night, dark as a night can be only in the mountainous districts of France, and the *voiture* had jogged through black tunnels on the way from the railroad station to the hotel.

Monsieur the Lieutenant was sitting in the hotel café sipping hot rum and surveying the groups of hilarious townsfolk with an air of bored unconcern. Chance and a

corpulent waitress brought me to his table. Instantly he became affable.

Monsieur was a stranger? Surely one would not be a stranger long in Autun.

He rattled on while I was consuming my omelet, discoursed with new enthusiasm concerning the army and the brotherhood of arms, and then embarked abruptly upon an outline of the history of Autun, leaping centuries at a time to a description of its present wonders. . . . Did monsieur contemplate a visit to the Roman ruins? . . . Monsieur did. . . . Did monsieur plan to hire a regular guide or did he purpose to do his own exploring? . . . Decidedly monsieur favored the latter plan. . . . Would monsieur object to his company on this trip? . . . Monsieur suddenly ceased eating to welcome him to the quest.

The exploration of Autun commenced immediately. Darkness meant nothing to this engineer. He knew the town as well as did the Roman city-builders who laid it out.

"Monsieur may get the atmosphere of the city better on a dark night than in the daytime," he explained, as we stepped out of the café. "In sunlight the modern is too garishly evident. It distracts the attention. At night, when one sees the silhouette of an arch across the end of a street or the tall shadow of a pillar against the sky, one feels that Rome is not so far gone."

He led on through a series of cobbled windings that

seemed to have no particular objective. Presently I sensed, rather than saw, that the close-clustered buildings of latter-day Autun had been left behind. We walked in a white road that one really could see if he chose to strain his eyes to look for it. Then a dim moon emerged from the Morvan, and the scene became as luminous as a stage-setting under a shaded spot-light.

The lieutenant waved an arm toward a depression at the left of the road.

"The arena," he announced. "It is almost down level with the surface of the earth from which the Romans raised it. But when the moonlight lifts up the bit of wall that you see to the right and the broken arch there in the foreground, it is not so difficult to imagine what this circus looked like. . . . I do not like to think of visitors coming here by day. . . . Then they see only a ruin."

It was not difficult to appreciate the logic of his argument. In the moonlight the dip of the hills, broken here and there by hardier portions of the Roman masonry, became once more a vast walled bowl. Two or three parallel strips of stone suggested the rows of seats upon which Augustodunum had sat in festive attire to watch the gladiators or the bull-fighters who succeeded them. One arch was strangely duplicated in the impenetrable shadows of unseen shrubbery. One wall with the aid of moonlight and imagination rose up to majestic heights.

"It is the same with the ancient gateways," observed

the lieutenant as he drew me away from the non-existent spectacle that he had conjured up out of the night for me. "Subdued light is the greatest architectural engineer in the world."

He was right. We walked back to a town that was no longer a series of black tunnels but a haunt of long dead legionaries. The lieutenant was no longer a French officer but a centurion. I started when a streak of moonlight disclosed the horizon-blue of his uniform.

Our next stop was before the Porte d'Arroux, two great white arches surmounted by an arcade of smaller arches. The sagging roofs of the modern houses beyond the gate were mercifully lost in the shadow, and if only the existing seven of the original ten small arches of the arcade were revealed by the moonlight, the break in the grand old monument was not noticeable.

A similar phenomenon some minutes later restored the Porte St. André—the ancient Porta Ligonensis—detached one of its flanking towers from the old Church of St. André, and brought out the detail of its Ionic architecture as freshly as if the man who constructed it had only yesterday laid down his magic chisel.

On the following morning I saw a new Autun—once more under the engineer's guidance—an Autun shorn of its white magic, a haphazard grouping of ancient and modern structures that might have appeared hopeless were it not that the impressions of the night were first impres-

AUTUN
The Port d'Arroux

sions and therefore ineradicable. By daylight the Temple of Janus, a bulking ruin in the valley of the Arroux, becomes a towering cube that resembles nothing so much as a pile of brick near an American kiln. Archæologists contend that it never was a temple of Janus and that its title is a corruption of a Gaulish root. One might agree with them by daylight, but the memory of that awesome shadow against the sky at night brings with it visions of strange vestals tending sacred fires where now a white cow munches the ferns that spring from its crevices.

Information of the sort that one acquires by daylight identifies the Romanesque-Gothic cathedral as a former chapel attached to the castle of the dukes of Burgundy, founded in 1060 and consecrated by Innocent II in 1132. One learns that the spire added to it in the fifteenth century is a hybrid, although one of the most graceful towers of its sort in the world. Despite which, French and German architects generally have agreed in calling this the "foremost among Burgundian churches."

History has a habit of leaping out at one from queer corners in Autun. The Church of St. Pantaleon was once a part of the Abbaye de St. Martin, founded in 602 by Queen Brunehaut on the spot where the bishop of Tours had cut down a beech-tree that served as an object of druidic ceremonial. The unfortunate queen was buried in this abbey, which was destroyed in 1793. Brunehaut's roads, Brunehaut's towers, Brunehaut's causeways, are still to be

found in the vicinity of Autun, revivifying a period which to the modern seems as unbelievable as it is distant. The sarcophagus of Brunehaut is to be seen in the Musée Lapidaire.

Relics of the saint behind the main altar in the cathedral that bears his name link this portion of Burgundy to Provence as Provence is linked with Judea through the miraculous advent of the resurrected Lazarus. . . .

On our return to the hotel my engineer gazed wrathfully at an advertising calendar that decorated the wall of the café.

"An outrage against the spirit of Autun, monsieur," he said. "Autun is superior to calendars."

And I quite agreed with him.

CHAPTER V

MONT BEUVRAY

A Dead City and a Live Dragon

For as yourselves your Empires fall,
And every Kingdom hath a grave.

HABINGTON.

CHAPTER V

MONT BEUVRAY

IN between the Côte d'Or and the Monts de Morvan, Civilization on its march from Yesterday to To-day remained long enough to transcribe a few notes. A dozen races and four or five distinct epochs of culture collaborated in the writing of that record. The result is still plainly legible in ciphers of stone, or in the immense picture-writings draped from the peaks of the eternal hills. If no other chronicles of human achievement in western Europe were to remain, if Rome were to be destroyed and Paris to disappear, learned antiquarians of the new day would rake over the mounds of dead bones in this one district and page by page put together the great volume of history. One recalls, in this haunted region, the story of the Chinese emperor who destroyed all the books in his domain save one hidden library from which learning sprang anew. There is an analogy here. One who would wipe out the crowded memories of France's glorious past must first destroy Autun.

Here are traces of the paleolithic man and the prehistoric Aryan who overcame him. Here in the streets of forgotten cities one may follow the course of the Gaul from savagery

to an industrial development closely approximating civilization. Druid altars, witches' mounds and Christian temples lean upon one another in the hills. Up toward the sky-line mount Gallic roads upon foundations that the Phenicians built. Roman arches leap the streets. Burgundian, Visigoth, and Franks have left an imprint of personality on the walls and vaults of house and church. Feudal donjon and Renaissance château dominate the valleys. Revolutionary cannon-balls remain imbedded in the walls of fortifications that Louis XIV reconstructed. German guns decorate the promenades and at least one building—a concrete garage—remains as a monument to the tenancy of the American troops.

From the point of view of an antiquarian, Mont Beuvray, about ten miles to the southwest of Autun, is the most interesting spot in the region. This "mountain" is an igneous plateau, 2690 feet above sea-level and about 1800 feet above the elevation of Autun. And here, long before Cæsar came into Gaul to write of it, stood Bibracte, *oppidum Æduorum*.

There is no longer any doubt concerning the site of Bibracte. Excavations begun in 1869 by Gabriel Bulliot and J. Dechelette and completed in 1905 brought to light not only the outer extremities of the Gallic town, but its streets and houses and market-places—and factories. For there were factories in Bibracte. Mont Beuvray was an industrial district many hundred years before Creusot set

up his little forge in the valley of the Arroux. It is not without precedent that Burgundy—no longer a hoplite of Mars—has essayed the rôle of armorer.

When this city was built is a question that even the antiquarians who restored it could not venture to answer. It has been said, probably with good authority, that the Phenicians taught the Ædui how to build houses. There is nothing improbable in the theory.

Tradition, founded upon Roman observation, has it that the iron-works of Bibracte were so well known that the Phenicians, the Greeks, the Gauls of the south, and other peoples engaged in trade used to send delegates each year to an industrial fair on Mont Beuvray. Such a fair is held there annually to this day, although few of the traders attending realize that they are keeping alive a custom that originated perhaps two thousand years ago.

The road from Autun takes twenty miles of twists and turns and dips and rises to cover the ten miles of map distance between the city and the ancient metropolis of Gaul. It passes first through Monthelon, celebrated in church history as the residence of the Baronne de Chantal, saint and founder of the Order of the Visitation. A few kilometers farther on is the Castle of Vautheau that P. G. Hamerton declared to be "one of the most perfect examples of the feudal castle in Burgundy," which is saying a great deal in a district where the remains of chivalry's proud strongholds rise from every granite peak.

One tower of the donjon is still well preserved. The rest is a ruin that would be somber were it not for its ivy draperies.

The men of Vautheau played a real part in the affairs of their times. Sire Jacques de Vautheau was a Huguenot leader in the Morvan. This in itself marks him for an heroic character, for in those days the Huguenots were not popular in Burgundy.

Fanciful Romance as it appears hereabouts has taken full advantage of the religious acrobatics of the house of Vautheau in casting its characters. There is the story of a beautiful but languishing lady who tucks up her shroud in a fair adaptation of the prevailing mode once or twice a year and returns to the old tower to practise moaning in a throaty barytone. Those who have heard her say that she does it very well.

The road swings lazily from Vautheau to St.-Léger-sous-Beuvray, a quiet old town by a turquoise lake that catches and magnifies the profile of the haunted hill. Hamerton calls this place "a poet's dream of Arcady," and it is all of that—water and wood and beckoning road, ancient houses with half-closed shutters that seem to be blinking in the warm sun of the afternoon, two medieval towers . . . yes, and the pipes of Pan himself, for these slopes are peopled with the vanished gods of Rome.

Here and there as the grade mounts upward one glimpses strange mounds that have the appearance of recent earth-

works. Old Pierre, the guide, says that they outline the enceinte of the ancient Gallic fortifications within which arose the prosperous city of Bibracte. Bulliot, who uncovered nearly all of the city, took the precaution early in his work to rebury the ruins as soon as they had been sketched and plotted. The Gauls, being a primitive people, built generally with adobe and timber, and the antiquarians who brought Bibracte back to human ken were afraid that a single bad winter might destroy for ever the world's most interesting relics of ante-Roman Gaul.

Despite this fact, however, it is still possible to trace much of the city. Where Gallic workmanship was good enough to permit, whole sections of wall, sample bits of streets and rooms of dwellings have been left exposed. In such spots one feels the fascination common to Mesa Verde or the pueblo towns in the Painted Desert—one senses an indescribable contact with the beings who lived here.

One relic that has caused more speculation than any other monument in the vicinity is the Pierre de Wivre, named after the Wouvre, which in its day was the playmate and zoölogical cousin of the Drac and the Tarasque of Provence.

There is little doubt that the Pierre de Wivre was a sacrificial stone of the druids for a long time before the founding of Bibracte. The position of it—east and west—would attest its druidic origin even were it not identified

by the characteristic carvings and the blood-troughs on the side. Some accounts designate this spot as the scene of a witches' sabbath. Other authorities reject the evidence of its use for such purposes and designate the volcanoes of Auvergne, far to the south, as the meeting-place for the witches. But whether or not the ancient butcher-block of the druids came into use as an altar for devil-worship, the legends of the neighborhood are none the less unsavory.

The old folk of Autun are persuaded that the Wivre once lived within the rock—does yet for that matter, although he is growing old and causes less trouble than he did when he was younger and more excitable. And they say that deep in the grottoes under Mont Beuvray he has amassed all the loose treasures of the earth: the gold lost at sea, jewels dropped from the careless fingers of queens, coins of long burned empires, the hordes that misers had hoped vainly to take past the grave.

Be that as it may. They tell the story, also, that once every year the Wivre, feeling in his eon-old bones the thrill of springtime, leaves his cave under the rock and wanders out over the country-side, where in the days of his misspent youth he was wont to consort with other shapeless monsters.

According to the legend, a youthful widow of St. Léger absented herself from Easter services to raid the Wivre's cave during this annual absence. In her hurry to carry out a prodigious quantity of loot she forgot her baby and

was forestalled in an attempt to rectify this error by the return of the monster.

Weeping bitterly, she went to the old curé of St. Léger and confessed what she had done, and he advised her to expiate her flirtation with the devil by spreading milk and honey on the rock of the Wivre every day for a year.

So the girl did as she was told. For an entire year she denied herself all luxuries in food and dress so that she might buy milk and honey for the Wivre. How the sleeping monster found time to experiment with this diet is not stated.

The process worked. The virtues of the milk and honey as a bait to appease Wivres of all ages will never again be doubted on the slopes of Mont Beuvray. Promptly according to schedule the Wivre stepped out and the excited mother dashed into the cave. There she found her child unharmed, seated upon a stone table eating an apple.

The apple probably grew in the cave, inasmuch as the Wivre was constitutionally opposed to going out oftener than once a year, and the baby was n't able to walk. The incident had a profound moral effect on the community. Not a single mother, so far as one can learn, has left her baby in the Wivre's cave since.

Another legend of Mont Beuvray relates how St. Martin, widely celebrated in Burgundian lore, escaped from his enemies at this spot through miraculous intervention.

According to this story, St. Martin, who was traveling

to Autun, was met on the highway by a necromancer, a somber fellow in a black garb with a yellow cap on his head and a sprig of hazel wood in his hand.

"Holy person," saluted the necromancer, "as you may recognize from my costume I am a master of druidic lore. Until you came into my life I was doing a pretty good business in serpents' eggs, vivisections, and ceremonial post-mortems. But recently my trade has been dropping off scandalously. I 'll tell you candidly I should like to make a sort of gentlemen's agreement with you to put an end to this ruinous competition."

Martin smiled tolerantly.

"My friend," he said, "you probably are a good enough sort. I should like to help you to rehabilitate yourself. But you would have to change your ways decidedly. The field for ecclesiastical coroners in my diocese is a bit limited as matters stand at present."

"I was on the point of saying," put in the necromancer hurriedly, "that I am willing to make another offer. If you will come before my people and present your case without criticizing me too severely, I shall promise to leave off necromancing entirely and go in for alchemy. That 's the coming profession, anyway."

The saint was touched by the modesty of the plea.

"I certainly entertain no personal malice against you nor any other priest of your craft," he explained. "I shall be glad to tell your people that you expounded to them

the doctrines which you believed to be true and that in so doing you were merely following the dictates of your conscience. Surely they could not hold you accountable for that."

The smiling necromancer accepted this decision with great delight. He guided St. Martin through the woods and up the long winding slopes to the summit of the hill, where thousands of Gauls were assembled.

The druid priest did not wait for St. Martin to alight from his horse before introducing him.

"This old reprobate," he said, "is the man who has been slandering you throughout Burgundy and Aquitaine. I have brought him here for a little experiment in autopsy, by which I shall endeavor to determine whether or not we are going to have a profitable winter."

The crowd, roaring for blood, surged forward. But the saint remained firm in the face of danger. He waved his hand, and the temple of the Dea Bibracte tumbled down. Then, before the stupefied pagans could reach him, he had gathered his horse for a leap.

The animal cleared the gorge of Malvaux, southwest of the summit, and landed safely on the other side, about ten kilometers distant. Peasants will point out to you the peculiar markings in the rock that are said to have been made by the hoofs of St. Martin's mount in landing after the leap.

That this legend is related also of the gorge at Nantoux

does not diminish its interest for visitors to Mont Beuvray. It seems not at all out of place as a part of the lore of the dead city of Bibracte and certainly no less credible. A little chapel, dedicated to St. Martin, is said to mark the site of the temple of the Dea Bibracte on the summit of the mount. Near by is a cross commemorating St. Martin's works of charity—evidence enough that local tradition has seized upon him for its own.

As Hamerton and Buillot the antiquarian had done a generation ago in their work on the mount, we searched diligently at the edge of one of the recently constructed tumuli for the remains of a Gaulish fireplace. We found it, still marked with the smoke of the fires that had been banked when the population of this great city had moved away. In one corner of the square stone hearth we found, as they had found, the charred remains of the last fire. We lighted the charcoal with the awed reverence that should attend a religious rite.

The red edges of the charcoal glowed in the soft evening breeze, smoked, then flamed. No one with imagination could have sat there in the cool twilight, before the hearth of a mysterious dead and gone race, and watched that flame curling lazily upward without feeling the thrill of it. More than twenty centuries had been bridged by that fire. When the glowing embers had been covered by the skin-clad Gaul who two thousand years ago reared his family in this dwelling-place, Rome ruled the world and Christianity

existed not even in name. Savages sat upon the hills of western Europe. Druid priests plied their bloody trade in the oak forests. Between the dying of that ember and the resurrection of the fire at the magic call of a modern safety-match, empires had marched to glory and to death, great conquerors had risen and been conquered. A new world had been discovered beyond the pillars of Hercules and over the western seas. Christianity had spread to the far corners of the earth. Feudalism had come and gone. Burgundy had had its day as kingdom, county, duchy, and untitled empire. There had come the modern miracles of steam, electricity, and gasolene, the harnessing of the ether, the conquest of the air.

The reflection of the flame, shining through the shrubbery before the ruined fireplace, made dancing sequins on the old wall. The picture was vivid. I could feel the breath of an ancient warrior on my cheek, and my ears were ringing; not with the words of the guide but with the whispering voices that had come to me over the chasm of two thousand years.

I felt as the monk Felix must have felt when he walked "out of his convent of gray stone," listened for a moment to the sweet singing of a bird, and returned to the abbey to discover that he had been gone a hundred years.

Years, decades, lifetimes seemed hardly worth considering in the light of that ancient fire. It is typical of Burgundy, this place. The hoary past seems young and

real and vital and just across the threshold. It is tied to the present not only by gray ruins, moss-grown tombs, and other relics of a departed grandeur, but by an atmosphere such as that of old Bibracte. . . .

"The touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still" are easily found here. Yesterday is slow in going, and the To-morrow that will dispossess the old ghosts and rout the old memories seems never to come.

There were lights twinkling in Autun . . . needle-points of brilliants in a purple gray distance. Up from the unseen valley came the moaning of an automobile siren.

DIJON

Tour de Bar—The donjon in which King René of Provence was kept imprisoned

CHAPTER VI

DIJON OF THE DUKES

Knights, Ladies, Mustard, and Gingerbread

At the devil's booth are all things sold;
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold.

LOWELL.

CHAPTER VI

DIJON OF THE DUKES

DIJON is a memory of golden vesper bells that sounded from a distance, dimly audible above the pattering of the rain. Cold arcs glowed against thick-walled buildings and marked the course of a stone-paved street until lost like lights in a tunnel. Vague, barely distinguishable against the black night, was a bold thrust of rampart and spire where buildings, ancient and modern, had been blended to a vast unit of masonry by the play of mist and shadow.

Bulking gables loomed suddenly overhead and suddenly disappeared as one moved forward. Romanesque arch and Renaissance entryway, traceries of gray and jet, lightless and forbidding, succeeded one another with all the promise of such romance and adventure as lay behind "The Sire de Maletroit's Door."

On a corner under a grilled iron lamp that might well have been forged by the blacksmiths of Gondicaire, a poilu stood leaning on his rifle. Granted that he may have been performing no more picturesque service than that of a guard for a group of infantry on manœuvers, but his helmet was glistening like silver, and his wet rain-coat shone like

a suit of mail. Poor imagination, indeed, that would not see a medieval lance in the slim white bayonet that rose above his shoulder . . . poor vision that would not have made of him a ghostly visitant to a city of ghosts, a halberdier of Charles the Bold.

In the denser shadows over the way a woman moved with quick, sure steps—a traveler from Paris, probably, or a good housewife hurrying home to clamoring children and a warm fire. But was she? It seemed more likely that she must be the Duchess Imogene of unsavory legend hastening from the ducal palace to the scene of some new conspiracy.

Hoof-beats mingled with the echoing of the chimes, hoof-beats and a clanking of metal. Surely the clock of the centuries had been turned back and Old Burgundy lived again in all its insolent magnificence. Surely one of these yawning and mysterious alleys would presently disgorge a troop of armed knights, splendid and sinister, their plumes drooping in the wet, their brave trappings of velvet swishing about the legs of their horses. Such a pageant was little enough to ask of Time in such a place and on such a night!

I never saw Dijon again under quite the same circumstances. One must be in the proper mood if one would speak with ghosts. But never afterward did the City of the Dukes lose its peculiar charm. The angelus of a July midday or the vesper bell at twilight never failed to bring

back the thrill of that first impression. One can imagine why Charles the Bold could never rest easy in his splendid mausoleum at Bruges when this, the city of his pride, contained so much of his memory and spirit.

Dijon was a Gallic city before the coming of the Romans and a military base during the days of the empire, but not until the rise of the Valois dukes did it acquire any importance. Auxerre continued to be the capital of the duchy of Burgundy until the early part of the eleventh century. Dijon as the seat of government under the Capetian dynasty made little progress.

With the arrival of Philip the Brave in 1364, however, the city became aware of its destiny. Philip announced himself a good-roads advocate. He directed that each householder should grade and drain at his own expense that portion of the street before his own house. The duke then bore the cost of a new pavement. Folks came from miles around to see those streets—the only streets within a day's journey upon which a horse could stand without sinking to his barrel.

Those were mad days for Burgundy—and, for that matter, for all of France—a mad king on a crazy throne; a wild duke wielding the royal scepter with one hand while he scattered golden ducats with the other. The rich covered themselves with dazzling ornament; the poor died a little earlier than usual. They could become no poorer. In the cemeteries of Paris the mad mobs danced the dance

of death. Conditions were ripe for the rise of a Joan of Arc.

Goldsmiths, scores of them, followed Philip to Dijon. The brother of King Charles V had begun to dream his royal dream, and he proceeded to build a capital out of the marsh town that he had found there. From Flanders, his heritage from his wife, came the riches that were to make Dijon the envy of kings for a hundred years. Master builders, sculptors, artisans skilled in the working of wood and stone, carvers of ivory, jewelers, artists, weavers of tapestry, armorers, and needleworkers with a facile touch trooped in from Bruges and Ghent at the call of this medieval *Aladdin*. And at his behest they threw up the golden towers of the fairy city. Little wonder that his widow was forced to place her keys on his coffin when he died—token of her renunciation of his debts.

Philip began the construction of a ducal palace to replace the ruined château of the Capetian dukes. The first of the towers erected under his supervision remains to-day as the Tour de Bar. Some years later he completed the monastery of Chartreuse de Champnol, a building suitable to be what he had intended it to be, the last resting-place of the ducal line. There the tombs of the emperor dukes were carved, and there the tired bones of the busy warriors were to lie undisturbed until turned out by those amateur Gabriels, the revolutionists of 1793.

One of the wizards of stone-carving brought from Flanders by Philip was Claus Sluter, who lost his own person-

ality in works that have made him immortal. Virtually nothing is known about him except that he lived and that he put a breathing soul into his marbles. He was attached to the Dijon court to chisel a tomb for the duke, but he never accomplished that mission. He died in 1406, leaving the work to his nephew, Claus de Werve. Sluter's greatest work is "The Well of the Prophets." The cloister of the Chartreuse de Champnol in which it was built disappeared when the torch of the revolution passed through Dijon. But the group of the prophets somehow escaped. It is there just as the master left it although a newer building has arisen from the ashes of the ducal monastery.

Where Philip the Brave had hoped to lie amid his illustrious descendants until judgment day, an asylum for the insane raises its gloomy walls, preserving, perhaps, something of the atmosphere of Philip's own days. The tombs of the dukes, wrecked by the sansculottes, have been restored and removed to the museum in the old palace. The dust of Sluter and his illustrious nephew still lies in an unmarked spot beneath the chapel floor.

Philip died. John the Fearless, his son, sold the furniture of the ducal residence to raise money to meet the funeral expenses, and for a time the expansion of Dijon was halted. But John was too much of a Valois to neglect any opportunity for lavish display. As soon as he could extort from Flanders the money necessary, he continued work on Philip's palace.

The Salle des Gardes and the tower that Philip built,

sole relics of the original castle, stand in the Place des Ducs amid quantities of flowers and a number of latter-day buildings. The tower, a gaunt, unornamented square structure with a pyramidal roof, strangely enough is designated not by the name of its builder or of the royal race which made it part of one of the greatest palaces of Christendom but by the title of a man who was held prisoner in it for one year. The Tour de Bar it is called, and the man whose memory it recalls was no Burgundian at all but René of Bar, King of Naples, destined to be the Nemesis of Charles the Bold.

One who stands in its shadows and looks up at its five stories of ancient mystery must wonder what visions came to the troubadour king when he gazed from his prison window into the court where gathered the masters of the Burgundian arms. Gentle René! He had more thought for a well rounded chanson than for a well equipped squadron of cavalry. He understood his prosody better than his tactics. He could hardly have dreamed that he was the instrument designed for the overthrow of an empire.

In the Salle des Gardes now one may see the best of the relics of the emperor dukes: samples of arms, wood-carving, ivory-work, metal-craft, and sculpture. Here are the tombs of Philip the Brave and John the Fearless in the best setting that could have been provided for them. Save for a rearrangement of the mourning figures that form the procession about the marble sarcophagus, these master-

DIJON

Spires and towers that keep alive the memory of the Dukes who dreamed a great dream and lost an empire

pieces of Burgundian sculpture show little signs of the destruction visited upon them by the revolution. On top of them fair-faced marble angels kept constant watch over the alabaster effigies of the illustrious dukes.

"Do they rest easy, these dukes?" I asked Monsieur Duquesne, who on many a rainy afternoon pointed out to us new treasures in the museum.

"Mais oui," he answered with a smile. "They were not the best of men, the dukes. But they were good enough for their times. Philippe le Hardi had a chance to make his peace with God before his death. Jean sans Peur was on his way to make atonement for his sins when he was assassinated. Yes, they rest very well, the dukes.

"But there are other voices that whisper to one in here, monsieur. A ghost-hunter who summons the dead with a ouija-board or other such survivals of black magic would never hear these voices. But to a true antiquarian they are as loud as the noises in the Rue de la Liberté. When they taught me physics in the artillery school, monsieur, they told me that if one dropped a pebble into the ocean the ripples would go on to the end of the world. I like to think that echoes are like that. Sound-waves set in motion when Charles the Bold vaulted into his saddle near the door there must still be traveling. It makes the past seem more real to me to imagine that my ears have been attuned to catch those vibrations."

He smiled at the conceit.

"Centuries must be long that the imagination cannot bridge, monsieur," I answered him, and his smile broadened.

"I see you understand," he said. "Who can say that ghosts do not exist merely because they have no being outside of one's imagination? . . . I should not be a Frenchman if I did not more than half believe in fairies.

"I am quite scientific in my theories, monsieur. What is the old axiom: 'For every action there is an equal and similar reaction'? N'est-ce pas?

"It is the eternal law of compensation, and I know there are some of our ancestors who do not lie very happily in their graves. I know that the druids are still walking in our woods near the Creux du Diable. And although I am no theologian I am sure that divine justice would require the Duchess Imogene, for instance, to expiate upon earth the crimes that she committed upon earth.

"She is one of my constant companions wherever I go about the city, monsieur. When it rains, I feel her tears. When there is wind in the crevices of this old building I hear her sighing and moaning and shrieking. I think monsieur will know what I mean."

And I did know. So long as human tongue shall circulate a tale of scandal, the beautiful Duchess Imogene can never remain quietly in her unmarked grave.

The story of Imogene is piquant but not entirely original in plot or development. There was the case of Potiphar's wife, not to mention the sundry amorous ladies of the "Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles."

History does not identify her. From the legend it is evident that she must have lived in Dijon at the time of the Valois dukes, but the authentic records give no evidence that a Duchess Imogene ever shared the throne. And yet it seems quite possible that she might have had a place overlooked by the chroniclers. Among the twenty-two legal and illegal wives of Philip the Good, for instance, there certainly should have been room for a lady of Imogene's character and attainments.

In the service of the duke was a Count William, a courtier of parts, whose sword-arm was without equal between Bruges and Marseille. He had fought against the Orleanists in France and had risen to a favor that made him the envy of powerful chieftains and the principal figure in a gay and scintillant court.

It was natural under the circumstances that the ladies of the ducal household should have cast longing glances at him. Love and arms were the twin functions of government in those days, as, indeed, they have been frequently since. Heroism was presented in a barbaric glitter, and passions were still quite elemental.

William had no eye for the flamboyant beauties of the ducal court. He took little part in the gaudy functions at which these coy belles were the principal attraction. Handkerchiefs dropped by velvet-cloaked women at midnight in dark *ruelles*, roses flung to him from latticed windows, ill-spelled notes that found their way into his chamber, all failed to lure him.

When he had paid his respects to the duke and the duchess and had fulfilled the demands of etiquette by bowing stiffly to the sundry unclassified ladies of the audience-chamber, William would march out of the castle without waiting even to remove his mail, and leap into the saddle of his mount though the beast might have come a full day's journeying without forage. And he would ride out through the gate into the forest.

Legend, which is all eyes, knows that he proceeded only a few miles to a hut, where he removed his accoutrements of war, armed himself with a shorter sword, and unsaddled his horse. Thence he walked to one of the ducal hunting-lodges outside the walls—home of the beautiful Mathilde, the duke's niece. The girl, who was only sixteen, had been closely guarded by her mother against the allurements of the court, and William would not have dared to go boldly to the lodge. Instead, he walked into a summer-house at the end of the rose-gardens and whistled softly. A little white dog leaped out of the shrubbery, recognized him, and set off at full speed toward the lodge. The messenger, thus trained to inform the beautiful Mathilde of her lover's presence, was the only living creature in all the world that shared their secret. William would whisper his love through the grilling of a gate, and with a single hand-clasp or parting kiss fortify his hopeless ambition. Then he would walk back to the hut in the woods, don his armor, and return to court.

The women would gather their silken robes prettily and pout at the sight of him, but never did it occur to them that he might have interests of heart somewhere outside the walls of Dijon. It was because of this lack of perception that the Duchess Imogene essayed the rôle of *Mrs. Potiphar*, sacrificed her pride, and received a snub in return.

One afternoon she came upon William in the Salle des Chevaliers alone and confided to him that her "doddering old idiot of a husband" did not understand her. She finished her recital in tears and threw her arms about the count's neck.

"I love you," she said, for she was as subtle as she was consistent. "But we can't talk about it here. Come to the postern-gate alone at midnight to-night, and a trusted guide will take you to my chamber. I should give you the key, but unfortunately the Sieur de Grammont had it—I cannot imagine how or why—on the night that the assassins slew him on the Paris road. So it has been lost."

William shuddered a little. De Grammont's scandalous interest in the chaste duchess had been the subject of many a quiet conversation up to the day of his mysterious taking off. And there were those of the court who even went so far as to say that the cooling of his amour might have had something to do with the assassination. . . . The count knew that he had come to a bad turn in the road.

"I am sorry, my lady," he replied, wishing that something might give him an excuse for flight. "I am sure that

such misunderstandings as those between yourself and your noble husband might be ironed out. In all my service with the duke I have found him reasonable. And as for a trip to the postern-gate to-night, I must beg to be excused because Raimond Carbonelle of Provence has promised to teach me how to play the *hautbois*." And he loosed himself from her clinging embrace with more force than diplomacy.

"You are badly shaken, my lady," he said. "I shall send one of your tirewomen." He left her, well knowing that trouble was brewing.

The trouble speedily came. The duchess dried her tears, went straight to her husband, and presented Joseph's cloak.

"Your friend Count William has just been saying things to me that have left my delicate ears a-tingle," she declared. "He has been bold enough to cast aspersions on my virtue and has insulted me as no other man ever insulted me before. I 'd like to know what you are going to do about it."

The duke went out, sword in hand, to kill Count William. But something in the atmosphere of the drama stayed his hand. You see it is very probable that he knew a thing or two about his own wife.

William pleaded his innocence; and, facing death, he shared with the duke the secret of his love for Mathilde. All might have gone well had not the duke returned to face the importunities of the duchess. And he betrayed the secret to silence her.

The dénouement came swiftly. The ducal party assembled at the hunting-lodge for a tourney. The duchess, among her ladies in waiting, paid smiling compliments to her husband's pretty niece.

"You are lovely to-day, Mathilde," she said. "But you seem pensive. Does the little white dog no longer carry your messages?"

It was an hour later that Count William sought Mathilde. She was lying on a lounge in the great hall, crying out hysterically that she had been deceived.

"I have been betrayed," she moaned. "He has broken his vow to me to make a jest of my love with that wanton. My heart is breaking."

She shrank from her lover, shrieking and trembling. It was only by questioning a serving-maid that the count was able to discover what had happened. The girl died shortly afterward, with William's arms about her and William's tears on her flushed cheeks.

The climax has a tragic quality worthy of a Valois-Burgundian court. The count arose and marched straight into the hall of the knights, where the beauty and strength of Burgundy had gathered for the tourney. Imogene was there, making eyes at a new courtier over a flagon of wine. The duke stood near the big marble fireplace, adjusting his collar of the Golden Fleece. Warriors, pages, jeweled ladies, visiting nobles, and men-at-arms gave color to the scene as William stalked into it, his naked sword across his breast.

Men and women alike gave way before him. The duke's body-guard gripped its halberds—but with no great relish. Without seeming to see the other occupants of the room, the count strode on until he had come within a few feet of the fireplace. Then, facing the duke, he lowered his sword and spoke:

"I shall serve you no longer. A man who cannot respect a confidence is no master of mine. No sword is so sharp as a lying tongue."

As he spoke he twirled his weapon about so that he held the slim steel by the point. Before the duke could make reply or the women could give expression to their horror, Count William had set the hilt against the fireplace and had thrown himself upon the point. He fell lifeless at the duke's feet.

And the duchess? She foresaw the terrible finish of the melodrama. She sprang toward a door in terror, crying out, "I did n't tell. I did n't. I did n't."

But her enraged husband was implacable. He stepped across the body of the knight, whipped out his sword, and cut off her head with a single stroke.

All of that happened at least five centuries ago—nothing at all to be reckoned in the activities of a restless spirit. It is natural that at times the weeping of the Duchess Imogene is still to be heard in Burgundy. Posterity probably understands her no better than did her "doddering old idiot" of a husband.

Twentieth-century Dijon has made itself famous for a variety of things aside from the tombs of Philip the Brave and John the Fearless. It does a thriving business in wine and grain, which, considering the district of which it is the center, is not remarkable. It is the world's principal market for gingerbread, and two hundred American housewives know Dijon mustard for every one who ever heard of Charles the Bold. And when one considers that Dijon imports its ginger, and that there is no supply of mustard closer than Asia Minor, this portion of the city's industrial accomplishment seems to be a feat peculiarly Burgundian.

Some English and American visitors to Dijon have complained that the city is too modern, that its relics are few and isolated and seem to have nothing in common with the post-revolutionary structures grouped about them.

The indictment is just. Notre Dame's statues become fewer each year. The glorious St. Benigné is a tattered cocoon from which twelfth-century magnificence has departed. There is an air of the Paris boulevards about the splendid promenades. The city is alive, progressive, modern.

But if the past intrudes upon the present only in an occasional *tourelle* at the corner of a house, a snake-skin roof, or a crumbling arch, it intrudes none the less noticeably. One might pass by countless interesting relics in a crooked street overhung by the gables of a dead century. But a carved door or a hammered iron ornament as part

of the façade of a house that was built last year clamors for attention.

The streets have been straightened. The crooked alleys of Philip's day have been buried under stone and mortar. But in a hundred corners of Dijon Time sits watching a broken hour-glass. There an ear that would hear may catch the ghostly echoes of Old Burgundy. . . .

Vesper bells in the distance; rain on a steel helmet; a bayonet under a cold arc; Imogene gathers her cloak about her and flits through the shadow; a clatter of hoofs; a jingle of silver spurs—through the streets ride the phantom Knights of the Golden Fleece.

CHAPTER VII

BEAUNE AND ITS BEAUNE MOTS

The Door to Yesterday

Pour consul, à Rome, autrefois,
D'un cheval le sénat fit choix :
Ainsi le rapporte Suétone.
Après un tel événement,
Je ne m'étonne nullement
Qu'on ait vu quelquefois un âne maire à Beaune.

PIRON.

CHAPTER VII

BEAUNE AND ITS BEAUNE MOTS

BEAUNE, a pleasant town of Roman origin sheltered in the Côte d'Or, preserving a medieval character in the midst of its anomalous present, dreaming its dreams, tending its vines, spinning its strange tales, and pouring its rich red wine, has written the entire history of Burgundy on the books of its town hall. In miniature it is Burgundy. Quiet, friendly people walk its old streets. Machicolated towers peer inquisitively from amid Mansards and chimney-pots. The song that rolls from the open door of the cool café is thrown back upon the town by the fragment of a forgotten bastion. Knights, dukes, kings, and emperors have followed one another through Beaune's adventurous *ruelles*. Blood has flowed in its gutters. Wars, for civilization, for country, for faith, for political creed, for that elusive thing called liberty, have made their trail across it, a trail as wide as the town itself, as red as Beaune wine.

The fortifications of Beaune were made formidable in 1502 on orders from Louis XII. Henry IV, whose antipathy for moated cities was so well demonstrated in the

destruction of Semur, tore down the walls one hundred years later.

Beaune played a considerable part in the religious wars and was for a time one of the most important cities of the Calvinists in France. During the time of their occupation it took on an importance as an industrial community. With the renewal of religious wrangles under Louis XIV, however, the men in charge of its manufactories sought new fields, and the town went back to its ancient wine trade and a placid commercial existence.

Two towers are all that remain of the feudal castle about which Beaune sprang up. Another tall prism of dark rock holds title for the ancient Hôtel de Ville. The collegiate Church of Notre Dame is a twelfth-century relic but has lost its character as a Burgundian structure through periodic additions and reconstructions. The principal monument of the town is the hospice, which, architecturally and as a charitable institution, is probably the most remarkable building of its kind in France.

The Hostel Dieu is a great meandering château with high sloping roofs of the snake-skin type, Gothic gables and double arcades built about a flowered courtyard. It was founded in 1443 by Nicolas Rolin, chancellor of Burgundy, in honor of his wife Guicone de Salins and still bears above its doors the carven record of his vow to her, "I will have no other." Antiquarians with a leaning toward accurate expression translate this pledge to mean, "I will have no

other *wife*." For, they observe, Nicolas as chancellor in the court of Philippe le Bon was not proof against the wiles of the lovely ladies who cluttered up the palaces at Dijon, Tallant, and elsewhere. The Hostel Dieu seems to have been Rolin's only contribution to the religious life.

Over the main entrance of the hospital a Gothic canopy hangs to the wall without pillared support. A carved door swings open to admit the visitor to the fifteenth century. One finds oneself in a paneled hall, the oak walls of which have been blackened by the burning wax of hundreds of years. Burgundian chairs and chests and tables of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries flank the corridor, not as objects on display in a museum but as furniture of everyday use. The atmosphere they create is indescribable.

To the left stretches the Grand' Chambre, a splendid spacious room with an ogival ceiling strangely carved and frescoed. Oaken beams which cross the vault at regular intervals are finished in blue, rose, gold, and black. One recognizes instantly the hand of the Rolins in this decoration. Save for the high arch, this room might have been taken bodily from the palace of Cardinal Rolin at Autun. The bold coloring, the bold carving, the vastness of design are typical of the family, typical of the Burgundy in which they lived.

The beds of the poor patients who receive care here are ranged along the walls under canopies of white and separ-

ated from one another now, as they were when Guicone de Salins placed them here, by curtains of deep red velvet. The great polished floor of the hall is otherwise unobstructed. Guicone and her blustering husband knew nothing about twentieth-century theories of medicine, but they built their hospital according to one sound principle: they determined that the sufferers who came here must have fresh air and plenty of it. Modern physicians have found nothing to change in their design.

There is a figure stirring in the shadows. A woman suddenly steps into the shaft of rose and gold light that falls from one of the stained glass windows, and the visitor is callous, indeed, who does not feel that he has seen a ghost. She wears a conical head-dress, this lady. The white veil of it falls over her shoulders and sets off the blue of her tight-fitting bodice and full flowing skirts. A strangely braided girdle of metal and rope loops her waist.

She seems to have stepped from one of the tapestries of the entrance-hall, a lady of Philippe's court in all the quaint garments of her vanished day. She might be Guicone de Salins herself, or Marguerite of Bouilland, or that other Marguerite who laid her keys on the coffin of her ducal husband.

Even when one realizes that she is one of the nursing sisterhood in charge of the hospital the effect remains. It is difficult to realize that she is flesh and blood and not a

Maison Vieux Columbier

A house that saw the emperor dukes
BEAUNE

phantom re-creation of some belle come back to seek trace of the somewhat promiscuous Nicolas.

The sisters of the Holy Spirit were placed in charge of the hospice by Guicone at the time of the founding of the hospital. They came to serve the poor in the costume of their daily life, the court garb of Burgundy slightly influenced by the mode of Flanders. And to this day they have worn the same costume.

One passes through the Salle Saint-Nicolas, another great chamber now used as an anteroom to a surgical laboratory, and comes to one of the most curious corners in all France, the kitchen. Nothing has been changed in this vast, vaulted room since it was founded. Two stone columns support the ceiling, which is decorated with iron bracketing.

At the left of the entrance is the massive stone fireplace, where food is still prepared after the fashion of five centuries ago. In itself the fireplace is much like others still to be seen in Burgundy, a Gothic construction divided into two compartments. But before it is a device of a sort that probably is to be seen nowhere else in the world, a mechanical turnspit.

When Nicolas and Guicone designed this kitchen, the turnspit was an iron crank of the ordinary variety. The meat hung upon it was kept in motion by a boy who was kept in motion by a stout strap in the hands of the cook. The process, though ancient and honorable, was a bit crude.

A hundred years after Rolin's death, an iron-worker of Beaune devised an improvement patterned after the vital economy of a cuckoo-clock. Since that time a series of gears actuated by lead weights has turned the spit, and, save for the refitting of a few bearings and the replacement of cords, the mechanism has required no attention.

The treasury of the hospice contains nearly a hundred vessels of silver and gold, some of them the handiwork of the most famous Flemish goldsmiths, all of them more valuable through historical association than for their very obvious intrinsic worth.

There is scarcely any end to the surprises of the place. Modernity has no right of entry here, and no collector in the world has gold enough to buy the art treasures that have accumulated in these brown halls during the centuries. It is as the perfect survival of old Burgundy that the hospice exerts its charm.

And yet Guicone de Salins sleeps the more peacefully, perhaps, because of modern science. You may see her tomb in the old château, but she has been lying in it only since 1876. At that time Doctors Leflaive and Saulgeot, surgeons of the hospital staff, opened a sarcophagus where Guicone lay in crowded quarters among the bones of dozens of other benefactors who had been buried there without attempt at identification.

Painstaking examination of all the bones to determine their age, and careful comparison with all available sta-

tistics concerning the height, weight, and age of Guicone at the time of her death, made it possible to reconstruct the lady's skeleton. Her mortal remains were then removed to a more fitting resting-place.

Unlike so many of the dismantled citadels of Burgundy, Beaune has made no attempt to conceal its ancient dignity. It has the typical encircling boulevard which follows the line of the outer enceinte, but the walls have not been destroyed to make a living for the landscape-gardeners. They stand to-day, topped by rows of shady trees and manteled with roses and ivy. Below them the old moat remains formidably deep, although wild flowers carpet it. One may walk for kilometers along the boulevard without being able to enter the town proper, and one realizes how powerful this place must have been before Henri Quatre emasculated it.

It is quite probable that the might of Beaune is responsible for the dozens of naïve stories that folks outside the walls were wont to tell concerning the inhabitants of the citadel. There are scores of these tales. One may still hear them in Dijon where they have been passed from lip to lip for centuries. Universally they have as a basic theme the alleged simplicity of the native of Beaune. American soldiers attending the Army University in the Côte d'Or after the armistice classified them all under the picturesque title of "Beaune Heads," an appellation still given them by residents who do not know its meaning.

Here are some samples:

At a certain meeting for the election of *échevins* considerable bitterness was displayed, and long-winded orators debated ad infinitum the merits of various candidates. Enter the town fool leading an ass.

"Honored sirs," said the fool, "here is a citizen who has not been properly represented. If you do not care to choose him for *échevin*, at least you should allow him a voice with the rest of the asses."

A regiment passing through Beaune found itself encumbered by much unnecessary baggage. The commanding officer decided to send it ahead by a short route through a forest. The mayor of Beaune immediately offered him four gendarmes to protect it from thieves en route.

A seigneur passing through Beaune stopped for refreshments at an inn. He was served eggs, which, according to the custom of the district in winter, had been preserved by immersion in oil.

"These eggs are very fresh," said the seigneur.

"They ought to be," replied his host. "I have watched them for three weeks."

At one time in the vicinity of Beaune the slaughter of cattle for market had been so great that beef was hardly to be had, and butchers, cornering the remaining supply, proceeded to get rich. The mayor issued an order in which

Interior of the Hotel Dieu

Courtyard of Hotel Dieu

BEAUNE

he intended to say that butchers would be allowed to purchase only a certain number of cattle and would be permitted to slaughter only a certain percentage of their allotment each week. But when the order was issued it read:

"Butchers will be allowed to slaughter only a part of each cow," a mistake more easily made in French than in English.

The daughter of the mayor of Beaune had lost her pet canary. Immediately the mayor issued orders to raise the *pont-levis* and close all the city gates.

A prince passed through Beaune and was shocked that no salute of cannon had marked his arrival. He complained to the mayor.

"Why," he inquired, "did you fail to fire the cannon in my honor?"

"For a variety of reasons," replied the mayor. "The first is that we have n't any cannon."

After a great snowfall in Beaune the clearing of the streets became a civic problem. One citizen came before the public council to announce that he was willing to remove the snow without recompense provided he should not be asked to complete the task before the middle of July. The police accepted the offer.

And so on in infinite variety. There is nothing about present-day Beaune that would seem to merit the raillery of its neighbors. Whatever may have been the mental equipment of the men about whom these stories are told, they have been dead a long time. But it was always thus. Wise men die and their works with them. Only folly is immortal.

In the ensemble Beaune strikes the visitor as being purely ancient. Its modern additions are well hidden in the curves of its twisting alleys. The houses for the most part have high sloping slate roofs with wide chimneys. Hanging gables of the fourteenth-century variety are common. Whole streets of dwellings look out at the world through leaded windows and permit of entrance through squat doorways with arquebus arches. Here and there are buildings of which the second story is scarcely head-high above the street, as if the weight of the upper masonry had pushed the foundations deeply into the ground.

In the center of town are many Romanesque double-arched shop-fronts. At night when the streets are dark as tunnels, and as cool, the shopkeepers come out to sit on the sidewalk, which, here as elsewhere in Burgundy, is the favored "front parlor."

One is not surprised to find Philippe Pot's town house here, a mansion that seems to sag under a mass of pale chocolate tile. Philippe—of whom more later—was not the only Burgundian knight who made this place a recrea-

tion center. They will show you a blood-stain on the floor of the attic of the ancient house opposite the cathedral and tell you of how two nobles from Dijon fought to the death there for the love of a lady. No one seems to have bothered to take the names of the combatants or to have inquired about the coveted woman. Such things were so small a matter in those days!

CHAPTER VIII

PHILIPPE POT

The Strange Story of a Short Sword and an Expensive Well

Tant L Vaut. . . .
Mère de Dieu très glorieuse,
Belle, plaisante et sécoureuse,
Diamant qui jamais fut sur terre,
Très humblement je viens requerre
Ta sauvegarde precieuse. . . .

PHILIPPE POT.

CHAPTER VIII

PHILIPPE POT

ONE who has the patience to wander afoot across the Golden Ridge from Beaune toward Autun finds it a district of ever increasing surprises. He experiences the sensation of walking along the margin of a wine-list, for all the hamlets through which he passes—quiet, insignificant-looking little stone groups—bear names that are well known wherever bon vivants are gathered and the glasses clink. And he feels a distinct shock when in the midst of this latter-day Ascalon he comes upon some gaunt remain of Burgundy's other self, the ambitious Burgundy that sold wine only to buy sword-steel.

Such a reminder is found at Laroche, near Nolay, a spot whence the medieval atmosphere has never departed.

Because of its out-of-the-way site, Laroche is not much visited by tourists. Few of the folks who live in the immediate vicinity know much about it.

"The castle at Laroche? *Oui*, I have heard of it," admitted madame of the hotel at Beaune. "But I have never been there, monsieur. After all, is not one ruined château quite like another?"

Local guide-books were similarly vague concerning it.

Local railroad agents were discouraging. Only the historical significance of the place could tempt one to visit it, but that is a factor worth consideration. If romance has lingered anywhere in Burgundy, it must be here.

So it is more out of a feeling of duty to the ghosts of the Côte d'Or than with any hope of a profitable afternoon that one journeys to dirty little Nolay and trudges the four long kilometers up the hill toward Laroche. One must trudge, unless he prefers to wait until Monsieur le Maire, who owns a small and odorous cart, can finish his day's work in the fields. And the walk is a monotony of severe grades and uninteresting scenes.

Then one comes to the top of a slope and looks across the tiny vale in which nestles the dingy feudal settlement of Rochepot. It is as if one had suddenly opened a page in a beautiful book. For the castle of Philippe Pot, rising from the crag on top of the opposite slope is not "quite like another ruined château." It is no ruin at all but a domineering bulk intact from moat to candle-snuffer roofs, gaudy in banners and brilliant with fresh paint . . . a restoration of course, but what a restoration! The effect is quite the same as if the corpse of Philippe Pot himself had been "restored" and was back here to take up his life where he dropped it hundreds of years ago.

The *pont-levis* still swings on its ponderous hinges. The portcullis still slides in its grooves in the white tower of the donjon. And over the gate, as fresh as if Philippe had

only yesterday laid aside shield and buckler to wield the paint-brush, is the chevalier's historic motto, "Tant L vaut."

At once all the strange legends of the Knight of Death seem to stand proved. It is not this *Aladdin's* castle come back to its own that seems unreal; it is the modern landscape-gardening outside the walls. One does not doubt the fantastic stories of how the château passed into the possession of the lords of Pot, but here, in the shadows of these towers, he finds it difficult to imagine that the place is now owned by the heirs of Carnot, once President of the French Republic.

The history of the noble house of Pot begins with the digging of a well in the courtyard of the castle at Laroche.

Guillaume Pot, a skillful worker with shovel and pick, was hired by the lord of Laroche to sink this well through the rocky cliff and make an end to the tedious process of hauling water from the creek in the town below.

At the end of the year he presented a bill for twenty thousand livres. The bill was just. Laroche had to acknowledge that, but unfortunately the good seigneur was short of money. He gave the well-digger his note.

The sinking of the well continued for another year.

In the mean time Laroche had been under heavy demands from the court at Dijon and had not shaken dice with any degree of luck in the Burgundian camps on the Spanish border. He paid Pot with another note.

In five years, so the story goes, the well was finished, and Guillaume Pot held one hundred thousand livres in notes. He presented them for payment.

"My word is good," Laroche told him. "But I cannot pay you in gold because I have n't any gold. I can give you part of my estates in far Aquitaine, or my title as King of Nubia—I think it 's Nubia, or maybe East Mauretania—or I can give you this castle as it stands and move to my hotel in Dijon."

"I 'm no grasping tradesman," responded Pot with rare gentleness. "I come of good family and have amassed some wealth through my skill with iron tools. I should hesitate to despoil your lordship of his title to the kingdom of Nubia—or is it East Mauretania?—and it would be on my conscience for ever were I to take from this noble house its holdings in far Aquitaine. I am willing to compromise on the castle, especially inasmuch as your lordship will be moving to Dijon."

Such was the foundation of the noble house of Pot. Guillaume took naturally to luxury and found the castle more habitable than it had been in the régime of Laroche, for now it had a well in it, and there was no further necessity for carrying water up from the bed of the creek below the town.

Philippe Pot was the most illustrious of the descendants of Guillaume the well-digger. He was a fairy-tale knight —the unexplainable swashbuckler, the thoroughly illogical errant—a brave man and pious—and a fool for luck.

Philippe was engaged to Jeanne de Beaufremont, daughter of the count of Charny, when he decided to go adventuring. He rode out to a crusade with the chivalry of Burgundy, France, and England and in the process contrived to get himself captured by the Soldan Mohammed II.

For some time he was held prisoner in a Saracen dungeon but did not allow his captivity to depress him. He amused himself by writing bits of poetry, mostly on religious subjects, one of which, "A Hymn to Our Lady," has come down to the present day.

But the soldan decided at length to make an end to this poetry-writing. There was to be a great festival at the summer palace outside of Constantinople, and it occurred to him that the renowned Philippe would be worth more than his ransom as an attraction in the arena. It was said on good authority that the spurned charms of Mohammed's sister Azail might have been a factor in the arrangements for this performance.

At any rate Philippe, the "Chevalier de la Mort," was dragged out of his dungeon, stripped of most of his garments, and informed of his pleasing destiny.

"You are to take your place in history this day," observed an admiring spearman. "Ten thousand of Allah's chosen shall witness your descent into the arena and your struggles with the famishing lion. And, although you are a Christian, I should not doubt that you will perform with credit to your reputation. It would be a grievous disappointment to the soldan were you to fail to give the lion

suitable competition. Never did man have a better opportunity to cover himself with glory. Your Christian friends shall be made to hear of your last battle, and the fame of your prowess will be carried to the nethermost corners of the world. What a wonderful death for a soldier!"

"I 'm not so sure of that," replied Philippe unconvinced. "What am I supposed to do with this lion after I have caught him?"

The attendant smiled.

"But you won't catch him," he explained. "You will display your skill in keeping away from him as long as possible. And then you will die gloriously. I shall cheer your indomitable bravery as you go to your end."

Philippe did not enter the arena unarmed. The soldan, with his usual generosity and love for fair play, made a concession: he announced that Philippe would be allowed to use his bare fists and any of the usual wrestling holds, and in addition might carry a sword one foot long.

Philippe thanked him, tried the edge of the sword on his thumb, and leaped into the arena. Scarcely had he struck the sand when the gate lifted and the maddened lion rushed out at him.

Philippe turned abruptly to the left as the lion leaped, made one swinging stroke with his short sword, and slashed the beast across one of his fore paws. The lion rolled over, stopped short, howled, and doubled up to lick the wound. Instantly the Chevalier de la Mort, instead of manœuvering

The Drawbridge

The hill road winds through a reconstructed fairy-land

Out of this castle rode the Chevalier de la Mort to do deeds of valor with a short sword

ROCHEPOT

according to the accepted stratagem of victims in the arena, closed for a second time with his adversary. In a second slashing stroke he cut off the lion's tongue.

Crazed with pain, the great Nubian cat sat back on his haunches and opened his mouth to roar. So quickly that the spectators scarcely could follow his movements, Philippe leaned forward and rammed the little sword down the beast's throat. The lion grunted and died.

The Moslems showed their sportsmanship by cheering in wild surprise. The soldan so far forgot himself as to descend to the arena, where he embraced Philippe and hung a gold chain about his neck.

"You had been marked for a glorious death as a soldier," he said. "Instead you have gloriously won back your right to live. Christian or no Christian, you are the bravest man I have ever seen.

"You are now a free agent and may return to your own country. A picked guard will travel with you to the frontier as a mark of honor. If during the journey you should decide to embrace the holy faith of Mohammed my fondest wish will be realized; and there are women less beautiful, my son, than the fair Azail."

So Philippe Pot, loaded with treasures and surrounded by Moslem soldiers and orators, set out for Burgundy. He lost most of the missionaries before he had reached the port of embarkation, for he was a bit stubborn, and the memory of the short sword still rankled. But three or four of the

propagandists were not to be rebuffed. They followed the valorous Philippe all the way to Laroche, and afterward were members of his household.

Rochepot was in mourning when the battered knight appeared at the gate. His trumpet-blast before the *pont-levis* brought no response from the echoing donjon across the moat. The town, too, appeared to be deserted, and there was a silence over the country-side as if a great plague had passed that way.

But presently a rheumatic sentry stirred himself on top of the wall and peered down to inquire the cause of the noise.

"Where are all the people of the castle?" demanded Philippe.

"They have gone to Dijon to celebrate the funeral of my brave lord Philippe Pot, may his soul rest in peace," replied the sentry. "It is to be regretted that I could n't get away to go, for it will be the largest funeral ever held in Burgundy. Everybody who could muster a horse or a seat in a cart has gone to it. What a pity that the brave knight will be unable to see it, devil take the paynim!"

"Oh, the paynim is n't such a bad chap," responded Philippe. "He's a heathen and all that, but he has his good points. . . ."

And, so the story goes, he rode on to Dijon, reaching the Cathedral of Notre Dame in the morning as the Jacquemart was pounding out six o'clock on the great bell.

Everything was in motion toward the Church of St. Benigne when the chevalier reached the town. The nobles were already within the church, and the solemn high mass of requiem had begun. A catafalque, surmounted by a suit of Philippe's armor, stood flanked by tall and tearful candles before the altar. Close beside it knelt Jeanne de Beaufremont, weeping for her lost love.

At such a dramatic moment came Philippe himself, as tattered as any pilgrim who ever trudged back from the Holy Land, to change the requiem into a ceremony of thanksgiving.

They say that Philippe knelt throughout the singing of his own requiem. That was like him.

When the prayers for the dead had been recited over the catafalque he identified himself, without effort at melodrama or regard for the sensibilities of the assembled multitude.

"I have attended my own funeral," he explained, "merely that I might be reminded of the fate that might have been mine had it not been for the intercession of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, Tant L Vaut! I go now as a barefooted pilgrim to throw myself in supplication at her shrine."

And he went even before the hysterical Jeanne could entwine her arms about his neck or the Duke Philippe le Bon himself could offer congratulations. . . . Which was also quite like Philippe Pot.

A painting showing the chevalier killing the lion may still be seen in the cathedral in Dijon. Below it are the lines that he composed in the Saracen prison:

Tant L Vaut et valu
A celui qui a recouru
A celle pour qui dit ce mot
Le suppliant Philippe Pot,
Qui de tout mal l's secouru.
TANT L VAUT.

Philippe married Jeanne de Beaufremont and lived a very turbulent life thereafter. But his subsequent career was something of an anticlimax, as might be expected of a man who kills a lion with a short sword too early in life.

CHAPTER IX

CHÂLON-SUR-SAÔNE

Three Golden Crowns

Who can foretell for what high cause
  This darling of the gods was born?
Yet this is she whose chaster laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear.

MARVELL.

CHAPTER IX

CHÂLON-SUR-SAÔNE

"CHÂLON-SUR-SAÔNE," observes the naïve guide-book, "is a dull old town of Roman origin." There follow some notes on the architecture of the Church of St. Marcel and a suggestion or two concerning the roads that lead from this point to others of greater interest to the tourist.

"A dull old town of Roman origin!" If the spirit of the gracious Bertille still lingers hereabouts, and most of the townsfolk will assure you that it does, the lady of the three golden crowns must have smiled at that, and with her smiled a hundred other genial ghosts who have kept vigil on the banks of the placid river since the surrender of Vercingetorix.

True, there is a branch of Le Creusot here, a forge where a very prosaic modern Vulcan hammers out cannon and torpedo-boats and parts for locomotives. The mysterious whisperings that echo over the Saône are whisperings that would be no mystery at all to a resident of Gary or Pittsburgh. Industrialism with calloused hands and a dirty face

is on the horizon in Châlon and the writers of such poetic lines as

Hôtel du Commerce, 6 f., opp. Cathedral

are not to be blamed for their unwillingness to look for medieval romance beneath a coating of modern soot.

The medieval towers that flanked the old bridge are gone, and there is little to suggest the city of cutlass and buckler that was built upon the powdering ramparts of Rome. An automobile camion rattles over the pocked stone arches. A railroad train whistles shrilly. A motor-boat breasts the slow current of the Saône. From the near distance comes the woodpecker song of a pneumatic riveter . . . all of this a far cry from the days of Gondicaire and his hungry Burgundians, but none the less a place of enchantment that time does not change.

Here, when this town was the capital of the first Burgundian kings and the terminal of navigation on the Saône, the beauty and skill of Christendom foregathered. Not until the collapse of feudalism did Châlon lose its standing as a rendezvous for chevaliers. Here in the days of Philip the Good the renowned Jacques Lalain, Burgundian *Don Quixote*, billeted his horse and hung up his armor when he was not out upon the road looking for combat.

Here at an earlier date were held the river pageants that made Burgundy famous throughout the civilized world. The last pageant of which there is official record was

prepared in 1371 by Philip the Hardy, first of the Valois dukes of Burgundy, who had been invited to a carnival in his honor at Avignon by his brother, the duke of Anjou.

A great fleet of barges carried the duke of Burgundy and his suite—immense scow-shaped vessels quite similar to the modern canal-boat, but covered outside from water-line to rail with gilt, and finished below decks with matched woods, carved and polished. The duke and his immediate household rode in one of these bulky yachts. Next came the barge of the chancellor and lesser nobles, the kitchens, floating dining-hall, the wine-cellars, and the fish supply.

At Avignon, so the chronicle goes, Philip gave the pope a splendid horse and carriage—brought from Châlon on a specially constructed float—two flagons of gold, and a huge silver basin studded with emeralds. Special gifts, similarly extravagant in design and material, were presented to the entire college of cardinals. The celebration from the point of view of color and general hilarity was something of a success. When it was concluded Philip pawned all that remained of his personal jewelry with a Lombard for twenty thousand francs to pay the canal-boat-men and other attendants on the way back to Châlon.

There is considerable other lore of that same sort in circulation in Châlon. The pounding of the forges has not driven poetry from the conversation that one hears before the broad fireplace or about the cabinet-like stoves on a wintry night. Nor will it, for in France there is

always a sentiment, a will to believe, beneath the most pronounced skepticism.

It is because the chanson of the troubadour is still echoing through Burgundy like the call of the herald bird that can be heard only by ears attuned that the story-interest of Châlon continues to center upon a bit of the old city wall, a fragment of gray stone masonry crossed with three parallel bands of golden porphyry. This bit of pre-Charlemagne Burgundy is all that remains to give evidence to the authenticity of the romance of Bertille. Bertille the saintly is still the patron of letters in Châlon. And this is her story:

Back from the wars rode Gontran, King of the Burgundians. From her room in her father's house, Bertille of the Golden Hair looked down upon a splendid spectacle.

A cool breeze, following the Saône out of the Jura, brought with it a hint of rain and a reminiscence of springtime, although the vineyards were purpling and summer was well nigh done. It carried the murmuring of the pine forests that pressed old Châlon on the outskirts where once Roman farms had borne a golden harvest. The air was pungent with strange scents: balsam and lilacs from the verdure of the city's gardens, musk and aromatics and rancid oil and tar from the persons of the oddly garbed warriors in Gontran's train.

Bertille, unused to royal pomp, stood with her hands clasped at her breast and scarcely dared to breathe lest this

wonderful dream should vanish. . . . There was Gontran himself, the perfect figure of a Frankish king, a bit of a tatterdemalion, it is true, but still impressive. His red robes had once been a brilliant scarlet; now they were dulled to rusty, reddish brown. The silver casque that crowned his long hair was battered and tarnished. The wrought iron of his armorings was black with age. Brasses, green with verdigris, hung from the trappings of his big black horse. The hoofs of his mount had once been gilded, but this decoration was well nigh obliterated by mud splashes.

Gontran sat straight in his cordovan saddle, a picture of kingly pride. No puny monarch this, a chief by prowess rather than ancestry. It was only natural that the great two-handed sword which hung across his back should be the longest in the troop and that his shoulders should be as broad as those of the most formidable of his hard-bitten followers. He seemed conscious of the awe with which the populace greeted his glittering cavalcade and justly elated that he should have been the one to treat ancient Châlon to so magnificent a display.

Behind him clattered as varied a collection of curiosities as ever returned from a campaign, a swashbuckling lot, these lesser chief of the command, with faces brown as the leather shields that swayed at their sides; hairy Franks, gloomy Visigoths who seemed strangely out of place in the assemblage, lean Gauls of haughty bearing, and stalwart, smiling Burgundians. Some of them were in an armor that

appeared to be as flimsy as it was delightfully novel, an all-covering coat of linked chain that jingled with every step of the horses. It, too, was rusty or black. But there was little of this audacious departure from established fashions in gear. Generally the fighting men wore the more ancient accoutrements of iron-scaled hide, with Roman helmets or Gallic leathern caps or no head-covering at all. The gaily colored rags of their clothing, the much worn loot of battles, streamed from their tanned arms and legs. . . . Scraps of silk fluttered from uplifted lances. Color flamed along the column where the devices of attendant princelings, suitors for favor at Gontran's court, loomed through the cloud of white dust.

And the troops, too, looking upon the familiar buildings of old Châlon for the first time in many weeks, experienced the effect of a wondrous vision: the green mosses on the gray Roman archways, the roses, the purple flowers along the road, the old men who cheered them, the women who smiled at them.

As the pounding of drums, the fanfare of long bronze trumpets, the pounding of iron shoes, and the tinkling of mail heralded the march of the cavaliers up from the river through the old Roman town, Bertille stood fascinated, unaware that she might be attracting as much attention as she bestowed upon Gontran and his knights.

The knightly pageant passed on through the crooked street toward the Chapel of St. Marcel where Gontran was

convening a council of his lords with the princes of the faith. And all passed the door of Bertille's father's house without a glance for guerdon, until, near the end of the long column, there rode into view Amalon, the free-lance of Champagne.

Amalon had traveled far afield during thirty years of battling. He had fought in the high hills of far Aquitaine and on the bleak slopes of Armorica. He had set a lance in the narrow valleys of Austrasia and had unsheathed his sword in the Camargue. Wherever there had been fighting the pennon of Amalon had been to the fore. And it had been whispered rather freely that when the bloody work of the day had been completed he had never been too weary to cast an appreciative eye upon the beauties of the vicinity. He knew women as he knew his tricks of swordsmanship: the black-eyed, black-haired Grecians of Provence; the fair, quiet, smoldering Franks of his own neighborhood; the stately Visigoths of Aquitaine; and the tall, supple, strong Burgundian damosels of Gontran's realm. He could prattle words of love in any of a dozen languages. He had a way with women and a neat taste. . . .

He drew rein so suddenly that his tired mount fell back on its haunches, and stopped the procession amid a clatter of iron and brass, an accompaniment of deep-chested curses, and a great stirring of dust-clouds. The smirking neighbors of Vulfrand and Ludwige, Bertille's parents, pursed their lips disdainfully as they saw the warrior,

suddenly forgetful of king, council, pomp, and circumstance, gazing up at the vision in the window. Amalon saw a face delicate as the ivory statues that wandering peddlers brought to his castle gate from the littoral of Old Greece, an aureole of burning gold where the sun twinkled in her hair, a misty sweep of intangible whiteness where her soft robe looped down from her shoulders in the Roman fashion, a lure of unspoiled loveliness in her wide-open blue eyes.

The neighbors sneered; the men at arms swore; the horses reared and plunged, anxious to be off again. But Amalon saw only his vision. The first noise of the halt became a din. But Bertille did not hear. She was still gazing into the sun-filled street where the casque of Gontran, easily visible above the heads of his body-guard, was moving onward.

Amalon's lapse was momentary, for he was not the sort to let any one woman turn his head. One lingering scrutiny and he settled back into the saddle, shouted a command and was away at a trot to fill the gap in the column.

The great council of Gontran lasted two weeks. There was not much time in those days for religious observances. Almost any day, the king well knew, he would be forced to gird himself for a new war with or against his royal brothers. But just now there was no war on the family calendar. There was opportunity to convene the church dignitaries, and no particular reason for curtailing their discussions.

Amalon, however, suddenly lost interest in the council and its impressive ceremonials. It irked him to hear a gray-beard tell him things about his soul.

He journeyed one day from the Chapel of St. Marcel to the home of Vulfrand the armorer, and set about making himself agreeable.

That was before the days of the iron-bound feudalism that grew out of the Frankish ideas of service. The people, only partially emerged from the savagery that the incoming Burgundians had blended with the effete civilization of dying Rome, made slight distinctions in the classes. Chiefs were chiefs. Men-at-arms were potential chiefs. Free men were men-at-arms. And slaves were slaves. Save for the wearers of the yoke there were no barriers against intercourse with the great. It required no sacrifice of aristocratic ideals for Amalon to visit the home of Vulfrand, if Amalon may be said to have any such ideals, and it implied no particular honor to the house. Yet Vulfrand could not but feel honored.

He welcomed a chance to tell of his own service afield with Gondebaud when Burgundy had held its own in the wars with the Franks, and was not sufficiently keen an analyst to discover the cause of the cavalier's affability.

Bertille, however, knew that it was not to hear of the great King Gondebaud that Amalon had come from the Chapel of St. Marcel. She remembered his smile on the day of the great procession, and she was afraid. She avoided the visitor until her rudeness attracted the atten-

tion of even the slow-witted Vulfrand. He spoke to her about it before Amalon.

"My guest is honored in my house," he declared. "He stands in my place before you. Any more of your tantrums and I 'll send you out to work in the fields as your great-grandmother did."

"There are worse things than working in the fields," replied Bertille with a little more fire than might have been suspected in so demure a person. "One does not have to study the beasts that one meets there. I should know without inquiry that the horse will always be a horse, the cow always a cow, and, saving the presence of your honored guest, the pig always a pig."

Vulfrand, bewailing the ways of modern children, escorted her from the room by the hair of the head and chastised her audibly. Bertille sobbingly protested that she would drown herself in a well before she would allow the significant smirks of Amalon to pass unnoticed. But, for all that, a spanking with the flat side of a short scabbard was a punishment to be reckoned with, and for the next two days she demonstrated her dislike for the warrior of Champagne in silence.

So Amalon continued to cast amorous eyes at Bertille and laughed when her trembling lips whitened in angry scorn of him.

One night, as Bertille stepped through the garden on her return from vespers, six stalwarts twisted a woolen cloak about her head and bound her hand and foot.

Ancient houses and mysterious streets in the old capital of The Kingdom of the Burgundians
CHÂLON SUR SAÔNE

Day was dawning when Bertille recovered consciousness and found herself traveling over an unfamiliar road through a tunnel of greenery. Weeds were sprouting from cracks in the surface of the Gallo-Roman highway. Startled redbirds flew screeching from the shrubbery before them. Mosses hung from the fir-trees, and wild flowers of carmine, purple, and gold bloomed in untrodden profusion along the edges of the paving. Even to Bertille, used as she was to the forests, the ride was a pageant of desolation. Civilization had gone. Civilization had not yet come. The old order was changing, but progress was not yet apparent.

Populations had been lessened by continuous wars. Conservation of human life was a subject that had not yet attracted much attention from the makers of the Burgundian laws. The works that the Romans had constructed were going the way of all brick and mortar, and the genius of the hordes that had engulfed the empire was not yet finding its expression. Farms had lain fallow, and forests had encroached upon the land. The hard roads had become green-white streaks through a blue-green jungle.

Through such scenes as this they passed northward for two days until they came at length to the Champagne country, where the population was more dense and the landscape less depressing. The cart was brought to a halt before the outer wall of a stronghold.

Bertille's eyes opened wide. She had never seen a place of this sort. The wall was unlike the Roman remains in Burgundy. It was built almost entirely of stout oak tim-

bers, buttressed at the bottom with stone and bound at the top with iron. A moat surrounded it, a canal fed by the waters of the Marne—and a small *pont-levis* gave access to the gate.

The pennon of Amalon fluttered over the wall. Gaunt spearmen and archers in steel-spangled jerkins, patrolling the top of the stockade, peered down quizzically upon the visitors. One of the warriors of the escort rode forward and sounded a blast on the ram's horn beside the gate. There was a scraping of wood as the bars were swung over and the hinged barrier swung outward.

Evidently advance notice of the coming of the cart and its attendants had been brought to the château by courier, for they were not challenged nor questioned. Without waiting even to give the password, the horsemen spurred forward, and Bertille found herself inside the stronghold. The roadway lay across a second moat to the iron-studded door of a central tower, which, like the protecting cincture, was fashioned almost entirely of wood. Green skins covered all projections and most of the upright area—a simple if somewhat odorous protection against the firebrands of an enemy. The tower was round and bulged at the top, where an unroofed platform provided walking-space for watchers of the protecting garrison.

Bertille was taken from the cart and carried half-conscious into the keep.

On the second floor the men-at-arms threw her into a

chair before the fireplace and turned her over to the attention of some stolid females of Amalon's household. There was a bit of savage splendor in this great hall. The ceiling was high enough to be lost in dim shadow. Beneath it a forest of timbering, symmetrical and ingenious, had a beauty of its own, similar, indeed, to the lacy intertwining of stone vaults in the Chapel of St. Marcel. Oak panels crudely carved and blackened with smoke covered the walls. The fireplace was an immense thing of rough stone, vast as a whole room might be in a Burgundian house, and of importance to the Salle des Chevaliers even when no fire might be needed because of the forceful draft with which it cooled the great hall. Silken banners from India, wrought silver ornaments that had belonged to enemies long forgotten, and brass battle-gear of a dozen varieties gave color to the dark panels. On the wide oaken beam that served as a mantelpiece, a flame floated on a pool of oil in a polished copper bowl.

There was no escaping. A sentry with a bludgeon stood at the door. One of the guardian hags sat on the wide sill of the curtainless window. Bertille wept silently for a while and then fell asleep.

She wakened to find Amalon bending over her. The dust of the long journey was on his armoring, and his face was drawn with fatigue. But he was smiling with satisfaction when she opened her eyes.

Night had fallen while Bertille slept. A dozen smoking

torches lit the hall. A dozen men-at-arms ranged across the end of the room nearest the door, their rusted accoutrements asparkle in the flickering light—a picture of power and of a brutal bondage.

But Bertille betrayed no emotion when she arose, a forlorn little figure, before these towering soldiers. She smoothed out her rumpled white garment and adjusted the silver loop about her golden hair, scarcely looking at her amorous captor. Then she walked to the end of the fireplace and leaned against it, gazing at Amalon with unspoken hatred.

"If you marry me here and now," she told him slowly, "I shall make you a faithful wife, although I despise you beyond all the words of Latin, Goth, Burgundian, or Frank. But I will not be your mistress."

Amalon laughed, and his guffaw was echoed by the hairy savages at the door.

"But I cannot marry you, my pretty maid," he declared, unwittingly paraphrasing a bit of literature as yet unborn. "I have a wife somewhere—in Aquitaine, I think, or is it Septimania—and the monks hereabouts know of it. They would have a delicacy about giving me a second wife, even had I the desire to repeat the experiment of matrimony, which I have not. Wives, my good woman, are a nuisance to a man of my talent."

And, with much applause from the soldiery, he seized Bertille about the waist.

Just what happened then was never made clear even by

the men-at-arms, whose accounts formed the basis of the romance that afterward figured largely in the crude literature of the *langue d'oïl*.

Somehow—perhaps by accident, perhaps by calculated strategy—Bertille's thin little hand had come in contact with the handle of a battle-ax that hung by the fireplace. Instantly she lifted it from its hook.

With one supreme effort, she broke from Amalon's arms and fell against the wall with a force that racked her body and dimmed her sight. She would have been lost then had not the weight of Amalon's iron coat unbalanced him in his sudden pursuit. He fell headlong at her feet.

As he rose she swung the ax.

The heavy blade missed his head and struck him on the shoulder near the neck, cleaving through the iron disks of his armor with deadly ease. He sank to the floor again with the death-rattle in his throat.

In Châlon the disappearance of Bertille of the Golden Hair and Amalon of Champagne was soon a favorite topic of popular gossip.

The less lovely women of the neighborhood recounted with embellishments the story of King Gontran's procession and of Amalon's spectacular salute to the fair Bertille. Singularly few of them condemned the girl for having eloped with the visiting cavalier. And singularly few were minded to compliment Amalon on his taste.

Presently Vulfrand came to believe that he had been

deceived by his daughter's show of animosity toward the distinguished guest, that her hostility had been merely a mask behind which might be plotted illicit trysts and philanderings innumerable and unspeakable. In vain Ludwige argued with him, failing probably because she herself protested her daughter's innocence only half-heartedly. The evidence was too conclusive.

"She is no daughter of mine," Vulfrand declared. "As a Christian virgin she was an ornament to our house. As a Frankish concubine she is a disgrace to her religion and her blood, and should be killed were she worth that much trouble. She has made a fine show of saintliness only to give herself to the first man who asks her to run away with him. And she has made me ridiculous in the eyes of my neighbors who respected me."

Obviously the last charge of the indictment was the most serious. Even Ludwige could offer no defense against it.

So the affair continued to be a bit of spicy scandal for dooryard discussion until the thirteenth day of the great council. King Gontran, who had been too much occupied with ecclesiastical questions to concern himself about the unexplained disappearance of Amalon, had heard nothing of the gossip, although, because of the man's importance, he might have been interested in it. The conclave was proceeding with much ceremonial and learned debate when suddenly, at the rear of the Chapel of St. Marcel, there arose an infernal clatter.

There came the sounds of arms hastily dragged over the tiles and a subdued but earnest argument among the sentries. Then, amid imprecations that arose on all sides despite the holiness of the place, a woman, ragged, muddy, and terror-stricken, darted between the crossed lances of two soldiers and ran toward the altar of Our Lady.

Shocked surprise held back the sentries. The learned doctors paused in the midst of their debate. King Gontran himself arose from his chair in the sanctuary and gazed on the scene, unable to voice a command. The girl seemed to be insensible to the tumult about her. She staggered with arms outstretched to the altar and fell at Mary's feet.

Through the nave of the church echoed the girl's frightened voice in a prayer, awe-inspiring for its very sincerity:

"Mother of Christ, it was to keep me worthy of thee!"

Bishops, nobles, and king felt somehow that they had been eavesdropping upon a conversation with the Mother of God in person. . . . Bertille, aureoled in a sudden burst of golden sunlight, lost consciousness on the altar steps.

She was revived and brought before Gontran.

"I was kidnapped by Amalon the Frank," she told him simply. "I protected myself." She opened her cloak, and the king gasped, warrior that he was, to see the red stain upon her trembling bosom. "I killed him. I struck him down with his own battle-ax. God have mercy on his soul!

"His servants let me pass, and I walked back to Châlon to throw myself at Mary's feet and explain to her why I did it."

She hung her head like a prisoner awaiting sentence and so failed to see the smile that lighted Gontran's hard old face.

The king suddenly took the girl by the arm and drew her to a seat beside him.

"My child," he said. "You are a heroine. You, a slip of a girl, have vanquished the most skilled swordsman in the West. Your modesty and courage rank you with Judith. This night you will be cared for by the ladies of my house, and in the morning you will return here for a full disposition of your case."

There is a bit of the dramatic in the dénouement of this story. Messengers of the king spread broadcast through Châlon the report that on the morrow King Gontran was to hold a public ceremonial in honor of the womanhood of Burgundy . . . an unprecedented procedure, indeed, in conquered Gaul.

Ludwige and Vulfrand passed a sleepless night pondering upon the tragic fate of Bertille. Honor to the women of Burgundy was a sore reminder of her own dishonor. . . . And their house was lonely. They had not realized it before. . . .

They went to the square before the Chapel of St. Marcel the next morning solely to stop the tongues of the gossips who would have found cause for conversation had they remained at home. And they made a brave show when

the king strode out to the chapel steps, leading a trembling little veiled figure by the hand.

"My people," announced Gontran without preliminary. "I have called you together to do honor to Burgundy's greatest heroine. She has placed upon virtue a value higher than the price of life itself, and I confer upon her a token of the realm's lasting regard: three golden crowns—the first for beauty, the second for courage, the third for chastity. They should always be worn together."

One after another he set the circlets upon her brow, while the great throng stood silent. Then he drew back her veil. . . .

CHAPTER X

CLUNY

Lonely Towers and a Phantom Coiner

Ah, broken is the golden bowl!
The spirit flown for ever!

Poe.

CHAPTER X

CLUNY

FOR one who would understand the influences that motivated Old Burgundy, there is deception in the rambling streets of Dijon and the arched alleyways of Besançon. There, where romance will never allow the glamour of chivalry to vanish utterly, one feels the might of the long straight sword. The ghost of the swashbuckler is abroad in the medieval towns of Burgundy for the reason that the imprint of his handiwork is something that they can never totally efface. And amid such associations, where these hard-handed heroes seem so real and their accomplishments so pertinent, one is likely to lose perspective. It is natural that one should forget that these great egoists were not all-powerful, that they owed and paid an allegiance to an overlord who never owned a cuirass or swung a mace, an allegiance that they readily denied to their nominal lieges.

The real capital of Burgundy was not Dijon the magnificent, Besançon the mysterious, Lyon the glorious, or Autun the ancient. It was Cluny, quiet abbey of the southern hills, where a group of austere monks chanted

the praises of God and guarded the civilization that the wars of the knights had imperiled.

There is little left of Cluny now. One who looks up at its isolated towers and shattered archways has difficulty in realizing that this is the fortress of culture which stood as Christendom's capital in western Europe during the days of Burgundy's exciting infancy. It was to Cluny rather than to the capitals of France or the Holy Roman Empire that the princes of the Golden Duchy paid their homage. It is significant, also, that when Cluny required their vassalage they were actual vassals. This sequestered abbey as a cradle of popes exercised a greater influence upon the affairs of the world than did the power of Charles the Bold at the point of its greatest development. Excommunication and interdict were weapons that the bravest of the warrior dukes seldom dared to test.

But Cluny has followed the path of the kings. Like them it had its rise to wealth and magnificence. Like them it incurred the enmity of the covetous. And like them it fell.

The beginnings of medieval French culture are directly traceable to the founding of a simple monastery in the valley of the Grosne. They were far-sighted men, the stern abbots. They prayed in works as well as words, produced libraries and revived forgotten arts.

Men came to their doors by the highway that led from Italy, by the watercourses from the north and south, and Cluny prospered. It fostered the cultural revivals of the

twelfth and thirteenth centuries, gave to Europe one of the greatest cathedrals of the Middle Ages, and gathered a marvelous collection of art treasures. Missionaries went out from it to found schools and other monasteries. Hundreds of lesser abbeys came to know the culture center of the Grosne as a mother house.

Then came the sansculottes to loot it, to drive a road through the center of its great church, to blast its grandeurs stone from stone with bombs. So ended a religious movement that had been in progress for nine hundred years.

Yet Cluny is not gone. Its majestic ruins stand to-day as much of a monument to its achievements as if the monks were still chanting their offices before its desecrated altar. Crumbling, stripped of its riches, sacked, defaced, and dynamited, Cluny is a relic of medievalism more nearly unchanged than any of the other gray towns of Burgundy.

Old Pierre Guérin, an amateur guide whom fortune had brought to the Hôtel de Bourgogne, knew the history of the town as well as Penjon, who wrote a history of it. But he seemed little concerned with the ancient dwelling-places.

"They are wasteful of space, monsieur," he declared. "All of them have open courts between the front room and the kitchen. It would have been a blessing, really, if the revolutionists had bothered to tear them down instead of blasting the abbey church—the camels! Of course under ordinary conditions these old houses are good for many

another year yet. The men who built them intended that they should hold together." He paused to point a finger at a pink-tinted, two-story structure that bore the date 1743 above the iron-grated door.

"That, monsieur, is the style that I have reference to," he said. "It is more economical of space. A large family could live in it easily. But of course it is modern work. You may notice that it is cracked a bit near the cornice. This latter-day work is slipshod. . . ."

He led on aimlessly, his sabots clicking on the cobbles, his gray-blue smock ballooning in the warm breeze. To him this street down which history had wended its crooked way for seven hundred years was merely the Rue d'Avril, a district where the cobbles were too well worn for comfortable travel.

At the corner old Pierre regretted the lost agility of his youth when a busy housewife, suddenly opening a door like a cuckoo peeping out of a clock, threw a bucketful of soapy water into the street. The guide narrowly escaped a bath.

He and the madame exchanged comment as befitted the situation. But the advantage lay with the wielder of the bucket, inasmuch as some of the water remained for further distribution. She threw it at him, then disappeared from the scene with the slamming of a door, leaving old Pierre wet and quite at a loss for words.

"This town is cursed, monsieur," he commented with conviction as he wrung out the tail of his smock. "The

CLUNY

The cloister—In the background the last tower of what was the most magnificent church in Christendom

curse rests on all of us who live here—and may it rest on that she-devil the harder for the temper of her. Mon Dieu! That there should be in all the world a woman like that!"

"But the curse?" I inquired, with new interest in the baffling secrets of Cluny.

"Ah, yes, the curse! Well, you can find all about it in the records of the abbey. Duke William of Aquitaine once owned these lands. Along about the first of the tenth century he began to smell the pines and decided that he would do something for the good of his soul.

"He made a will leaving this part of his estate to the Apostles Peter and Paul—those are the words of the will—on condition that an abbey be founded here and conducted according to the rule of St. Benedict.

"And he finished by demanding of God that any prince of any government, including the supreme pontiff of the church itself, who should attempt to take title to the lands thus bequeathed, should be excommunicated during his life and eternally damned after his death. That, monsieur, is the curse. . . . And look at Cluny."

Look at Cluny, indeed! A town whose very stones spoke of vandalism, the more so in that engravings on most of them marked their previous connection with the church that the zealots of reason had blown asunder! A town where gray age had stood by to warn the wreckers of the new régime that centuries had been adding weight to William's curse. . . .

He paused before a gloomy building with square windows and massive arches, ivy-covered like the rest of Cluny but singularly foreboding.

"This was the mint of the old abbey," he said. "It is called to this day Hôtel des Monnaies."

He tilted his head and listened attentively.

"I can't hear it," he apologized. "But usually it is very plain. . . ."

There was no sound save the unidentified whispering of a country summer—wind among tiles, pigeons cooing in the eaves, insects droning in the outer sunlight.

"Hear what?" I asked.

"The minter," he replied. "The man with the curse. He is always at work here. . . ." And then, with the dramatic intonation that the setting warranted, he told me the story of Duke William's curse.

Citizen Batonard of Macon was a commoner who had made the best of none too lavish opportunity and had amassed great wealth. Of his merchandising ability little is known save that he made a success of it. But it is reported that he was the banker, and principal creditor, of most of the seigneurs in the vicinity. So when the peasants rose to show their indignation over ecclesiastical wealth by confiscating it for themselves, Citizen Batonard had enough cash on hand to make himself a factor in the bidding for the monastery town.

He bid something over two million franks and received for his money the abbey, including its church, the greatest monument to medieval accomplishment then existing. But Batonard's eyes were not concerned with Romanesque architecture. The church might have made a good storehouse for wine, but it seems that the monkish architects, with a criminal disregard for the practical, had made the immense vaults too high and had wasted a considerable portion of the space outside the church in the erection of flying buttresses, things of no use in a wine-cellar.

So, despite the protests of the civil government of the town, he wrecked the majestic old structure for its materials, drove a road through the center of it, blasted the foundations in search of hidden treasures, melted down the gold and silver statues that fell into his hands, promoted a townsite corporation that had all the merits of our present-day colonization schemes, and eventually died a captain of industry who had paid forced tribute for honors befitting his worth under Napoleon.

History, so far as it mentions him at all, is content to leave him in his grave, to allow the curse of William of Aquitaine its fulfilment in the dishonoring of his memory by those who view his thorough handiwork. But the canons of legend are more exacting. So it comes about that the most interesting chapter in the story of Citizen Batonard begins with his death.

He lies at rest in an ornate coffin, while his cheerful

heirs wrangle over the wealth of Cluny. The church does not want his body. His mourning relatives have no particular use for it. Eventually, thanks to the burial regulations of the early eighteenth century, arrangements are made for his interment in a lonely grave near the wall of his own garden. But the heirs are not put to the trouble of a funeral. By the time they have completed their reluctant division of the spoils the body has disposed of itself. The coffin is empty. The remains of Citizen Batonard have disappeared.

In the meantime Batonard's thin little soul, which, like the camel forced to go through the needle's eye, had jettisoned its cargo of worldly affairs, was finding the ways of celestial travel difficult. Before the spirit of the dead vandal there suddenly appeared a figure robed in light. Batonard recognized it at once for an angel, which should be a mark in his favor, inasmuch as he had had little association with angels before his death.

"Batonard," called the apparition in a terrible voice, "you have violated God's law and the sanctuary. You will go to the Cluny that you had thought was your own. You will enter once more into the body that you have deserted. And until the crack of doom you will remain on earth to remind other sacrilegious fools of your folly.

"By day in the guise of a beggar you will seek to win back, grain by grain, the gold that you took from the house of God to leave to your miserly descendants. And in the

mint of the abbots you will mold it into coins until all the vast riches that you stole repose once more in the underground vaults of the old church. Should you succeed in begging from your heirs and their descendants a sum equal to that which you distributed among the enemies of God, then you may argue against Duke William the Pious, the case of your redemption before the throne of your creator."

The angel disappeared, and the soul of Citizen Batonard went on to Cluny. The body he had so recently vacated was there ahead of him. And so began the task of a new Sisyphus. It has been going on ever since.

A mortal might despair of accomplishing so hopeless a work. The men who have inherited the wealth of Batonard have inherited his mental characteristics and grudgingly yield a penny at a time to the importunities of the ghostly beggar. In more than two hundred years of his servitude Batonard has learned much of the ways of charity and probably is an adept in wheedling. But as he increases his efficiency he faces a growing debt. Principal and interest compounded semiannually at 6 per cent. represent an amount vastly greater than that which he "distributed among the enemies of God."

Day and night the invisible molds and stamping-machines of the old mint may be heard clanking in proof that he is still laying up wealth against eternity.

It would seem that a soul endowed with the financial genius that distinguished Batonard of Macon would see the

feasibility of selling most of his newly manufactured gold pieces to coin collectors at a premium. Perhaps he has done so. At any rate, searchers who have delved into the underground nooks of Cluny have discovered no trace of Batonard's treasure. We should hesitate to mention here that he might yet thwart the curse and sleep for many a century in his grave between now and the call of Gabriel should he abandon his mint and install a Russian printing-press.

Legend explains much of the beginning of the great church as well as its end. Some time about the middle of the eleventh century an unnamed monk of Cluny lay dying in his cell. A death-watch in a near-by chapel was praying that God might grant repose to his soul. In a plot beyond the chapel walls two cowled figures were digging a new grave.

The monk, who still was mentally alert although cold to his knees, closed his eyes in a lethargy that his companions mistook for the end. But he was not dead—only dreaming.

In a vision there appeared to him three men in strange garments who identified themselves as "Simon called Peter, Paul the Roman, and Stephen the martyr." And they informed the monk that he would be called back from the grave to inform Abbot Hugh that he had been chosen to build a great cathedral. The monk awoke when the wind-

ing-sheet was already about his feet. He ran to Hugh to tell of the vision.

Pope Pascal II consecrated the altar of the new church in 1095. The finished basilica was consecrated in 1131.

The church was 555 feet in length, five feet shorter than St. Peter's of Rome, the largest cathedral in Christendom. It was a marvel of construction as well as of architecture. Pillars seven and one half feet in diameter supported the great central vault. And here may be noted a prophetic departure from the usual Burgundian treatment of the Romanesque style: the high arches of the vault were pointed. Percy Allen points out that this construction probably was necessitated by the height of the vault and should not be taken to indicate a deliberate departure from the Romanesque. Buttressing, when it came to be better understood a century later, was added to strengthen the walls of the nave.

The sense of spaciousness, which was the outstanding characteristic of the basilica, was increased by a novelty of plan that remains without parallel in France to-day. The church had two transepts and a double row of aisles on both sides of the nave. The perspective from any point of view must have been magnificent.

"The walk of the angels," Hildebrand de Mans, under the spell of its impressive distances, called the church. And he spoke of the bold sculpturing of the arches, the splendid

unity of design, and the simple elegance of its massive construction rather than of the jeweled ornamentation that came later to make it the treasure-house of western Europe.

All of that is gone. The Hôtel de Bourgogne fronts on the street that Citizen Batonard hacked through the nave. A school of the arts occupies what remains of the south limb of the transept. The towers of the Horloge and the Eau Bénite stand like maimed sentinels close by.

There remain about this site of somber ruin fragments of the old abbey wall—here as formidable as it was in the days when skilled masons matched its stones, here overrun by the dwellings of the town. A bakery, dating from the thirteenth century, is to be found in the grounds of the school of arts at the edge of the river, and near to it rises the Tower of the Mill, one of the two interior towers of the abbey that have survived the misfortunes of the community.

Part of the ancient gate of the abbey still stands, as grim and forbidding in its ruin as it was when it kept guard over the basilica. In many ways it is the most interesting of Cluny's relics. It is like the cabin door of a ship cast up by the sea to tell the story of a wreck. It vitalizes the legends of the era upon which it opened. Allen points out its historical significance in reviewing the pageant of kings and pontiffs who passed beneath its arches; William the Conqueror, St. Louis, Philip the Fair, Charles VI, the royal

dukes of Burgundy, St. Hugh, Abelard, Anselm, Pierre Damien, Pope Gelase II, Pope Innocent IV, Pope Boniface VIII, and the famous Hildebrand—Pope Gregory VII. The gate still frowns upon the path they trod like the gray-bearded guardian of a vanished treasure who still keeps watch over empty chests.

It was not only in its visitors that Cluny beheld great men. Urban II, Pascal II, and Urban IV passed from the abbey to sit in the chair of St. Peter at Rome. St. Hugh, who brought the Catholic Church to a position of influence beyond the hopes of the notable churchmen of ten centuries, was one of the early abbots.

In matters of more purely intellectual concern, Cluny was no less important a figure. For a time the abbey was the greatest book factory in the world. Before Gutenberg had succeeded in perfecting the little wooden blocks that were to play such an important part in the influencing of human thought, hundreds of copyists spent their days under the arches of Cluny preserving the classics on hand-lettered parchment. With the introduction of the printing-press this industry continued to be one of the monastery's most important concerns. The entire history of medievalism was written in the records of Cluny.

Perhaps it is a printing-press instead of a coin-mold that the ghost of old Batonard operates in the abandoned mint. More prosaic perhaps than the coining of beggar's gold,

it would be a more practical work should he occupy himself with the restoration of all the archives that the revolutionists scattered.

Surely no ghost could forsake his tomb for a more edifying task. . . . Had the wealth of the abbey church escaped the grasp of Batonard, it might have fallen into the hands of some later vandal. As for the basilica, it must certainly have crumbled as do all the edifices that men pile up rock on rock. . . . But thought, that most intangible of all the commodities that come within human ken, need never die while there are types to click one against the other and a white page to preserve their message.

CHAPTER XI

BOURG

The Love of the Princess Margaret

The past is fled and gone:
If nought but pain to me remain,
I 'll fare in memory on,
My dear!
I 'll fare in memory on.

CARLYLE.

CHAPTER XI

BOURG

IN marked contrast to the sterner profiles of the Clunisian churches in and near the old abbey town is the Chapel of Brou at Bourg, about four hours' ride to the southeast. The comparison is that of frost patterns to an iceberg or lace to tapestry. The Church of Brou yearly draws its delegations of artists despite the counter-attractions of the more magnificent cathedrals of France. There is reason for its continuing popularity although it is somewhat difficult of access and surrounded by no great display of historical curiosities or natural monuments. Princess Margaret's Church, as the chapel is commonly called, represents a feminist movement in ecclesiastical building. A woman planned it; a woman built it; and its difference from the accepted modes of the period is evident even now despite the incongruous additions of rebuilders and improvers.

Its interior has the detailed complexities and the mass delicacies of Cluny needlework. Its vaults are high and fine and untraceable as the limbs of white birch-trees arching over a white road. It is a Valentine in Carrara marble.

Margaret of Austria, who built this chapel, was the

daughter of Maximilian of Austria and Marie of Burgundy, and the granddaughter of Charles the Bold. Her early life was entangled, as were the lives of so many persons of noble birth at that time, in the political schemes of Louis XI.

Louis, having failed in his plan to betroth the dauphin and Marie of Burgundy, persisted in his manœuvering to secure by matrimonial means his hold upon the confiscated estates of Charles the Bold. He succeeded in negotiating an engagement between Margaret and the prince. So that his plan might have all the benefit of personal supervision, he brought the girl to live at Amboise on the Loire.

In the eyes of France, Margaret was already queen when Louis upset his own scheme by dying at an inopportune moment. Charles VIII, who succeeded to the throne, decided that, although Margaret was a sweet girl and all of that, she knew a bit too much about him to make him a good wife. So he bade her an affectionate and touching farewell and married Anne of Brittany.

Margaret left the court at Amboise with a hatred for France that remained with her until the end of her days. In 1497 she married Juan, Prince of Castile, son of Ferdinand and Isabella. He died of fever shortly after the wedding.

Margaret was quite cast down about this. For so charming a young woman, her life had been singularly lacking in true romance. She took to poetry and composed one

couplet that has preserved her name. It was an epitaph which unfortunately could not be used when it was required:

> Cy gist Margot, la Gentil Damoiselle,
> Q'u ha deux marys et encore est pucelle.

The effect of her blighted love remained with her until September 26, 1501, when she married Philibert le Beau, Duke of Savoy. It was this wedding that brought her to Bourg.

The town celebrated the marriage in a week of riotous ceremonial with a zest so like that attending any ordinary wedding that Margaret began to take heart. For a time it appeared that this marriage really was going to prove a permanent affair. But three years after the honeymoon the princess's bad luck returned. Philibert went out hunting and got wet and chilled. He died of pneumonia with Margaret's arms about him in the room in which he had been born twenty-four years before.

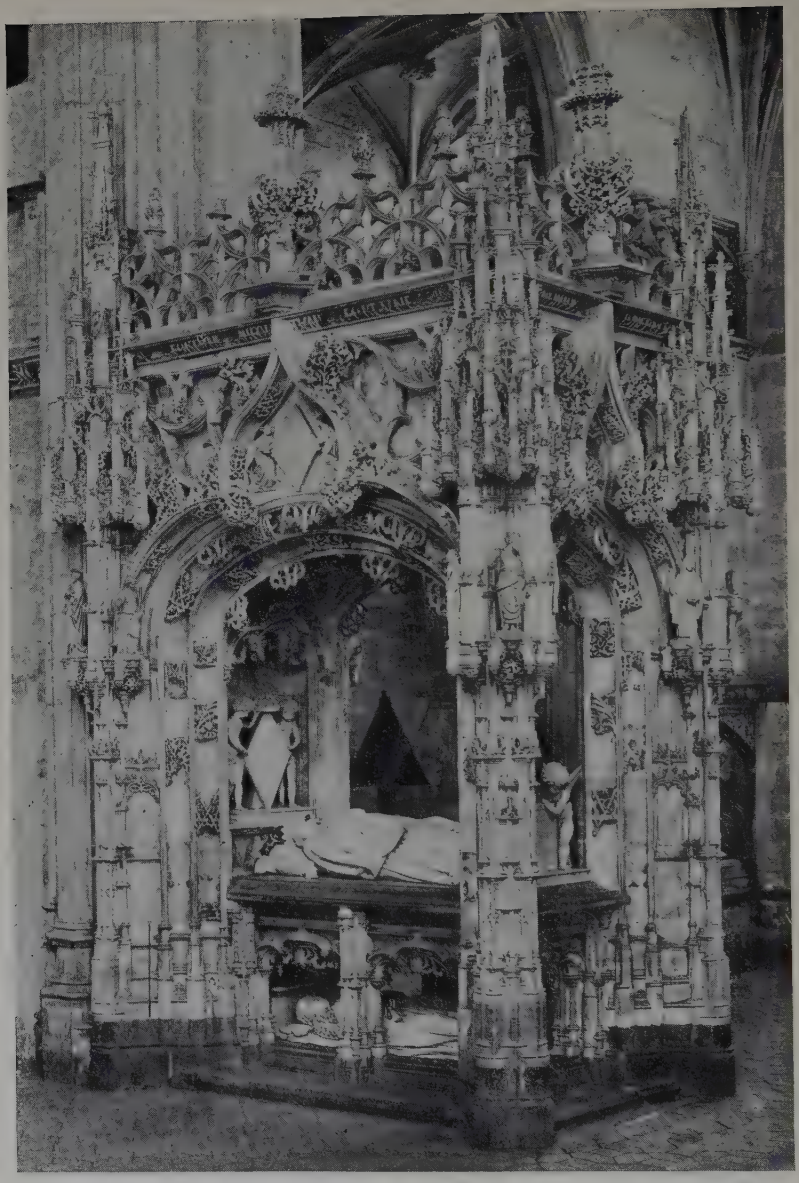
Margaret, whose love for him increased after his death, undertook the erection of the Church of Brou in his memory. She laid the corner-stone in 1505 according to the wishes of Margaret of Bourbon, mother of the dead prince, guided the hand of the blind architect whose magic transformed her dream into a symphony of stone, and personally supervised the work of building year after year until the chiseled walls and spires were well risen.

During this period she refused offers of marriage from Francis I of France and Henry VII of England, continuing her vigil of love in Bourg and watching over the destinies of the Spanish Netherlands as regent.

Her remarkable career ended in 1530 at Malines. She was fifty years old then and, if contemporaneous portraits are to be credited, looked twenty-five. One morning in getting out of bed she stepped on the fragments of a cup and received a painful cut. Blood-poisoning followed, and her condition became so serious that the surgeons of her court administered opium and prepared to amputate the infected leg. But Margaret never awakened. She was buried at Malines. Her body remained there until two years later, when it was transported with great pomp and ceremony to the tomb in the Church of Brou beside that of her husband.

The three tombs of Margaret of Austria, the Duke Philibert, and his mother, Margaret of Bourbon, are the most remarkable features of a remarkable edifice. Dainty *pleurants*, a perfect expression of abstract grief in masterful sculpture, surround all three tombs. The marble caskets of Philibert and his wife present two strange effigies of the sleeping occupants. On top are the recumbent figures of Margaret and the duke in the full regalia of rank and office. On an open shelf below, the pair appear as God made them, leaving the world as they entered it.

One may read in this a typification of the burial service



BOURG

The Tomb of Margaret—where love, imprisoned in lacy stone holds endless vigil

with which members of the reigning house of Austria once were escorted to the tomb:

The pall-bearers approach with the coffin; a voice from inside the vault calls out, "Who comes?"

A spokesman answers, "The emperor of Austria," and reviews his lesser titles and honors. And the voice replies, "I know him not."

Once more the question is asked from within the tomb, and the spokesman for the cortège replies, "There comes for burial a poor sinner and a suppliant before the throne of God." And the voice calls, "Let him pass."

That Margaret of Austria should have added a motif of this mysticism to the others so numerous in the church seems only natural.

Beside the form of Philibert the knight stand four cherubs, who seem to be awaiting his awakening. Two of them hold his gauntlets, two his helmet. The effect of their vigil is startling. Were this armored knight to stir himself with a great cracking of stony armor and shove his stony fingers into the stone gloves held ready for him, it would not seem at all remarkable. It is with difficulty that one banishes an impulse to walk on tiptoe through this carven choir, lest he disturb the rest of the slumbering duke and the women who loved him.

CHAPTER XII

THE SILKEN CITY

Lyon and Its Early "Sherlock"

O swarming city, city full of dreams,
Where in full day the specter walks and speaks.

BAUDELAIRE.

CHAPTER XII

THE SILKEN CITY

GHOSTS of half a dozen civilizations keep tryst upon the hill of the Fourvières with ancient Lyon.

Here is a city with the constantly changing perspectives of a Grand Cañon, a city that defies understanding or depiction. "The mist of years" is over it. The whispers of echoes that never die are in its flagged courts and shadowy arcades.

Electric lamps and modern street-cars have done little to change its appearance. These concessions to a material age are as baubles hung about the neck of the Sphinx. Behind the façade of modernity the calm old city smiles with the wisdom and tolerance of two thousand years. The industry of the twentieth century and the culture that is a heritage from the days of the Roman Empire mingle here but are not one. For Lyon is not one city but three or four. One stands in the blue glare of an arc-lamp before Notre Dame and sees, without noting the incongruity, the age-old contours of a road that Augustus built.

From the railroad station to the Place Bellecour one treads an asphalt pavement in an atmosphere that might

be that of London or Marseille. But just around the corner are cobbled byways whose twistings might be read as a topographical map of the twelfth century. Wall to wall with latter-day hotels are pensions whose stairways are semi-detached affairs, winding upward in exterior towers after the manner of the stairs in the château forts that crown the heights of the Rhone.

Lyon, approaching a three-thousandth birthday as a center of human habitation, is a miracle and a paradox. It is old as the pyramids and as young as aviation. Not that it displays the adolescence of some of the modernized port cities. Its youth is a thing of spirit rather than buildings of concrete and steel. Nor has it close resemblance to the staid and hoary old towns of Provence. Its charm is a combination of both and independent of either.

Night gives it a mystery apart from that with which age has endowed it. Wherever one looks there are lights suspended against the sky, quaint constellations, uncharted universes with stationary planets and captive moons. And one looks a second time before realizing that these unfamiliar celestial bodies are lamps on the hill-roads, arc-lights over the gates of rocky strongholds, or the gleaming windows of cliff-side homes. Lyon is set between groups of hills unseen in the darkness, a site which accounts for many of the peculiarities of its streets. Railroad trains entering the city disdain complicated grades and dive into the stations through tunnels. Thus the heights, unseen by the ar-

riving traveler, suddenly thrust themselves upon him as a phenomenon unexpected and unexplained.

By day the upstanding promontories lose their mystery but gain in beauty. Across the Saône the hill of the Fourvières steps upward over the terraces of greenery and stone to an apex in the towers of Notre Dame. On this hillside one may read in a few minutes centuries of the city's history. . . . Roman monuments, Renaissance adaptations of Burgundian buildings, forbidding stone structures of revolutionary times, more recent temples.

Hercules, whose name in the lore of the Rhone has been taken by antiquarians to mean the Phenicians, established a trading-post near this spot perhaps a thousand years before the Christian era. Legend has it that he founded a school here, teaching the Gauls the advantages of peace and commerce, until at length his mission called him to a road-engineering trip across the Alps into Italy. At that time, and during the centuries that followed, until the advent of the Roman arms, the city was scattered over the hill of the Fourvières. A Greek settlement, an outpost of Massilia, occupied the heights to the north, to-day known as the suburb of Croix-Rousse.

Roman disaster gave the town its name in 41 B.C., when the Allobrogians, descending en masse upon the Roman colony at Vienne, massacred most of the inhabitants and drove the remnant of the population to the plateau above the Saône. The refugees intrenched themselves in the

Gaulish village on the Fourvières, rebuilt the town, and called their new community Luctus Dunum, hill of sorrow. Before the passing of the empire, Luctus Dunum had become Lugdunum, a name which the Lingua Franca softened into Lyon.

At the time of its first settlement and for perhaps two thousand years afterward, the Saône and the Rhone merged at a point close to the Croix-Rousse. Crude dikes and canals deferred this marriage of the waters each year until a narrow strip of land extended southward between them for a mile or more like an island anchored to the northern hill. On this strip the city expanded. The Citizen Perrache gave the city proper all of the territory below the Place Perrache by extending the junction of the rivers still farther southward. The suburb of the Cuillotière on the left bank of the Rhone is of comparatively recent origin.

With the development of Roman power in Gaul, Lyon rose to new importance. Here was born the Emperor Claudius, who showered it with dignities. Nero rebuilt it in typical Roman magnificence, after a great fire had swept the slopes of the Fourvières early in his reign. Trajan ruled in the empire when the Forum Vetus, from which the hill takes its name, was constructed near the present site of Notre Dame. As it became more and more the secondary capital of the Roman dominions and less and less a city of the Gauls, men of importance in the

Imperial Government came to make it their home. It was the birthplace also of the emperors Marcus Aurelius, Caracalla and Geta and still displays marks of their beneficence.

Twenty-two bridges link the scattered segments of the modern city, white bands by day and arcs of illumination by night. Shaded boulevards stretch from bridge to bridge, crossing each other in wide plazas where ancient art and modern wealth have strewn flowers and sculpture and fountains. Lyon is worthy of its ancient and honorable ancestry.

Lyon has always been a sort of research laboratory for the rest of France. From here came Ampère, a man whose name is familiar to every American who pays an electric-light bill on the first of the month. A visionary bequeathed to the town a silk-loom, and succeeding generations of spinners have made of it one of the greatest of the world's textile manufacturing centers. Great generals have fought for it. Great engineers have fortified it.

The common-sense policy governing Lyon's development has given it an investigative character. Probably as a heritage from its early Burgundian population, the city has ever shown a distaste for the commonplace. Little is said of the style of weapons used by Roland and Oliver in their celebrated battle on the island, but it is to be believed that their swords were of novel design and peculiar material. Else these doughty knights must have sought elsewhere for a city to preserve their fame. The Roman Lyon

promoted the art of oratory by throwing the mediocre orators in the Rhone. Later Lyon showed much of the same stern mettle in the protection of the arts and sciences. It is not remarkable that a city thus combining inventive, practical, and cultural characteristics should have produced the first detective—or at least the first detective story—in European history.

The story is that of Jacques Aymar and his divining-rod. The *procès-verbal* of Monsieur de Vanini, *procureur du roi*, in a celebrated murder-case which he solved, is to be found in the Lyon library. I made a special trip there to find it and solicited the aid of Monsieur Fageot of the library staff.

"Aymar," repeated Monsieur Fageot. "*Mais oui*, I have heard of him. Students of folk-lore who come here have always been anxious to look at the records of his career. There have been several books written about Aymar, monsieur, in your language and in French. He was the *Monsieur Lecoq* of his time, and it is not surprising that he should have attracted interest."

He disappeared into a book-lined tunnel and returned after a few minutes with a folio in spotted vellum, which he laid on the table. He looked as if he might have known Aymar personally when he adjusted his steel-rimmed glasses and bent his gray head into the yellow tome. He had that air of antiquity which many keepers of museums and

libraries seem to acquire from the objects in their care. And he spoke of the great detective with an easy familiarity.

"Ah, here is mention of the theft of Grenoble," he said with a nod of satisfaction. "I remember the case well. . . . He had strange gifts this Aymar." And again: "Here is the account of how they tested him. I remember that . . . how they buried the hedge-knives, and how the divining-rod vibrated in his hands when he approached the one with the blood on it."

It was as if the spirit of one of Aymar's examiners had remained in this old body for two hundred years to do justice to his memory. The story, as Monsieur Fageot pieced it together from the material in his ancient book, was simple and vivid. At the height of his fame as a human bloodhound, this medieval detective probably had no more enthusiastic proponent.

Jacques Aymar of the district of Crôle was a youth of some talent as a farmer, who cultivated cabbages by day and sorcery by night.

Success attended him in both pursuits, indicating, it would seem, that he was a man of considerable versatility. But the beauties of his garden-produce aroused his interest not nearly so much as the vibrations of the mystic hazel-bush. He cut a forked twig and opened a detective-agency.

It was in 1688 that Aymar first took the field against

crime, and, as has been the case with other innovators, found his path beset by skeptics. In those days every one was acquainted with the power of the divining-rod to point out hidden gold, underground waters, lost dogs, or the weather for the week after next. But reliance upon the peculiarities of the hazel-bush for the detection of crime was quite another thing. They advised Aymar to stick to his cabbages and so counseled better than they knew.

Then occurred the theft of Grenoble. Several suits of clothes were stolen from one of the town dandies, who received little help from the police. In desperation the victim called the talented Jacques.

Aymar entered the house and held the forked twig in both hands before him. The twig vibrated violently.

"There has been a robbery here just as you said," he conceded. "I know now that you have not lied to me. Tell me what stranger was in the house just before the clothes were missed."

"A stone-mason who repaired the chimney," replied the dandy.

"Where is he now?" inquired Jacques.

"In prison for assaulting a policeman," answered his employer. The hazel-twig vibrated so rapidly that it was scarcely visible.

Aymar walked out of the house and through the city, keeping to those streets that produced the strongest effect upon the divining-rod, and, strange to relate, came at

length to the gates of the prison. He was allowed to enter and, impelled by the mystic forces of the hazel-twig, proceeded without hesitation toward one of the prisoners whose plaster-stained dress marked him for a stone-mason. Confronted by this overwhelming evidence, the man confessed to the robbery and told where he had hidden the stolen goods. Aymar's fortune was made.

During the ensuing four years he gained such a reputation that professional thieves dared not enter Grenoble, and the divining-rod became dry and inflexible through lack of use. Then occurred the crime which brought him to Lyon and gave him international fame.

On the morning of July 6, 1692, François Merseault and his wife were found murdered in the cellar of their wine-shop in the Rue d'Auvergne. A straw-wrapped bottle and a blood-stained hedge-knife were the only clues. The slayers had escaped from the place unseen.

Here was a situation to tax the powers of any divining-rod, and Aymar was called in by the police of Lyon. He modestly refused to comment upon his gifts as a detective except to assert that he could lay hands upon the murderers within a week and that if he were not employed the mystery probably would remain unsolved.

The *procureur du roi* escorted him in person to the scene of the crime, where the divining-rod began its vibration. Aymar carried it outside and followed its direction as he had done in Grenoble from one crooked street to another

until he came to the court of the archbishop's palace. There the search paused until daylight.

On the following day Jacques and his hazel-branch led three officers of the crown to a gardener's cottage on the right bank of the Rhone.

"He can't have come here, this murderer," declared the *procureur du roi*. "He would certainly have been detected."

"But," countered Aymar, "had he taken any of the other roads he must have been seen by some of those witnesses whom I questioned yesterday. This is the only route that seems to have been deserted last night. And, anyway, the divining-rod proves that I am right. The murderer came to this cottage and stopped here to eat."

Investigation proved that three men had stopped there early in the morning after the affair of the Rue d'Auvergne and that they had made close inquiries about the roads that led into Provence. For the first time in the proceedings the officers admitted that Aymar's ability might be all that he had represented.

But they decided not to carry their search beyond the suburban limits of Lyon without further test. Then occurred the trial of the five hedge-knives.

The knives were buried in a garden near the Saône, four of them new implements, one of them the bloody memento of the Rue d'Auvergne murder. Aymar was then brought in. He detected without difficulty the hiding-places of the entire five, after which he pointed out with scarcely greater

delay the spot in which the stained knife had been interred. The test satisfied the *procureur-general*, and the investigation proceeded.

Aymar went back to the gardener's hut and from there marched down the right bank of the Rhone. Near the bridge of Lyon he came upon footsteps in the sand which seemed to indicate that three men had entered a boat. The detective and his aids took a similar course.

The description of the trip that followed is thoroughly detailed in three contemporaneous accounts. Whatever Aymar's ability, he was conscientious and painstaking in covering his ground. He received a faint but sufficient guidance from the divining-rod on the water and landed every now and then to determine whether or not the three fugitives had left the river. He pointed out with remarkable assurance the dozens of spots at which the murderers had stopped to pass the night or obtain food. And so the search continued until Aymar came to Beaucaire.

It is one of the remarkable things in the accounts of Aymar's performances that he usually discovered the person he was seeking behind the walls of a prison. As a labor-saving device this procedure has much to recommend it to modern detectives. Aymar's work in the interests of justice was never halted long by the official delays incident to arrest and extradition. In the case of the Lyon murder he pursued his customary course. He walked through the streets of Beaucaire to the prison.

There he learned that his divining-rod had not deceived him. Only that morning the authorities had arrested a thief at a street fair and had obtained from him an admission that he had recently arrived in the city from Lyon.

"Devil take the villainous hunchback," commented the worthy jailer. "I knew that he had more to his record than this bit of petty larceny."

"Do not point out the criminal," advised Aymar. "I shall find him." And find him he did. There were twenty prisoners in the jail, nineteen of them tall and straight, one hunchbacked and short. Aymar passed before them. The rod remained rigid until the hunchback was approached, whereupon it dipped noticeably.

"I never saw such a thing," declared the jailer. "If I had pointed out the man to you, you could n't have found him more quickly."

And so Aymar returned to Lyon in triumph.

At Lyon the hunchback confessed. What devices were used to jog his memory are not described in chronicles of the case. But he more than confirmed the theories of Aymar. He stated that he had acted as the servant of two Provençals who had lured François and his wife into the cellar in the Rue d'Auvergne on the pretext of selecting some choice wine.

"I kept watch above," the prisoner said. "They killed the old man and woman with a hedge-knife. Then they

took the contents of the coffer—eight golden louis, a quantity of silver pieces and a silver belt.

"We fled to the court of the bishop's palace, where we stayed during the remainder of the night, and set out at daybreak toward Provence along the right bank of the Rhone. We stopped for a time at a gardener's house and then continued afoot until we found a boat. We stole it and floated down the river to Beaucaire."

Aymar was less successful in his search for the two accomplices. His hazel-rod led him for a second time to the gates of the prison at Beaucaire, but the man described by the hunchback was not present. Later the trail led to the Italian frontier, whence he returned with the announcement that the pair had made good their flight from France.

On August 30 the hunchback paid for the crime by being broken on the wheel in the Place des Terreaux, and the former cabbage-grower of Crôle was hailed as the foremost criminologist of Europe.

He had two other notable cases after that. The Prince of Condé enlisted his aid in the discovery of the persons who had been stealing fish from the ponds at Chantilly. Through some oversight, the prince failed to mention that the thefts had occurred seven years before. But such an error did not hamper the artful Jacques. Without hesitation he trailed the thief to a keeper's cottage and pointed out the head keeper—arrived during the year from Lorraine —as the thief. The keeper, who doubtless was acquainted

with the outcome of legal disputes between princes and trout-raisers, fled precipitately. On the following day a youth picked haphazard from a crowd in the street was brought before Aymar and introduced as the son of the accused keeper.

Such a test might have bothered another detective, especially inasmuch as the missing keeper had no son, but Aymar was equal to the occasion.

"This youth did not commit the crime, but he ate some of the fish," he reported. The prince then suggested that he get himself a new divining-rod, and escorted him out of the city.

In his next case Aymar was required to trace some jewelry stolen from Monsieur Goyonnot, recorder of the royal council. Before calling in the detective, Monsieur Goyonnot threw a stone through a front window in his house, just to complicate the problem, already somewhat involved because of the fact that the stolen jewelry had never existed.

Aymar, however, found the room in which the jewelry had been kept, pointed out the broken window as the spot where the thieves had entered and left the house, and located the road by which they had fled. Immediately after that he went back to Grenoble somewhat discredited.

"But he was a great man," stoutly maintained Monsieur Fageot. "These divining-rods probably were moved sub-

consciously by the man who held them. But unless he had had gifts of perception his imagination would not have led him to success in the detection of crime. He may have been a great faker or a human bloodhound with a supernormal instinct. At any rate he was a great man."

And, despite the unfortunate affairs of the trout and the broken window, I agreed with him. Baring-Gould outlines the feats of Aymar with amusement. Various others, skeptical of "animal magnetism" and its kindred forces, have discussed his career without reaching a definite conclusion. The broken window case seems to disconcert them. The methods of a detective who discovers the perpetrators of an actual crime might be easily explained; those of an investigator who arrives unerringly at all the facts of a crime that was never committed are less capable of analysis.

Lyon made notable contributions to the world's progress. It was from the Fourvières that a bishop, son of a Burgundian king, announced the famous Truce of God and put a curb on the private wars of feudalism. According to the terms of the truce, the feudal knights were required to abstain from fighting three days a week under penalty of excommunication. The embargo naturally took all the good out of war. It worked considerable hardship on backwoods Napoleons, who fed their warriors seven days for every four of actual combat. They cried loudly

against the injustice of the law. But the bishop was high-handed about it and advertised so thoroughly that the procedure was adopted generally throughout Christendom, which probably is just as well for civilization.

Walk along the quays of the Rhone—sparkling waters under a noonday sun, leaping bridges, flower-gardens, greenery, stately colonnades. Here one sees a new Lyon. One might expect to find the customary municipal ghosts in such a spot. It is here that they should take their promenade if they are really the spirits that they are given credit for being. . . . Yes, they must be here. One feels the presence of clashing influences. The atmosphere of the quays is vibrant with a mystery that no thorough-going ghost-lover could leave unsolved.

Happily the problem is not serious. There is a humming sound in the air, a sound that one feels rather than hears. The ghost responsible for that manifestation is easily identified. It is the spirit of the silk-looms, the thousands of mechanical wheels and distaffs and bobbins that have given the city its leadership in the manufacture of fine textiles. Then one remembers. . . .

On an island down the Rhone toward old Vienne, Roland, son of Charlemagne, met the knight Oliver for a battle to the death. They carried swords that no ordinary warrior could lift, and their armor was light, as befitted knights of great skill. They met, and the hills resounded with the echoes of steel on steel. From the bank the

watching armies could see the flame-like sweep of the two-handed weapons and the showers of sparks as blow countered blow. But they were evenly matched, the battling knights. The world had never seen their equal for training or endurance. All day long they battered each other, neither giving ground, neither showing signs of fatigue. They stopped only when a voice from heaven announced to them the folly of a duel between brave Christians when there were so many Saracens abroad in the world. Then Roland and Oliver shook hands and agreed to call the match a draw. Bleeding from a dozen wounds, they rowed back to the river-bank and rejoined their troops. They marched to camp without medical attention.

Those were days of blood and iron, two-handed swords, two-fisted men, every meadow a battle-field, every day a day of conflict. More than once the Rhone ran red where now these stone quays rise from the water as stepping-stones to a new city. Perhaps now one may understand the sense of conflict that is in the air. The spirits of the fighting men quarrel with the spirits of the looms. The ghosts of old Lyon fling their challenge to those of the new. . . .

The ancient Lyon! Men in armor ride out to war, pennons aloft on the staffs of glittering pikes, helmets and cuirasses agleam in the sun. That was the old chivalry.

The new Lyon! A motor-truck unloads a cargo of bales and boxes. A one-armed porter, who wears a cap of horizon blue and the ribbon of the Croix de Guerre, shouts orders

to other porters, who begin to cart the boxes toward a waiting freight-car. One reads the labels, listens to the hum of the mills, and smiles. A shipment of silk stockings, silk lingerie, and silk hangings for scented boudoirs is on its way to Main Street. And this is the new chivalry.

CHAPTER XIII

VALENCE

The Monkey Rocks and the Tour Maudite

When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead.

WHITTIER.

CHAPTER XIII

VALENCE

SOME sixty miles south of Lyon, near where the Isère flows into the Rhone, one enters a region of brown, fire-molded rocks in masses that recall the scenic perspectives of Greece and Sicily, and here amid hills of porphyry sits Valence, one of the strangest towns of the old Burgundian possessions. Valence, new, trim, and fairly prosperous, welcomes the visitor with the set smile of an aging actress who would hide her identity, her past, and the numerical position of her last birthday with a bit of grease-paint and a stage-name.

"There is little in Valence that will interest the visitor," says the red guide-book.

Le Bas raises his encyclopedic voice to echo this heresy. He says, "This town, founded on the Rhone and in the middle of picturesque sites, does not possess a single remarkable monument." If one excepts the Cathedral of St. Apollinaire founded in the eleventh century, it is safe to admit that his criticism, as far as it goes, is just. But the guide-book-maker and antiquarian alike fall into one serious error. They pay no attention to those deeply carved tablets of memory and tradition that are never erased.

Valence, from the time it was founded as the Valentia Segovellanorum, a contact-point between the Romans and the Gauls, somehow found itself in the road of all the armies that went ravaging up and down the Rhone. The Romans made a city beautiful of it. The barbarians, flowing in from the Alps and Jura, sacked and burned it. The Saracens seized it. Charles Martel looted what the Arabs had left. The Normans, the Hungarians, and the kings of Burgundy all had a hand in brewing its destiny.

Pope Pius VI died here in 1798 after an imprisonment of twenty-eight days in the Hôtel du Gouvernement. His heart still rests in the cathedral.

The town was once capital of the Comté de Valentinois, given by Louis XII to Cesare Borgia in 1498. Diane of Poitiers, that gay sinner said by Francis I to be the most beautiful woman in the world, became duchess here in 1518. For a few years, at least, Valence was the capital from which this butterfly lady ruled France and meddled with the destinies of Europe.

Valence was a center of combat in the religious wars. It was during the Calvinistic occupation that Père Edmond Auger, S. J., preacher and controversialist, arose to fame by convincing the stern warriors of the city garrison that the tongue is mightier than the sword.

Père Edmond was an orator whose powers would have insured him a fair following in this district even in the uncertain days of the Roman declamation contests. It

irked him to see the Protestant forces in control of the city, and, with a degree of confidence remarkable even in a Burgundian of the seventeenth century, he set out single-handed to put a stop to it.

He walked up to the Calvinist outposts, talked to them, and demanded admittance to the city. They listened, decided that one lone Jesuit could do nothing in an armed camp except perhaps to get himself killed, and allowed him to pass.

Père Edmond's plan was simple. He could not hope to give battle to all these heretics at once. Nor did there seem to be any prospect of bribing them to move their camp from Valence. Obviously his only course was to convert them, and that speedily.

His clerical garb attracted some attention as he marched through the city. But most of those who saw him announced audibly that they would not be gulled. It was too patent that a priest would not dare to venture abroad in highways where Calvinist sentries stood with ready pikes. Therefore this masquerade must be a rare jest. The beholders laughed uproariously.

But presently Père Edmond came to a suitable spot in the Place of the Cathedral, and proceeded with his plan of peaceful penetration. He stood on a curb and began to harangue the soldiery.

He did not get far. A major who had little love for oratory, religious or secular, immediately placed Père

Auger under arrest, dragged him before the commandant of the town, and obtained an order, without the formality of a court martial, that the priest be burned to death in the square that he had selected for his speech-making. The major, as it turned out, had pursued a wise course in all but one respect. He had failed to urge that the order include the gagging of the intended victim.

Père Edmond was rushed from the commandant's office back to the cathedral square and tied to a stake, about which willing hands piled large bundles of fagots. During all this operation Père Edmond was talking. He called upon his executioners to repent their sins, and he did such a good job of it that the mob suddenly quit carrying fagots and sat down in the streets for an examination of conscience.

A torchman of the military mumbled through the death-warrant and stepped forward to carry out the sentence. He was stopped by a burly carter who knocked him down.

"Let him talk," demanded the carter. "We get little enough amusement out of life. We don't believe what he 's said so far, but he surely can talk, and we 're going to hear him; anyway we have n't anything else to do this morning."

And so commenced a reënactment of the crisis made famous by the celebrated Scheherazade. Père Edmond was given a chance to pit his oratory against the torchman's torch. He had to proceed with great care. At any time a pause long enough to be mistaken for a period might cause his death.

There never was another voice like Père Auger's. The crowd in the Place of the Cathedral, at first respectfully silent, soon began to applaud and made a noise that attracted other crowds, among them Viret, chaplain and chief orator of the Calvinists.

The Protestant leader marched into the square in angry zeal and demanded that the execution proceed as scheduled.

"What means this delay?" he roared in holy wrath.

"The mob won't let me burn him," announced the executioner. "I have been sitting here now for a couple of hours, and I 'll admit that he 's a convincing talker. I guess you had better get somebody else to put the torch under him."

Viret was quite willing to comply with the request, but he could find no prospect of assistance in the audience. Père Edmond had paid no attention to the wrangle between the executioner and the chaplain. He continued to talk.

In spite of himself, Viret halted in his search for a substitute fireman, and listened.

Then for the first time he realized the peculiar turn that the situation had taken. He rushed from the square to the office of the commandant and demanded that the priest be released.

"A man who can talk like that should not be burned," he declared. "Far better that I should convert him from the ways of his error and enlist him as a crusader in our cause."

"Anything to get him out of the square," agreed the commandant. "Burn him or release him, but get the town

opened up for traffic again. That I should have lived to see the day when one Jesuit—and that one all ready to be cooked—could make a commander walk four streets out of his way!"

So the chaplain went back to the square, presented the order, and obtained Père Auger's release.

Ah, those terrible days of battle and hatred and fanaticism and bloodshed and civil war and strong ears. The two orators, side by side, as the priest was marched away to jail, bombarded each other with hypothetical questions and manœuvered skilfully their battalions of periodic sentences, while the breathless audience, trailing along behind, applauded both sides generously.

The pair arranged for a grand debate to which the entire city should be invited. But that interesting encounter never occurred. Before a suitable place for the meeting could be arranged, the Catholics took the city and rescued Père Auger.

The remarkable feature of this quaint story is that it is historical and easily authenticated. Père Auger was the founder of a college at Lyon, the first college in France that admitted Calvinist and Catholic youths on terms of equality. He was personal confessor to Henry III and personal enemy of the League. He died in Como, Italy, after an exciting career.

Across the river is the old Manoir de l'Etoile, château of the infamous Diane. The walled fortress that she re-

ceived with her title was ill suited to her tastes; so she remodeled it into a palace of pleasure and named it Château de Papillon.

No name could have been more apt. Diane was a butterfly in manners and morals from the day that she first smiled upon Francis I until the day when death ended her attraction for Henry II.

Few kings' mistresses, even in that day when the profession was overcrowded and exacting, showed the versatility and lasting ambition of the fair Diane. Some writers have erroneously contended that she sold herself to Francis I to purchase the liberty of her father, who was under sentence of death as the result of a political intrigue. But the compilers of court memoirs have been quick to defend her memory against such calumny.

Diane, they argue, would never have stepped from the path of virtue for so prosaic a reason. She entered the harem of Francis for no reason at all save that such a life appealed to her. It is well to record the contention here lest posterity deal too harshly with so lofty a character.

Diane is a peculiar sort of ghost to the people of this neighborhood. She does not return in the spirit. She does not bewail her sins in the Manoir de l'Etoile as one might expect. Yet the residents of Valence talk of her as if she were alive. She exists for them, though in a form even more attenuated than that of the common or château variety of phantom. She is a revitalized wraith of tradition.

The Château de Papillon now finds a practical use as a

silk-factory. . . . The heritage of the butterfly to other butterflies. . . . There is a bit of poetic justice in that.

Not far from Valence the Tour Maudite leans drunkenly over a dizzy precipice and peers through one square eye into the Rhone below. It has a slant almost as pronounced as that of the leaning tower of Pisa but lacks evidence that its disregard for the rules of gravity is intentional.

Legend ascribes its crooked appearance to the apostasy of Louise d'Amauze, Abbess of Soyons, when the Huguenots captured the place. The abbess embraced the reformed faith at once. Some of her nuns followed her lead in fear of instant massacre. But the Huguenots proved to be considerate captors. They allowed the women who remained loyal to the old faith to return to Valence. Whereupon the "cursed tower" bowed low in token of farewell.

There are those skeptics in the valley who say that the Huguenot soldiery dug beneath the cliff wall of the tower in search of buried treasure and thus weakened the foundation. Such an explanation is, of course, manifestly absurd.

A comic element is added to the romantic history of this region by the ravages of the monkeys that fell out of the ark when it grounded on a peak near Donzère before reaching Ararat. The actual port of call of the ark is about forty miles down the river, but the monkeys thus abandoned in a strange land waited only for the flood to subside before extending their operations throughout the neighborhood. For centuries the Maraniousques, or monkey rocks, were

CRUSSOL

The road to St. Peray

VALENCE

Rhone bridge, looking toward the horns of Crussol

the seat of the family. Until succeeded by less amusing fighting men, the busy exiles occupied themselves in the gentle pastime of throwing rocks at the passing river trade.

Across the river from Valence St.-Péray rises sleepily from amid patchwork quilts of vineyards.

A Valence
Le Midi commence,

runs the proverb, and it is well exemplified here in the sun-browned mosses on the rocky cliffs and in the quiet southern atmosphere of the towns. Above St.-Péray the castle of Crussol, most majestic of the ruined château forts of the Rhone, stands on its granitic peak battered but still defiant in its losing battle with the elements and the ages.

Seen in the distance from Valence the grim old château cloaks itself in the blue haze and bulks out of the hills in all the insolence of its ancient strength. And it, like the leaning tower and the Château de Papillon, is part of Valence. The weaver who can sit in his own doorstep and look at these landmarks aglow with the romance of the setting sun or fading into new mysteries in the twilight can smile forgivingly at the impatient antiquarians who would tell him that "Valence has no important monuments."

CHAPTER XIV

THE HORNS OF CRUSSOL

The Golden Knight and the Devil's Wife

Shadows, you say, mirages of the brain!
I know not, faith, not I.
Is it more strange the dead should walk again
Than that the quick should die?

ALDRICH.

CHAPTER XIV

THE HORNS OF CRUSSOL

IT is a rocky path that takes one to Crussol, a winding course about dark igneous masses that peep through screens of foliage. Shadows are purple under the hazel-bushes. Sunlight is blinding where it falls across the yellow road. The sky is the clear turquoise blue of the Midi. It is an aimless road that shows no regard for time in its meanderings about vineyards, dry watercourses, or rocky upheavals. Much of it is arched with shrubbery, through which the valley of the Rhone is glimpsed only in fleeting pictures, but presently it takes a rollicking turn and steps out under the open sky. There is an eye-disturbing sweep of the landscape upward and away, a rush of green and purple and yellow and red to a point. And, dominating the point, rise the white ruins of the old castle.

Natives hereabouts will tell you that the foundations on which the shattered arches still keep their crumbling bases were in the ground before Hercules set his hand to the building of Lyon, and there is the stability of Roman masonry in the sturdy façade that casts its long, grim shadow toward the river.

Popular legend names the prehistoric founder of the

château as the giant Crussolis. This belief was based upon the finding of a quantity of immense bones in what was formerly the courtyard of the castle. Archæologists always ready to spoil a good story, announced that the skeleton had once been the property of an elephant. According to their way of looking at the question, this should have ended for ever the tales of Crussolis, but science failed to carry its point. Not only was the discredited giant allowed to retain his position of honor in the folk-lore of Ardèche, but the theory of the elephant bones was made the central plot of a new romance. The people of the valley found it no trick at all to believe firmly in a sort of partnership between Crussolis and the elephant in the ownership of the bones.

The known history of the peak and its château opens in the records of the Bastet family of Languedoc. In 1110 Géraud Bastet bought some property in the Vivarais near St.-Péray. On the bald escarpment that was quite the same then as it is to-day he found substantial parts of the buildings that had stood there previously and used them as a nucleus for his castle. Before his death he had constructed a stronghold that dominated the entire countryside and extended an influence far into Languedoc. With a few additions of towers and fortifications the château remained unchanged until the day of its downfall.

The successors of Géraud were important figures in many families. Those who retained title as barons of Crussol later intermarried with the d'Uzes line and became dukes of

that house. This branch was to the forefront in all of the religious and civil wars of the Midi. Louis of Crussol, Seneschal of Poitiers, was chief of artillery under Louis XI, and it is said that his guns were the most handsomely engraved in all the world. He died in 1473, passing the family fame to his son Jacques, who died in 1525, and his grandson Charles, who died in 1546, grand quartermasters of France.

Antoine, son of Charles, was one of the great military factors in the religious troubles that beset the reign of Charles IX. Although he was avowedly a Protestant, he was appointed commissioner in Languedoc by Catherine de Medici, to calm the uprising that threatened there. He carried out his mission zealously and was received as governor of the south at the convention of the Protestant estates in 1562. He was made a peer of France in 1572 and died a year late without posterity.

His brother Jacques, who succeeded him, was the recognized leader of the Huguenots of lower Languedoc and occupied twenty years of his life in one religious campaign or another. It was during these wars that Crussol was battered and burned.

A small boy and a pet goat were playing about the ruins of Crussol when I reached them. Small boys and pet goats seem to be as much a part of French ruins as the ghosts that moan through the empty halls at night or the pines that take root in the high crannies. The boys have learned

through some unaccountable channel that guides, any class of guides, are sometimes remunerated with actual francs. The goats come along to act as scenery.

This boy's name was Pedro Lacuno and he came from Languedoc. His father was a vintner who had an establishment in Vézelay. The family had come only recently from Languedoc, and the quaint accents of the dialect had not yet been schooled out of his speech. But he possessed one advantage that most guides lack: he was highly interested in the old castle and not old enough to conceal his enthusiasm.

"I just wander around here looking for the hole through which the Golden Knight argued with the devil about his soul," he announced in answer to my question. "This is the spot that my grandfather described to me when we lived in Narbonne."

Theologians, and, for that matter, many who are not theologians, probably will be surprised to learn that the only authentic entrance to hell is under the Horns of Crussol. But there it is. The maturity of thirteen years is quick to analyze these reports and sift the truth from rumor.

"Are n't you afraid to walk alone so close to the entrance to hell?" I asked Pedro. "The devil would have an easy chance to step out and capture you."

He looked at me pityingly.

"The devil is dead," he announced with a dogmatic air no less startling than the subject-matter of his pronounce-

THE HORNS OF CRUSSOL

Where the knight who flirted with the devil's wife carries on his endless dickering for a human soul

CRUSSOL

The Rhone Valley to the South

ment. "Anybody ought to know that Crowbar of the Mighty Arm killed him when he went down into hell. And, anyway, the Knight of the Golden Armor walks these hills. The devil would n't have any chance against him."

I felt very foolish, of course, at not having thought of so obvious an explanation; but, at the risk of incurring the further displeasure of my young guide, I suggested that he refresh my memory on the subject. So we sat in the shadows of the white towers, looking down across the skeleton city that had been the citadel of Crussol to the valley of the Rhone, where red poppies and green grasses stirred in the wind to make a great field of changeable silk. In such a setting it was not difficult to envision the coming of the Golden Knight.

The chronicles of the house of Crussol make no mention of it; but at one time, soon after it had been completely fortified, the castle began to be a rendezvous for malign spirits. From all parts of Provence and Languedoc and Brittany and Normandy, and even far-off Flanders, these imps came in answer to the call of the devil, who resented the building of so large a structure over his private entrance to the infernal domains.

The Golden Knight is a figure who seems to have stepped bodily out of other folk-tales that are to be found in all corners of Europe. There is a faint resemblance between him and *Nerte*, Mistral's heroine of Avignon, whose father sold her to the devil in exchange for worldly wealth.

That is what happened to Henry, the Golden Knight. One of the twelfth-century barons of Crussol sold him in exchange for a victory over a neighboring count.

It seems to have been the fate of legendary heroes of the Middle Ages that they lacked the gift of free will and self-determination that was so lavishly accorded their unregenerate relatives. Henry, who was always a pious youth, discovered one day that he had been placed on the market. He promptly posted a notice that he would not be responsible for any debts contracted by persons other than himself, and set out upon a private crusade.

He had many knightly adventures, killed a dragon, rescued a maiden—the daughter of the king of Mauretania, by the way—acquired a treasure, and bought himself a suit of golden armor. He might have married the girl then and there, but he had no desire to link her fate with that of a soulless corporation. So he left her to wait for him and went on with his quest.

On the red sands of Syria fortune favored him. He found a wizard brewing a broth of serpent's tongues and similarly potent titbits over a fire of teak-wood. He slew the wizard just on general principles. Immediately there came a clap of thunder, the desert grew dark, and a sad-faced woman in flowing robes stood before him.

"I wish to thank you, young man," she said. "I am the devil's wife. By some foul means this unspeakable wizard discovered the incantation that I am forced to answer. For

months I have had neither sleep nor rest. Every time I dozed off I was forced to come up here and answer his silly questions. Now that he is dead, I may have some peace."

Henry was little inclined to talk to her, but she was a pleasant enough sort of person. She told him that she had divorced the devil some years ago and was conducting a private business in plain and fancy evil in the Orient. Out of gratitude she gave him a small box that she had stolen from her husband.

"There is your soul," she said. "A very good soul it is, too, although by no means as valuable as my blockheaded spouse seems to think. I am sorry I can't give you the key to the box. That 's somewhere about Crussol. In my haste in packing I neglected to take it.

"You go back to Provence; take with you the box and seven horseshoe nails which I shall give you. . . . They are nails from the shoes of Bayard, the flying horse, and the devil would prize them highly for his collection of curios. You can drive a bargain with him and exchange them for the key."

So Henry complied. He rode straight through Provence to Crussol, waited until midnight in the full of the moon, and went out to meet the familiar demon of the premises.

"I am very much interested in your proposition," the devil declared. "I say, let 's go down to my house and finish the bargain."

"No," said Henry, "I am constitutionally opposed to

going to hell, even temporarily, and there is a certain unjust suspicion on the part of most folks that visits to your place of business are permanent and unpleasant. You get the key, and I shall stay here and wait for you."

"I know a simpler way," said the devil. "I shall go down and get the key. You stand at the rim of the well. When I count three, you throw down the nails, and I shall throw up the key." And, being of an unspoiled, unsuspicious nature, the youthful knight agreed.

The devil dropped into the well and, after a brief delay, appeared with a red light about a mile below the surface. He counted three as agreed and threw the key without waiting for Henry to drop the treasured nails. The Knight of the Golden Armor was astounded to see that the devil was so much a man of his word. But, of course, a bargain with the devil, even for so splendid a prize as a soul, would have been all wrong. So the knight caught the key and immediately hurled the coveted nails into the Chapel of Crussol, a spot where the devil might not enter.

He was much pleased with his accomplishment. He had outwitted the devil and saved his soul, and the world was going well. Then he sat down in the moonlight to unlock the casket and restore his soul to its natural habitat.

He made an unpleasant discovery. The key did n't fit.

"What 's this?" he demanded, leaning over the parapet of the well. "This is n't the right key."

"It 's the key to my wife's trunk," replied Satan. "She

took the trunk away with her when she left our home, so the key is n't worth anything to me. If you are so thick with her you might trade it for something else. Now, if you were to bring me those nails . . ."

They have been haggling about it ever since, the Knight of the Golden Armor and the devil. The knight, being detached from his soul, cannot yield up the ghost. Yet he cannot consort with mortals because his soul cannot enter into his mortal body. So he wanders about Provence and Languedoc, still hoping to rescue the key to his captive spirit and combating evil wherever he finds it.

"I should like to see him," said the boy when he had finished his story. "I know where there is a good locksmith in St.-Péray, and I am certain that he could open this box without any trouble."

And Pedro Lacuno probably is still sitting in the Cornes de Crussol, unless his mother's patience has become exhausted, keeping his strange vigil as a locksmith's business agent, singing a message of hope to the Chevalier d'Or, who never answers.

CHAPTER XV

GUILLAUME D'ORANGE

The Knight of the Short Nose

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

SHAKSPERE.

The Roman Theater

Interior of Roman Theater
ORANGE

CHAPTER XV

GUILLAUME D'ORANGE

THE Tower Gloriète is gone from Orange, unless this crumbling bastion on the hillside be a part of it. The dazzling streets show no trace of the régime of Guillaume d'Orange—William of the Short Nose—principal figure in a whole library of legend, nor of his wife Guiborg the Saracen. And that is queer, for the relics of a Roman occupation antedating the era of Charlemagne by nearly a thousand years are still to be seen in all their grandeur. The Roman theater, undoubtedly one of the most impressive masses of masonry in the world, the Arch of Marius, proud memorial to an almost forgotten conqueror, stand to-day as strong as they were ten centuries ago. . . . But the medieval ramparts of Orange the impregnable, Orange, bulwark of Christianity against the Saracens, have vanished, blasted to dust.

From the station to the center of the town a hot road leads beneath an arch-work of dusty beeches. It is noon, and Orange is indoors. Square canopies cover the fronts of the shops on the principal streets. Flapping curtains hang from the sides of the canopies. Strings of tinkling beads curtain the doorways.

There comes a town crier with a cornet, a straw hat, and a genial expression to play a tune similar to "The Roast Beef of Old England." The call completed, he sticks his instrument under his arm and reads with much energy and flourish the announcement of a grand ball to be held as part of a pentecostal celebration. The few brown pedestrians who have stopped to listen to him laugh heartily at his performance and make unkind remarks about his music. He retorts in kind, grins, and moves on to the next corner.

For all the hint that lies in the name of the Street of the Counterscarp one must wander about the crooked byways for some time before discovering the peculiarities of terrain that made Orange the most mighty city of the south. One turns from the curtained center of the town to confront the massive façade of the Roman theater, and one forgets to inquire what may lie beyond it. The impressiveness of the theater is principally a matter of bulk. It is a peculiarly masculine conception, vast, square, formidable, unornamented. Its beauties are those of proportion rather than decoration, for the only effort made by the builders to relieve the severity of the front is to be seen in a series of blind arcades. So tremendous are its proportions that the hill of Orange, once the Gibraltar of the Midi, is completely masked by it.

Behind the theater a street of steps pursues a corkscrew course toward the top of the hill. At the end of the stairway one may look down into the theater, where the restored

semicircles of seats step down to almost unbelievable depths. Under the fig-trees about the stage the ancient guardian is reading a newspaper. From some unseen vault beneath the seats comes the clang of trowel on stone, where modern masons are halting, somewhat tardily, the ravages of time and weather.

The top of the hill is a panorama of desolation. The entire plateau seems to be paved with stone or cement, liberally sprinkled with wreckage. A walk across it has its own dangers, for at every hundred feet or so one comes upon an opening from which worn stairs lead down into some mysterious vaulting. The hill of Orange is honeycombed with tunnels and shafts. No one knows where they lead to; no one cares to risk the experiment. One might well imagine that here was the fortress which figures in the startling history of Guillaume d'Orange. Quite likely the citadel of the Prince of the Short Nose did occupy this same site. But his stronghold was pulverized long before the day of the chevaliers who built these tunnels. The wreckage of the hill is all that remains of the château of Maurice d'Orange, who, fired by the example of his legendary ancestors, tore down most of the Roman construction in the city and used the stone for the building of an impregnable fortress. It was just about completed when Louis XIV, who had his own ideas about that sort of architecture, suggested to Maurice that he tear it down. And Maurice complied.

Art must have shuddered when the ambitious prince blasted temple and forum and palace to get cut stone for his fortress. War must weep at the wreck that Louis made. Granitic blocks quarried in the far mountains by slaves at a high cost in blood once rose in lofty tribute to the gods, fell, and rose again as the castle invincible, and now are granite blocks once more awaiting a new architectural rôle as the palms and fig-trees and mosses seek to cover them. If Guillaume walks here of a night, as of course he does, he must view this particular ruin with mixed emotions.

The domestic affairs of William of the Short Nose—Cornet, Court Nez, or Courtney—have been occupying some attention in France recently. Paul Tuffrau's modernization of the ancient Chanson de Geste concerning the doughty baron has gone into more than a dozen editions. And the reason for William's revived popularity is not hard to find.

The story of his wars and his love and his numerous bursts of passion is quite naïve and quite human. While the delineation of its central character may not be authentic as a picture of a Carolingian chieftain, it is meticulously correct as an analytical study of the warrior duke as he existed when the troubadours sang the legend. William is shown as an elemental creature, deeply religious and loyal according to his own lights, which occasionally were quite dim.

The epic of his adventuring opens with a description of how he snatched the crown of Charlemagne from the hands of a base villain and placed it on the head of Charles' son

Louis. The ensuing ten or fifteen cantos are monotonous in their recital of Guillaume's brave deeds, his generosity, his poverty, his disinterestedness, and his unwavering fealty to the young king.

Then quite suddenly Guillaume is informed that Louis has been distributing fiefs. Guillaume's magnificent services have been rewarded with honorable mention, which, according to the introductory stanzas of the chanson, should have caused the fighting baron to glow with gratitude. But at this juncture of the recital he upsets the plot. He refuses to adhere to the character of docile fidelity given him in the opening chapters. He invades the palace, defies all the king's men-at-arms, calls the king vile names, and announces that he is going to seek a new master. The troubadours who tell the tale do not seem at all incensed that Guillaume should thus have betrayed their confidence. With true medieval consistency they agree with him categorically.

The king, thoroughly frightened, pleads that the supply of fiefs is a bit short at present but that he is willing to dispossess a few widows and orphans and kill a second-rate count or two if Guillaume will only reconsider. At length a compromise is reached whereby the baron receives as a fief the county of Orange. The king's generosity in this grant becomes the more remarkable when one considers that Orange is in the hands of the Saracens and somewhat detached from Louis's kingdom anyway.

"Seigneurs," proceeds the chanson, "would it please you

to know how Guillaume entered into combat in Orange, the strong city, and took as his wife Oriabel, the Saracen? Be silent! Listen to me; it is of a marvelous love that I go to sing."

Guillaume proceeded to his father's castle in Narbonne. There he found much grief, for the Saracens had seized his brother Garin d'Anseune and had announced that they would release him only when Garin's son Vivien should be sent to them as a hostage.

Guillaume, so runs the tale, pondered on the problem for many an hour and then brought forward this plan:

"Vivien is just a baby and no good as a warrior. Let us trade him for his father, who may still be of some use to us against the Saracens."

And all the company were pleased mightily at Guillaume's sagacity and agreed to the exchange. Guillaume took Vivien to Orange and there saw Queen Oriabel, "the lady of the clear visage." That, as one might naturally expect, was the beginning of the great love. Oriabel, remembering Guillaume, eventually released Vivien. Guillaume, remembering Oriabel, disguised himself as a peddler and obtained admittance to the golden castle of the strong city. Oriabel consented to marry him and betray the city into his hands.

On a day agreed upon she sent all the troops out of the city to meet the Saracen bridegroom chosen for her by her princely brother. While they were away she let Guillaume

into Orange. After that the fat was in the fire. Oriabel changed her name to Guiborg and married Guillaume. Her people swore vengeance.

Vivien, the youthful hostage, now grown to a man's estate and filled with hatred for the Saracens, made a foolish vow when he assumed his armor that he would never retreat more than five paces from a Saracen. All of the warriors of Provence, Languedoc, and the neighboring territory stood aghast at this rash declaration. For, seigneurs, give ear to the words of William of the Short Nose, bravest of the brave: "Quite often the best way to fight a Saracen is to give way before him. If outnumbered or otherwise indisposed to give battle, one should run away and that with all haste." But Vivien would not listen to this sane advice. He promptly rode southward with twenty thousand men and met the hordes of Desrame, the Saracen king, as they landed somewhere near the present site of Aigues-Mortes.

Considering the odds, twenty thousand to one hundred and twenty thousand, Vivien fought a good fight. But good generalship in the situation seemed to warrant retreat, whereas that simple manœuver had been eliminated from Vivien's book. He directed three principal charges and continued to give battle long after he had been so skilfully carved that he had to hold himself together with his left arm.

Vivien's cousin Gerard fled from the battle-field and

summoned Guillaume to the rescue. Guillaume, the bravery of whose troops requires thousands of words of description in the epic, led his mailed mob into battle by means of simple strategy. He issued a typical war communiqué telling them that Vivien had defeated the Saracens and that cart-loads of plunder were to be had at Aliscans for the taking. The thirty-five thousand warriors of Guillaume bravely sounded their battle-cries and dashed into the combat at the gallop. By the time they discovered that they had been hoaxed it was too late to argue about it. They were all dead in a very few minutes.

Guillaume profited by his own good advice, disguised himself in the armor of a dead Saracen chief, and escaped. That, my dear seigneurs, was a very dark day for Orange.

The fighting baron returned to Orange closely pursued by one hundred thousand Moors. Then, having notified his wife of the sad turn in their fortunes, he left to her the simple task of holding the city against the hundred thousand while he rode northward through Burgundy and France for help.

Here is the feminist interest in the tale. The troubadours, singing in the courts of love, knew that no chanson could hope for much popularity that did not give proper credit to the bravery of womanhood, a virtue too prone to be overlooked in the more interesting recitals of splendid amours. Always in these narratives there was a chapter in which the lady of the manor took down her husband's sword

and cut off heads with care-free abandon. Whatever the nature of the story, that portion of it had to be built according to certain set specifications. It was as necessary as punctuation. . . . So, in the legend of Guillaume, Dame Guiborg of the Clear Visage mobilized her waiting-women and took over the defense of the ramparts.

Guillaume rode to Paris, once more bullied the king into submission, borrowed the army of France, and went back to drive the Saracens out of Provence. There are some interesting side-lights on this phase of the campaign. For one thing, Guillaume discovers Rainouart, kidnapped brother of Guiborg, and, without knowing his identity, enlists him as a companion-at-arms. For another, Rainouart develops as the comedy relief character of the piece. Throughout the action he appears as the yokel blundering to victory where wise warriors fall, a Simple Simon who carries a tree for a club and thinks a steel sword too flimsy for a man's use. Virtually single-handed Rainouart wins the fight against the Saracens—a thing strange enough when one considers that Guillaume is the hero of the chanson—and is given Aélis, daughter of Louis of France, in marriage.

There is plenty of pathos in the next section of the book. The Saracens have been driven out. Orange is deserted. The battling baron sits in the Tower Gloriète and sees the army go back to France. His lesser aids have departed for Narbonne and Dijon and Besançon and the cities of Aquitaine. "There are breaches in the walls, and the towers

are crumbling"—thus the chanson in a description that might do very well for a modern guide-book. Guillaume and Guiborg rebuild the city. And then the Dame of the Clear Visage feels the touch of death, and she dies as "the waters of the heart well up in the eyes of William of the Short Nose and course down his scarred cheeks."

"Then hear, seigneurs, a chanson thrice beautiful; it is of Guillaume, Count of the Short Nose, and how he turned toward God."

The baron of Orange, grieving for Guiborg, entered a monastery, vowing to St. Martin that he would abandon sword and war-horse for ever, save only in the event that the Saracens should come seeking a new war or that France or any other country of merit should need his help.

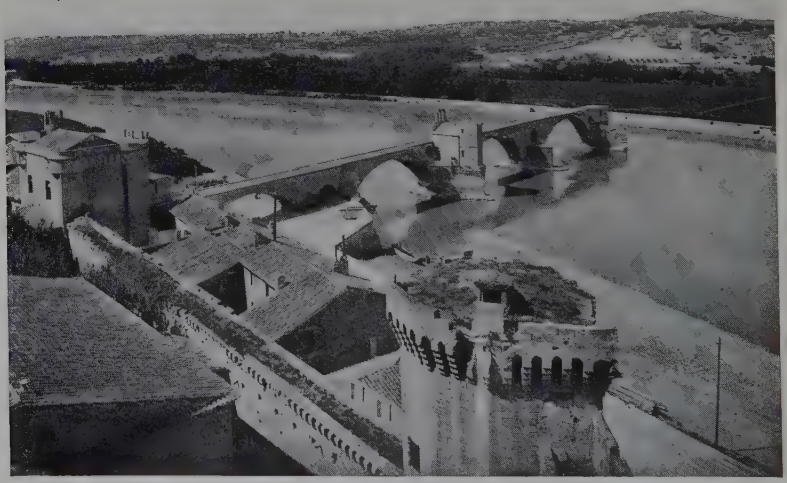
We last see him in his old rôle when he doffs his cowl and drapes himself with Burgundian chain and rides off to rescue King Louis and Queen Blanchefleur from the Saxons who are besieging Paris. He enters Paris quite after his usual manner, with the head of Ysore, the Saxon chieftain, hanging to his saddle. He presents the head to the king, and then, having thus discharged all the minor items of his debt to France, he returns to his monastery and dies.

"At the hour of his death, seigneurs, all the great bells in Christendom began to sound, in Rocamadour, Aix-la-Chapelle, St.-Michel-du-Péril, and even as far as Cologne, without the hand of man having touched them."

"Seigneurs, make a silence and listen as I go to sing. There was a fine figure of a man. . . ."

Orange has forgotten most of the exploits of this legendary hero. The old woman who sits in the cobbled street under the awnings and weaves straw sandals with numbing fingers could tell you all about Marius or Cæsar Augustus or Julius the conqueror. The child slipping into the coolness of Notre Dame has learned in school all the events that have figured in the history of Orange from St. Louis to the revolution. But Guillaume has gone the way of his Tower Gloriète . . . and there are no monuments to his memory and few modern troubadours to sing his praises.

Seen from the Isle of Berthalasse



St. Benezet's Bridge
AVIGNON

CHAPTER XVI

THE SINGING ISLE

Avignon and the Popes

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
. . . Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn.

SHAKSPERE.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SINGING ISLE

AVIGNON, the "singing isle" of romance, is not particularly a part of the storied Burgundy that has survived the kings. True, there was a city here when Rodolfe decided that he would wear a crown. The Avenio of Roman times had taken the place of a Gallic town that had known the Phenicians. But the days of Avignon's glory did not come until the kingdom of Arles had been passed along through seven generations of German emperors. Aubanel's "Gothic Avignon," whose "palace and towers make lace among the stars," was a creation of the thirteenth century, when the popes came here from Rome and made of this stern rock the capital of Christendom.

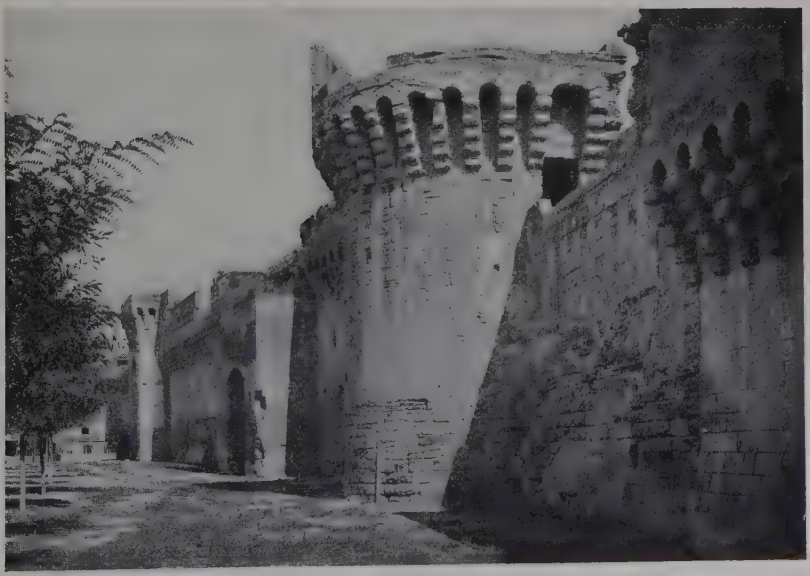
Yet no survey of the devious pathways over which clattered the mailed knights of Burgundy would be complete without a visit to this ancient center of Catholicism. It is a place as awesome in its way as the walled city of Carcassone, as impressive in the vastness of its design and the simple boldness of its construction as the pyramids. The palace of the popes still rises out of Avignon, the most remarkable mass of masonry, probably, in all of Europe. It is more than a castle, more than a fortress, a great square pile that dominates the landscape and fills the sky.

Whatever else the popes did for Avignon, and there is a variety of sentiment concerning that issue, it is certain that they contributed a certain amount of the majesty of their office to the building that is their principal memorial in the city of to-day. The palace is not an architectural marvel. Its beauties are peculiarly rugged, its lack of ornamentation surprising in a structure that so clearly expresses great wealth and lavish expenditure. But it is a stronghold such as no king of France succeeded in building for himself, a monument that has continued to keep alive the memory of its builders down to an age when most Catholics have forgotten that there ever was an Avignon.

Seven popes, legitimately elected successors to the throne of St. Peter, ruled at Avignon: Clement V, from 1305 to 1314; John XXII, from 1316 to 1334; Benedict XII, from 1334 to 1342; Clement VI, from 1342 to 1352; Innocent VI, from 1352 to 1362; Urban V, from 1363 to 1370; and Gregory XI, from 1371 to 1378. Restoration of the capital of the papacy in Rome did not end the efforts of a certain element of the clergy to continue Avignon as a holy city, and so, during the great schism of the West, there ruled on the ringing island several antipopes, among them, Robert of Geneva, who claimed the throne as Clement VII from 1378 to 1394, and Pierre de Lune who held the palace as Benedict XIII from 1394 to 1411.

A quarrel between Philip the Fair of France and Pope Boniface VII over the seizure of French church benefices

The Papal Palace



Where ponderous walls still guard the faded glories of the city of the popes
AVIGNON

had become an open rupture in 1303: Philip, who exerted an enormous political influence over a number of cardinals, brought about the election of Clement V as pope in 1305 and, in exchange for his varied kindnesses, obtained the transfer of the holy see from Rome to Avignon. Such was the beginning of this New Jerusalem.

The French king still had many axes to grind—as, for example, the case of the Knights Templars, whose property was large enough to merit attention and envy even from a king—and he speedily made sure of his grip upon the papacy. He constructed the square tower of Villeneuve, standing to this day as an evidence of his intention to retain such favors as his political scheming had brought to him.

At the time of the removal of the papacy from Italy to France, Avignon was part of the estates of Provence which were claimed by the dukes of Anjou by right of marriage. Later the town passed to Charles II of Naples, then to Robert of Naples, and thus to Jeanne, heiress of the duke of Calabria. The character of this Queen Jeanne has been the occasion of considerable debate which need not be reviewed here. She is said to have poisoned her husband in order to marry a gentleman more to her liking. On the other hand, she is declared to have been a lady of excellent character and docile disposition. All of that is beside the mark. It is known for certain that she disposed of her claims to Avignon to Pope Clement VI at a nominal figure,

whereupon the court of the popes became one of the most splendid in all the world.

The two popes who reigned immediately before Clement are worthy of more detailed note than can be given them here. John XXII was the son of a cobbler of Cahors. He was something of a financier and perfected a taxing system that brought immense wealth into the new papal capital.

Benedict, who succeeded him, seems to have been a more human personage. He promptly expended most of the treasure that John had accumulated. He laid the foundation for the great palace and gave the building trades of the Rhone valley the greatest revival they had experienced since the departure of the Romans. His epitaph declares him to have been a Nero for discipline. Inasmuch as the epitaph was written by the ecclesiastical dignitaries most able to speak authoritatively on such a subject, it is quite likely the truth . . . and if so is probably the greatest eulogy to Benedict's ability that has come down to us. Discipline, if the truth be told, was sadly needed at Avignon.

It was at Avignon during the days of Pope John XXII that Petrarch is supposed to have met the Laura who has figured so prominently in his poems. Some have suggested that the poetic mistress of the exiled Italian patriot was a married woman of the illustrious family of Sade. Those who have analyzed his lyrics prefer to believe Laura to have been an ideal for whom his ecclesiastical orders

never permitted him to search. Baring-Gould, Headlam and other students of Provençal history, incline to the latter belief.

. . . Love lingers, it seems. Petrarch has been dead these many years, and folks are still quarreling over his distant and unrequited amour.

Little by little the walls of the palace were thickened and the ramparts strengthened during the fifty years in which Avignon continued to be a religious capital. One by one there sprang up the spires of the sixty churches whose chimes caused Rabelais to call this "l'isle sonnante." The reason for the stout walls of the great stone blocks that sprang out of the Rocher des Doms became evident toward the end of the French papacy. The free companies, itinerant soldiery and bandits, of whom one group was led by the doughty du Guesclin, levied tribute on the holy city during the reign of Urban V and forced the pope to pay a considerable tribute.

It was under Urban that the first overtures for a return of the holy see to Rome were made. Urban, however, did not live to carry out his plans. Gregory XI in 1378 took his glittering panoply out of the mighty palace, embarked aboard river-craft, and dropped down the Rhone and out of Provence for ever.

Avignon passed to the Holy Roman Empire along with other territorial possessions of Burgundy in 1033. Of the

Roman period in the history of Avignon virtually nothing remains.

Some of the churches, notably Notre Dame des Doms and its adjacent abbeys, were buttressed to this rocky island centuries before the coming of the popes. The sense of their antiquity has been lost in the atmosphere of their associations. The papal palace and Notre Dame seem always to have stood where they are to-day. Their own pretentious antiquity makes that of older monuments seem insignificant.

Out in the Rhone, apart from the city of Avignon as it is apart from the chronicle that gives the New Jerusalem of France its chief fame, stands one of the most notable of the relics of Provence. It is the bridge of St. Bénézet, ruined monument to a shepherd boy's faith.

Four arches only of the twenty that formerly carried the wide causeway across the river to the foot of Philippe le Bel's tower have survived the swift currents. On one of them the little chapel that a grateful community erected to the honor of the inspired builder remains intact and is still the scene of an annual pilgrimage when sleepy old Avignon bestirs itself and comes here to mark the saint's feast-day.

There was no lack of good engineers in the early centuries of European civilization. The vaulting of the great cathedrals, the construction of aqueducts after the fashion introduced by the Romans, the building of roads and the

The Papal Palace

View of the Rhone Valley from one of the towers

AVIGNON

draining of swamps, all presented a field for mechanical talent. But as late as 1178 the surging Rhone, lashed to spume below Avignon, remained unbridged.

In 1178 came Bénézet, a shepherd boy who had had a vision. He proceeded to the palace of the bishop of Avignon and announced that he had been selected to build a bridge which would end the toll of lives annually exacted from the gild of ferrymen by the river.

The bishop declined to give his consent to the shepherd's enterprise. Whereupon Bénézet went out into the town, picked up a stone—which legend says was much larger and heavier than himself—and carried it from a point near the bishop's residence to the river, a distance of more than a mile. He pushed it down the bank and rubbed his hands triumphantly as it sank into the silt.

"That," he said, "will make a good starting-point for the bridge."

So the bishop withdrew his objection. Bénézet organized the Avignon company of the Frères Pontifs, a brotherhood of amateur engineers consecrated to a necessary public service, a group as strangely contradictory to the spirit of its age as it might be considered surprising in this. Span by span the bridge stepped out across the Rhone, and, unlike other bridges attempted in the same place, it defied the spring floods. It was well along toward completion and assuredly a success when Bénézet died. It carried the scarlet processions of papal ceremony from Avignon to

Villeneuve more than a hundred years later. It would be standing to-day and in use save for the neglect that ruined so many structures in the south of France in the seventeenth century.

Modern Avignon is a setting for Andalusian opera. There is a Spanish character in its sun-baked streets due more to a soporific atmosphere than to any single epoch of history. The people are darker here than those of the towns farther north, and they exhibit traits essentially southern.

As in Spain, curtains close the shops, each owner's name emblazoned on his share of tentage. And, as in other warm climes, false modesty vanishes in direct ratio to the rise of the mercury. On hot summer nights whole families move out into the streets to sleep.

On both sides of the town the olive-groves, bent by the mistral and only partially protected by towering hedges of cypress, make a striking background to the glaring whiteness of tower and roof and wall. Against the sky to the northeast rises Mont Ventoux in majestic isolation from the rest of the Alps.

On days when the mistral is blowing the country-side, gray-green under a coating of dust, fades quickly into the scintillant, dancing distance. On such days Avignon is a phantom, a ghost city, unreal, intangible. . . . And then, it seems, the Rocher des Doms is in its proper element.

What is Avignon but a city of dreams and ghosts? The dreams of a king who would have controlled a papacy . . . the ghosts of men who would have built here a city of God which might outrival that of Solomon . . . the ghost of the gentle Bénézet, who also dreamed his dream and, unlike them, saw its accomplishment.

CHAPTER XVII

RENÉ OF PROVENCE

A Medieval King Cole

A wandering minstrel I,
  A thing of threads and patches,
  Of ballads, songs and snatches,
And dreamy lullaby.

W. S. Gilbert.

CHAPTER XVII

RENÉ OF PROVENCE

OF all the collection of empty crowns that made Provence remarkable even in an age when every hilltop was the capital of a kingdom and every cross-roads boasted of at least one petty monarch, none is more worthy of a romancer's notice than that of the kings of Naples, the dukes of Anjou.

The first line of Anjou was of the Capetian blood, and its representatives were content with such honors as fell to them as the junior branch of the French royal house until Pope Urban IV called them to aid in the subjugation of Sicily in 1266. Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Louis, performed the task and received the crown as a fief of the papacy. He does not seem to have been overly popular with his subjects, who complained that his scepter-hand was just a bit too heavy. They arose to demonstrate their point in 1282 and proceeded to wipe out the troops of occupation with a thoroughness that made the Sicilian Vespers a synonym for bloodshed and cruelty in the chronicles of many a century to follow.

Ever after that the house of Anjou and the house of Valois-Anjou which succeeded it sent out their first-born

to tilt with this treacherous windmill for the reward of a perilous throne. Each generation saw a new expedition set out, an iron column apparently invincible. Youth, confident, arrogant, flaming with faith in the justice of the cause, took the field with the enthusiasm of an army bent upon a crusade. Age, bent and disillusioned, shook its head sadly. Each generation saw the return of ragged warriors and gray-haired young leaders, weeping over their broken swords.

This was the phantom heritage that came to the good King René through a freak of fortune that had made him the ward of Queen Jeanne. René's father and elder brother had died in pursuit of the great mirage. The death of Queen Jeanne brought to René quite suddenly and unexpectedly the full possession of this regal liability. The circumstances of his accession to the title were no less comical than the dozens of situations that grew out of it. The messenger who brought the glad tidings found the prospective wearer of the purple in jail at Dijon.

René's turbulent history is the more remarkable in that he was probably the only real pacifist of his time. He does not seem to have sought honors. But his unwillingness did not prevent their being thrust upon him, nor did it guard him against the riotous consequences that their acceptance entailed.

While he was still young he married Isabelle of Lorraine and was designated as the heir of his uncle, the

cardinal duke of Bar. Shortly afterward Charles II of Lorraine, father of the Duchess Isabelle, died and left his coronet to his son-in-law. This was the beginning of René's unsought troubles. Antony of Vaudémont, a relative of Charles II through a collateral male line, laid claim to the duchy. He would have been put to some difficulty in advancing his claim had he not obtained assistance from Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, whose quarrel with Louis XI of France embraced all the princes of his family.

Vaudémont raised an army of English archers and Burgundian cavalry. René marched against him with a division of German mercenaries and another of French knights. The young duke was defeated and captured after a short battle at Bulgnéville in July, 1431. Vaudémont took the throne of Lorraine. René was escorted to the Tower of Bar in Dijon, where for many a month he had the opportunity to study prosody, music, and painting. Had it not been for his kingly inheritance he might have stayed in the tower until he rotted, writing his little rondeaux, painting dainty miniatures, and composing little musical airs. But just as he had mastered the guitar he found himself called upon to leave his comfortable prison and take his place in international politics. Through the county of Provence, the only tangible portion of the realm willed to him by Queen Jeanne of Naples, he was able to raise a ransom.

So it came about that Duke René who had no duchy rode

out of Dijon as King René who had no kingdom. As duke of Lorraine he had come close to poverty in the raising of an army. As king of Naples he had shouldered a lifelong debt in the payment of a ransom. He had languished in a prison while the beautiful Isabelle became gray with worry over him. Then, as if to show the futility of inter-family strife in general and Franco-Burgundian family strife in particular, his daughter Yolande married Count Ferry of Vaudémont, son of his late aggressor. It was a great joke on the warriors whose skeletons bleached on the field of Bulgnéville.

René at once started in pursuit of the Anjou will-o'-the-wisp. He had better luck than nearly three generations of his immediate ancestors, for he actually defeated the Neapolitans and ruled as king of Naples in fact as well as in title for four years. Then the Italians revolted after their sprightly manner and unseated him. He sat down in his château at Tarascon to contemplate the difficulties of maintaining a court on the pennies shaken from a very flat purse.

René—by the grace of God, King of Naples and Jerusalem, Duke of Anjou, Duke of Lorraine, Duke of Bar, and Count of Provence—was in fact René of Tarascon, king of the great realm of Rien de Tout, lute-player extraordinary to the populace of southern France, and chief justice of the Court of Love. The armor of the warriors who had ridden with him to his triumph in Naples and back again hung

in cobwebbed nooks and gathered rust. Moths had long since devoured the tabards of the heralds who had trumpeted his call to arms. His favorite war-horses grew fat in pasturage or dragged the plow through the royal farm-land.

A picture this that one still may behold if he looks long enough through the shimmering haze of a midsummer afternoon: The great square bulk of the castle rising out of the Rhone, its pretty gardens clustered about it like embroidered skirts on a Titan; two tattered halberdiers asleep in the dust at the gate, their illkept weapons leaning against the wall behind them; a lazy pennon flapping from the parapet of the keep; the smell of roses; the sound of women's laughter; the plashing of a fountain; and the tinkle of mandolins. Through the gardens, in the shade of the arbors, and in the deep gray recesses of the Salle des Chevaliers, noble dames trailed robes more costly than the entire wardrobe of the king himself, and listened coquettishly to the amorous chants of the troubadours. Scarred errants and gallant swordsmen had no place in this court. René preferred wandering minstrels, peddlers of baubles and perfumes, peacock trainers, and travelers from far lands.

It was a sleepy, poppy-flower sort of existence. Conflicts raged all about Provence, some of them first-class wars that affected the fate of kings and nations. But René had unbuckled his sword for good. He had no time to practise fencing and mace-wielding. Such useless pursuits ruined

one's technique for guitar-strumming, and it was manifestly impossible to round out a verse while guiding an armored war-horse.

Queen Isabelle, loyal through René's reverses, died shortly after his return to Provence. His next wife was Jeanne de Laval, the beloved Queen Jeanne of Provençal legend. She was an ideal mate for a statesman of his talents. If he was always youthful, so was she. She loved the bizarre and stirred his passion for the whimsical.

It is not mere legend but staid and sober history that tells of their adventurous questings over the hills of Anjou and through the olive-groves of Provence. On such occasions René hung up his misfit crown, and Jeanne discarded her trailing gowns of state for short skirts and loose tunic. In the crook of his arm the king placed his lute, and together they stole out through the postern-gate, past the sleeping sentries, and into the open country.

They looked like shepherds. The represented themselves as shepherds, mingling in the dances and merrymaking of villages, tending flocks when some farmer employed them, and sleeping and dreaming under the broad blue sky. If some discerning lout penetrated their disguise it made little difference in the game, for René and Jeanne were perhaps the most human royal couple who ever stepped out of Mother Goose.

René never did much to add to the glories of Provence, but no monarch ever was given higher place in the affections

of a people. If he did n't believe in conquests, neither did he believe in heavy taxes, and his langourous administration brought happy days to Provence at a time when the rest of France was a busy abattoir. To the day of his death René was that sort of king.

Eventually, however, the old king's troubles found him out, even as he sat listening to the florid recitals of his tattered fiddlers. He had established his court at Aix, the old capital of Provence near Marseille, when he heard that his daughter, Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI of England, and heroine of the Wars of the Roses, had been taken prisoner at Tewkesbury. This blow was followed a short time later by the news that his son John had fallen in a battle in Aragon.

The broken old man pawned the last of his possessions to pay the ransom of Queen Margaret, but he found it less simple to dispose of the responsibilities that came to him as a result of the death of John. It was in favor of this son that he had relinquished his claim to the duchy of Lorraine, and Nicholas of Anjou, the grandson who inherited, lived only three years after John's death. René thus became the heir of his own grandchild, and the cause of his original quarrel with the duke of Burgundy was resurrected once more.

For once in his whimsical career he displayed political gifts. He abdicated the sovereignty of Lorraine once more, this time in favor of his daughter Yolande, who passed the

honor to her son. The new duke took the coronet as René II. Such was the state of affairs when Charles the Bold left Dijon to batter Alsace, Lorraine, and Switzerland into subjection.

The important part played by the boy duke in these affairs has been given the space it merits in history. Old King René is left by the chroniclers in his château at Aix or wandering in his gardens at Tarascon, as ever aloof from the strife at his door-step, awaiting the death that finally overtook him in 1480. It is to legend—ever more satisfying if less credible—that one must turn for a different picture of these momentous days.

The René of romance was in his study at Aix when news was brought to him of the sacking of Nancy. Before him lay the half-finished manuscript of a poetical masterpiece. Without a word he laid down his writing-materials and hobbled to the almost forgotten closet where he had stored his discarded armor. He buckled it on once more, summoned the more sturdy of the minstrels, and set forth upon his most spectacular adventure.

Through the olive-groves where he and the care-free Jeanne had wandered as shepherd pipers, he rode with his motley entourage, borrowing silver, gold, food, horses, and men from the country folk with whom he had danced in the village festivals. If the story be true, no more mismatched, ill-equipped, nondescript army ever took the field—nor one more loyal. The tale is logical in one thing at least; it is

characteristic of René—and, as a corollary, it seems reasonable to suppose that where René called the Provençals who loved him would follow.

Concerning the manner in which this sturdy mob avoided the roving mercenaries of Charles the Bold on one hand and his allies in Savoy on the other, the legend is grandly disdainful of detail. But we are told that they succeeded in getting into Switzerland by some unguarded pass and were with the Swiss confederates who went to the aid of René II and his borrowed army in the decisive battle of Nancy.

King René, too old to fight, conducted his troops into Switzerland and then rode back to Tarascon alone to resume his allegorical romance and await the news of the expected victory. He died at Aix a few years later—died as he had lived, quietly and happily. In the courtyard beneath his window a wandering minstrel was singing a love-lyric, and the fountains were playing, and there was a scent of roses in the air.

CHAPTER XVIII

SUNDRY MONSTERS

Dragon-Hunting as a Fine Art

Far away in the twilight time
Of ever people in every clime
  Dragons and griffins and monsters dire,
Born of water and air and fire,
Or nursed, like the Python, in the mud
And ooze of the old Deucalion flood,
Crawl and wriggle and foam with rage,
Through dusk tradition and ballad age.

WHITTIER.

CHAPTER XVIII

SUNDRY MONSTERS

TARASCON takes its name from the Tarasque, the monster that was slain by St. Martha after it had defied the best dragon-killers of antiquity. The Tarasque was the daughter of Bohemoth and Leviathan and found its way into Provence by the same strange processes that brought so many other notable figures to the valley of the Rhone. It lived in a cavern under the surface of the river near where King René's castle stands to-day and came out periodically to dine upon the young and beautiful maidens of the neighborhood.

This sort of thing had been going on for years when St. Martha came northward. She listened to the plaints of the fleeing townsfolk, ignored their warnings, and continued on her way to the village to see this beast for herself.

The dragon waddled forward, shooting flames from its nostrils and bellowing so that the moan of the mistral in the olive-trees was silenced. But the frail girl of Judea held her ground undaunted and raised her hand.

The Tarasque, never before known to show any consideration toward a lady, showed great surprise and died. It lay over on its back with its feet in the air, and it took sev-

enteen men and four teams of horses, working day and night, six days to drag the carcass out of Tarascon's main street.

The valley of the Rhone is filled with these legends of dragons and strange serpents. Some students of folk-lore have advanced the theory that at one time a number of sea-monsters, last survivors of some forgotten geological epoch, got into the river long enough to give foundation to the innumerable stories. It seems likely that there really was some basis, aside from pure imagination, for their wide-spread circulation.

Dragon-fighting was a highly developed art during the early Middle Ages. It might have been brought to unbelievable perfection had the supply of dragons held out. But one by one they succumbed to the unlicensed huntsmen who roamed the desert wilds in search of them. To-day they are as extinct as the buffalo, and that in spite of the crude weapons with which they were fought.

Only one case has been reported to us of a chevalier who really trained to fight a dragon and fought it with some degree of intelligence. Mark Twain's legend of the knight who killed one with a fire-extinguisher probably is exaggerated. The only authentic story of brains as a noticeable element in dragon-baiting has been preserved in Provence, where all such things happened.

The knight Boson, distantly related to Boson I, one of the kings of Provence before that kingdom united with up-

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AIGUES MORTES

per Burgundy to form the kingdom of Arles, was a Knight Templar with offices on the island of Rhodes.

On that same island dwelt a dragon that caused the knights considerable trouble and anxiety. This dragon was one of the last of his tribe. He was a survivor of the Paleozoic period when all animals that amounted to anything were dragons or large fish. A surprising longevity had brought him to the day when puny little creatures called men were disputing with him his right to live on the island where he had hoped to live out the few centuries still remaining to him. Not since he had opened his eyes to the comfortable jungles of Old India, more than a thousand years ago, had he ever seen the like. Here was he, a dragon of the very highest Hindu caste, a dragon whose brothers and sisters were distinguished fossils in the great museum of Arles, forced to worry about his lease on a dingy cave in a second-rate island. It was unspeakable.

It must be said for him that he did not venture out to harm any one. The Templars lost about one man a day on his account, but that was really no fault of his. The knights had a habit of starting ouster suits, backed by sword and lance, and he had no option but to fight eviction.

The upshot of it was that the grand master of the knights forbade them to interfere with the dragon.

The chevalier Boson was a good and obedient knight, but the order came at a time when he found it difficult to understand. He had just thought out a scheme for disposing

of it, and the grand master's ruling interfered with his plans.

Probably he would have submitted to discipline without a murmur, but that very night the dragon came out in search of food and withered a whole vineyard with his scorching breath. The next day Boson obtained a leave of absence and embarked for Provence.

In the Camargue near Aigues-Mortes he set up his dragon-fighting gymnasium and drill-ground and collected there a quantity of the best swords and dragon-lances manufactured by the Dragon Fighters' Equipment Company of Toledo. His next step was to obtain a suitable horse.

He did not fall into the error, so commonly committed by his predecessors in the business of dragon-extermination, of seeking a horse with a pedigree. He turned a deaf ear to all horse-traders who sought to sell him a blooded Arabian steed, and picked out a Provençal farm-horse of a scrub breed. As soon as the horse-traders saw that they went their way scoffing.

Boson smiled at insult and went on with his preliminary arrangements.

He first taught the horse to stand intense heat. He began by stabling the animal in the shade, then in the sun, and then out of the wind in a tent of nearly transparent oiled silk. His next step in the training process was to stand braziers of charcoal in the stall and finally to build fires under the horse. So efficient was this training that

within a very few weeks the mount resembled a salamander in everything but shape.

Boson then built an artificial dragon, inch for inch and angle for angle, the same in size and appearance as the dragon that ruled on Rhodes. It has been said upon good authority that this was the finest artificial dragon ever built, including the famous monster destroyed some years ago by fire in Tarascon. It had an independent motion in all parts, could wiggle its tail and roll its eyes and bellow loud enough to be heard in Africa, and, by a special spring device, could be made to rise up on its hind legs and strike vigorously with its front claws.

The fire did not bother the horse. Taken from his hot stable and unblanketed, the poor beast would stand shivering in the blazing summer sun, eager to warm himself by getting into motion. The terrifying dragon was a sight to which he speedily became accustomed.

A week of tilting, during which the artificial dragon performed all the tricks that the three men inside him could devise, sufficed to complete Boson's training. He then willed the dragon to the city of Marseille for carnival purposes, wrapped his horse in a fur overcoat, and sailed away quietly to Rhodes.

The result was what might have been expected. He landed on the dragon's side of the island and wasted no time on preliminaries. The dragon awakened to discover

a man and a horse at the entrance of his cave, awaiting combat.

Then developed a contingency that the wily Boson had foreseen. The dragon, being a high-caste Hindu dragon of prehistoric lineage, could not come into contact with any animal of lower caste without instantly losing some two thousand years of merit.

One look at the angular steed of Boson convinced him that this animal lacked about all the caste that an animal could lack. So the dragon met his problem by retreating. The shivering horse and the ardent Boson kept close to the pursuit, driving the flame-throwing monster over the rocks to the edge of the sea.

Then, with his dragon-lance couched, Boson spurred forward to the final charge. . . .

The grand master excommunicated Boson for disobedience as he had threatened, but later repented and took him back . . . it seemed so unlikely that he should ever fall from grace under similar circumstances again. And indeed he did not. He never fought another dragon.

CHAPTER XIX

TARASCON

The Tarasque and the Three Marys

Gay is Provence on a day like that;
'T is a time of jest and laughter.

MISTRAL.

CHAPTER XIX

TARASCON

TARASCON is known principally for two highly imaginative products: the Tarasque, fabulous dragon, chief figure in an annual fête, and Tartarin, the mighty hunter, a logical creature whom it brands as a myth.

Tartarin, given to the world by Alphonse Daudet, who, more than any other prose-writer, perhaps, understood the spirit of Provence, is a caricature whom Tarascon does not admire. Of recent years there have been a few persons in the town of sufficient moral turpitude to admit that the story of his exploits is amusing. But with such decadent souls the better citizens hold no commerce.

None the less it is through Tartarin that the world beyond the Rhone has learned of the town of St. Martha, rather than through the dragon, who, whether he ever existed or not, has certainly been dead a long time. At the risk of stirring old memories it may be well to review the social activities of the town as Tartarin knew it.

There was no game to be found in the vicinity of Tarascon in those days; and, for that matter, there is little to be found in the same neighborhood to-day. But the in-

domitable sportsmanship of the townsfolk was not to be checked by this deficiency.

With all the zest of the chase they would beat through the underbrush, hallooing to the dogs and winding the rollicking horn. Then, having accomplished these preliminaries according to the accepted rules, they would deploy, toss their caps into the air, and begin to shoot.

It was the mighty Tartarin who excelled in these contests. His studio was lavishly decorated with trophies of the chase. Stuffed caps were mounted on every cabinet and mantel-piece.

Tartarin went lion-hunting in Africa, in the lion-infested business districts of Algiers, and he bagged the only specimen of this lordly game ever shot by a resident of Tarascon. It turned out afterward that the lion was blind, a performing animal in the employ of an enterprising beggar. But there was none to hold this trifling detail against Tartarin's record. Assuredly it would have been the same had the lion not been blind.

Tartarin climbed the Alps, much to the glory of Tarascon and somewhat to his own surprise. He founded the South Sea colony of Port Tarascon and was brought back to Tarascon and tried for fraud.

He was never convicted on this charge. His only sin had been the painting of the South Sea paradise in colors that might have been less glowing had he ever seen the place. No native of Tarascon would ever condemn him

The chateau of René the Troubadour King
TARASCON

for exaggeration. Tartarin's disgrace lay in the fact that his former friends would no longer believe his narratives of personal adventure, and it is a sad day for a Provençal when he can find no credulous audience for his masterpieces of imagination.

Tartarin returned from Port Tarascon discredited. Even his climacteric adventure, the crowning episode of his eventful career, failed to restore him to favor. With unparalleled daring he set out afoot across the bridge from Tarascon to Beaucaire. Without a tremor he marched out upon it, slowly, determinedly, as if unaware of the fact that he was taking a risk beyond the courage of any other Tarasconian then alive. His very enemies stood aghast at his performance. But the great feat was wasted. All that Tartarin accomplished was to reach Beaucaire—fearful anticlimax to so splendid an achievement. . . . No wonder his great heart was broken.

One may hear many strange things in the lobby of the Hotel of the Emperors . . . This being Provence, it is impossible that the hotel might have called itself a dwelling-place of kings or even of one singular emperor. It displays its legend in red and gold with all the modesty of the Rhone valley. The Hotel of the (at least two, perhaps several) Emperors.

It was in such an environment that I discovered Monsieur Jacques. He identified himself as a native on the occasion of our first meeting when he pointed down the

dusty, dismal, uninteresting street that leads to the Beaucaire Bridge and informed me: "If you are taking photographs that will make a lovely view, the street is so quiet." It is characteristic of the Provençal that he looks upon the world through rose-colored spectacles. Whether or not the mighty Tartarin ever lived as an individual, it is certain that he still exists as a community.

"Oh, Provence has contributed much to the history of the world," declared Monsieur Jacques. "Since the dawn of creation things have been happening here. Unbelievable things. The ark touched on the peaks of the Viverais when the great flood was subsiding. The monkeys that formerly inhabited the district and the bones of the elephants found near Crussol are sufficient proof of that.

"Hannibal came through here, and before him hundreds of other conquerers. I have a big book at home that mentions their names, and you would be shocked, monsieur, to learn how many of them there really were. You have heard the story of the Sainted Marys of the Gospel and how they landed here after they had been placed aboard a rudderless boat by the Jews. It is said on good authority that John the Baptist preached in Provence, and I think it can be proved that Salome danced before Herod at Nîmes. Pontius Pilate came to the Rhone valley to spend his declining days in despair and remorse.

"The great temple of Solomon was just south of Arles, monsieur. I have heard some people say that it was in Je-

rusalem. But they do not remember that in Solomon's day the Jews were a mighty people and their territory was wide. It seems silly to say that their king could not have built his palace and temple here as well as any place else. Solomon was the wisest man in the world. Where but in Provence would a wise man have chosen to build?

"They tell the story at Beaucaire, monsieur, that the queen of Sheba, the beautiful Balkis, came here from North Africa to see the wise king. There was a legend at the time that for all the beauty of her form and face, her feet and ankles were covered with long hair, and Solomon was eager to observe this marvel.

"So he paved the floor of his audience with glass—you may still find squares of the glass in the ruins beyond the amphitheater; I myself have seen them. And underneath the glass was water with little gold-fishes swimming in it. So when the queen came into the grand audience-chamber she thought that she was stepping into water, and she lifted her long train ankle-high. . . . Now, tell me, monsieur, how could they have remembered that all these years in Beaucaire if it had n't happened there?"

A fair question, I nodded in admission that I could not hope to answer it.

"Nicot, who brought tobacco to France, lived in Arles, monsieur," he went on. "He died a natural death. There is no truth to the canard that the pipe-fuel furnished the community under the government monopoly killed him.

Jeanne d'Arc would have come here if the English had not burned her at Rouen. All of the greatest of the Roman emperors lived here at one time or another. Four or five of them were born in Lyon, which in spite of its fogs is really a part of the Midi. I could name a larger number of illustrious personages produced by Provence if I had my book with me. Should the monsieur care to step over to my home . . . perhaps . . .

"There is a report in some parts of the Midi that this was the Garden of Paradise from which Adam was driven out. One has only to breathe the wonderful air of the south to believe the story. There is no place quite like this in all the world. Its history is only what one would expect of so wonderful a territory."

He paused, seemingly surprised that he could remember no more. I rose to the occasion.

"The battle of Gettysburg," I suggested. "Perhaps that was fought here, too."

He considered for a moment, then sighed.

"I am sorry, monsieur," he replied. "I don't seem to remember just where they fought that battle. I don't believe, though, that it was in Provence. It was probably one of those inconsequent battles of Languedoc, although I admit that the name sounds a trifle like Flanders."

I pursued the questioning no further. After all, his survey of Provence was quite as modest as such surveys usually are. Everything worth while in the history of the world

had occurred in the valley of the Rhone, with the single possible exception of the battle of Gettysburg. . . . There was something in Monsieur Jacques's attitude that reminded one very strongly of a certain class of American chambers of commerce.

It is the legend of the Three Marys that figures most prominently in the lore of Tarascon. According to the story, Mary Magdalene, Mary Jacobe, and Mary Salome, with Sarah, their Egyptian servant, were seized upon by the Jews and Romans after the crucifixion and set adrift in a rudderless boat to perish. Other versions of the tale hold that Lazarus, raised from the dead, Trophimus, Maximin, Martial, Eutropius, Marcellus, Cleon, Saturnin, Martha, and Joseph of Arimathea were also passengers in the ship. They were driven across the seas by a miraculous power and landed without mishap at the mouth of the Rhone.

The legend has gained a wide circulation through Provence, and the precise spot at which the holy women left their boat has been located by a dozen rival enthusiasts in a dozen different spots. King René in reviving the story declared that a vision had shown him the arrival of the Marys and their companions at a point in the marshes thirty miles south of Arles. Supporting his belief in the vision, he erected the Chapel of Saintes Maries de la Mer, a fortified chapel which still stands, alone and desolate, at the edge of the sea.

The shrine of Sarah the Egyptian is in the crypt of the

chapel and has become the rendezvous for the Gipsies of Europe, who, despite their pagan tendencies, are ready to recognize her as the patron of the poor and the guardian spirit of vagabonds.

Another legend, more ancient than that of the good king, fixes the harbor reached by the boat of the holy women of Jerusalem at the foot of Les Baux. It is easily seen how Les Baux came to be connected with the activities of the Marys when one recalls the monumental carvings of Marius, his wife, and the Syrian sorceress, which pious natives have been quite willing to attribute to other personages. Geologists have decided, moreover, that the Mediterranean at one time came up to the Alpilles. It may be that a tradition of that time became interwined with the tradition of the Three Marys and so linked them with Les Baux and this part of the Rhone valley.

After the landing of the saints at the mouth of the Rhone, says the legend, they separated. St. Trophimus is said to have acted as missionary to the pagans in the vicinity of Arles. Martha came north to Tarascon. Mary Magdalene preached along the Riviera. Lazarus was the first bishop of Marseille and afterward carried on extensive missionary work farther northward in the valley. A body, supposed to be his, lay for a long time in the Cathedral of St. Lazare at Autun.

St. Martha's conquest of the Tarasque made her a popular figure in the community of Gallo-Roman Tarascon, aside from all other considerations. The church erected to her

honor is decorated with beautiful pictorial representations of incidents in the life of the saint. The paintings are by Vien, an eighteenth-century artist, and show St. Martha's encounter with the dragon, the raising of Lazarus, St. Martha, preaching the gospel at Tarascon, and the death of St. Martha. There is artistic merit also in the tomb of St. Martha in the moldy old crypt of the cathedral. The marble sculptures show her lying in repose with her hands clasped at her breast.

A tender Christ is at her head. St. Fronto, Bishop of Périgueux, is at her feet. The marble is bronze-green with dampness and seems as old as the Rhone.

This group is illustrative of a story that is still credited in Tarascon despite the arguments of unsentimental calendar-makers. If one is to believe the story, Martha died after more than fifty years of successful preaching. Her funeral was a three-day ceremonial of a magnificence that the saint probably would have deprecated had she been alive to protest. On the morning of the third day when the solemn requiem mass was being sung the people discovered that a strange prelate was on the altar as celebrant, but no one—not even the attachés of the church—could say how he had come there. Suddenly an ecclesiastic in the front of the church leaned forward in recognition. The strange celebrant was Fronto, Bishop of Périgueux, who in some mysterious fashion had been brought hundreds of miles to officiate at these rites. It was quite puzzling.

After Martha had been laid in her tomb, the bishop

spoke to several clerical friends, gave them the latest news from far-away Périgueux, and departed. Three months later there arrived a messenger from Périgueux. This man explained to the clergy of Tarascon that the holy Fronto had dreamed of making a trip to Tarascon in which he seemed to be officiating at the funeral of St. Martha. He now wished to know whether Martha had really died, and whether by any chance a glove that he had been unable to find since his dream might not be located in the sacristy of the Tarascon cathedral. The priests looked, found the glove, and confirmed the miracle.

It is somewhat to be regretted that the churchmen of Provence do not accept this evidence without comment. There are those who point out that St. Fronto was bishop of Périgueux in the fourth century, nearly three hundred years after he had officiated at St. Martha's funeral and about the same number of years after he had played a principal but passive part in his own. But the time element is of no consequence in a good Provençal story.

The sacristan of the Church of St. Martha recounted all these wonders as he showed an opening in the wall where the foundations of the basilica were built about the stairs of the saint's Gallo-Roman dwelling.

"The town was much lower in those days," he said. "Martha's cottage was on a level with the floor of this crypt. The original church was probably built around her home, but all that remains now is the little staircase."

As the city of Magdalene is today

Outer gates of the city of Mary Magdalene
VEZELAY

He paused while he inserted a candle through an opening in the tomb which contained the bones supposed to be those of Martha during the Middle Ages.

"Empty, you see," he commented. "The saint now sleeps in the beautiful marble sarcophagus that you have seen. Many of the world's important men and women have wished to be buried here near to her." He pointed to a tomb, on top of which a crusader in chain-mail lay with his mildewed hands folded upon his breast.

"That," he said, "is the tomb of King René of Provence, the great King René who built the castle down by the bridge. His wife, the lovely Queen Jeanne, is buried there with him. King René would be buried nowhere else. He declared on his death-bed that he wished to remain in Tarascon until he should be called out by Gabriel." And so on through a recital of beautiful sentiment.

But, alas for the story, there is an inscription just beneath the slab on which the moldy crusader is sleeping. And despite the ardor of the guide one becomes aware that this is not the grave of King René at all but of Jean de Cossa, a governor of Provence. Tartarin has been speaking again through the lips of the sacristan.

The guide exhibits with considerable pride the golden bust of St. Martha that serves as a reliquary for a portion of her skull. The original reliquary was a piece of Burgundian workmanship in solid gold, the gift of Louis XI in 1478. It was seized in the looting of the church during the revolu-

tion and traded to Genoese merchants for sixteen thousand dollars' worth of wheat. But such historical details make no difference to the sacristan.

"It is not a copy," he stoutly maintains. "This is the bust that was given by King Louis. It is not gilt but solid gold." Once more Tartarin.

For centuries the festival of the Tarasque was one of the most important celebrations of the lower Rhone. The carnival spirit, still strong in effervescent France, was in full flower at the time of René. Public buffooneries of all sorts continued to mark all great events from Normandy to the Mediterranean.

René established the pageant of the Tarasque. He wrote much of the incidental music and devised many of the practical jests that accompanied it. In this pageant the reincarnated Tarasque, a mechanical dragon of the variety on which Boson trained his horse for the great Rhodesian combat, made two parades through the streets of the city.

The Tarasque lived up to its fabled character. Its great tail swung viciously from one side of the street to the other, now and then colliding with a spectator who had ventured too near. Clouds of soot or flour rolled from its terrible jaws upon the holiday clothing of too inquisitive celebrants; or, by way of variety, streams of rancid oil were sprayed out over the heads of the crowd. It is typical of Provence that this part of the entertainment was taken by the victims in a spirit of fun.

Tarascon became attached to its mechanical dragon, just as many another city shows a real affection for a zoo. The original beast cost five thousand dollars, which was more than most of the towns of King René's period would have paid for a live dragon and a garage to house it. When the revolutionists destroyed this artistic marvel they alienated the sympathies of nearly all the inhabitants of the lower Rhone country.

There is the story of a man who made his little boy recite after his evening prayers each day this declaration of loyalty to principle and tradition:

"As long as I live, I shall remember that these human fiends burned our beautiful Tarasque."

The celebration was abolished by the French Government in 1904 for reasons that are known only to those who have a hand in the making of the complicated politics of Paris. A rumor, persistent, though frequently denied, had it that the parade had been placed under governmental ban as a religious ceremonial.

A typical town of the Midi, Tarascon. In the older quarter the streets run under low, vaulted arcades, cool despite the flaming sun. This portion of the city is a club for gossips, for here, of a warm afternoon, the women-folk bring their chairs and fancy work. The streets hum with conversation.

In the Cours National, the town's principal boulevard, the carnival wagons are mobilizing for the midsummer races. Tired-faced women are arranging trinkets of lead

and brass, flaming neckties, and soiled candy in bins on the counters of their wheeled booths. Rifles are cracking in a near-by shooting-gallery. A fat baby, who presently will be a victim of maternal ire, sits on the curbstone, her face buried in a fistful of stolen butter. Across the street, in a garden beyond a wrought-iron grill, a woman and little girl are playing battledore and shuttlecock.

A dull crash in the air high overhead; a puffball of white opens like a cloud, shreds, and disappears. Again the report and again. All Tarascon comes out into the street to gaze at the sky.

Instinctively one looks for an enemy airplane, forgetting that the war has been over these several years. For there is no doubting the nature of the puffballs. They are bursting shells, thrown up to prodigious heights by guns designed for anti-aircraft service.

But there is nothing at all militant in the demonstration, as one learns presently. Throughout Provence artillery is being used extensively and successfully to break up storm-clouds that would ruin the vineyards. One hundred years ago Abbé Martin, pastor of Benqué in Gascony, was laughed out of his parish for suggesting that cannon might be used to fight hail. And to-day the descendants of the scoffers are spreading memorial wreaths on his grave.

CHAPTER XX

BEAUCAIRE

Aucassin and Nicolette

Within the garden of Beaucaire
He met her by a secret stair—
The night was centuries ago.

STEDMAN.

CHAPTER XX

BEAUCAIRE

A STORY of love undying echoes through the empty vaults of old Beaucaire. Once this château on the heights above the Rhone opposite Tarascon was among the strongest of the valley. Its knights wrought prodigious feats of arms and grew in wealth and power. Those who looked up at the thick, triangular towers in the days of Beaucaire's glory believed that such a structure must share the immortality of the pyramids, that the splendors of the race that built it would never die. But the castle is crumbling like so many another castle in Provence. Stone by stone all but one of the towers have dropped to the earth from which they sprang. The massive arches gape in the center, and the buttresses are reduced to their foundation-stones. The deeds of the men-at-arms of Beaucaire are forgotten. Their immortality has been quite like the immortality achieved by the rest of us. And yet they live. Provence is better for having seen their day, and all because of an epic love, a structure that was stronger than bricks and mortar.

And they tell this tale:

Duke Gian of Beaucaire was at war with Count Bougars

of Valence, and the Valencian warriors were at the castle gates. Gian, infirm as the result of age and early piety, made a vain effort to rally his troops to the countercharge. But his men were sick of warfare.

Despite the fact that they outnumbered their opponents and were better swordsmen, take them man for man, they were wearied by this eternal battling for abstruse principles that they could not understand. They sat under the walls and rolled dice while the firebrands of Valence were describing dangerous arcs over the parapet and toward the roof of the donjon tower.

Duke Gian, cursing the calendar for the scurvy trick that it had played upon him, and recalling with every twinge of his rheumatic knees the somewhat loose discipline of certain crusading battalions in which he had served, stalked into the Salle des Gardes, where he found his brave son Aucassin seated in a window embrasure, gazing steadfastly at a rose. The father threw up his hands in despair.

"Are you a son of mine," he inquired with reason, "that you sit there mooning when there is a man's work to be done without?"

"What 's going on out there?" asked Aucassin, with the perfunctory interest that a young man is naturally supposed to exhibit in anything that his father says.

"A first-class battle is going on out there," replied the duke. "A battle that we might be winning if you were a man instead of a nincompoop."

BEAUCAIRE

The Triangular Towers to which cling memories of the love of Aucassin and Nicolette

Aucassin sighed.

"I wonder if my perspective will be like yours when I am your age," he observed absently. "Now when you should be sitting quietly and preparing to end your days in some sort of decorum, you are prating about battles and calling upon me to go out and wield a silly old tar-pot. You fail utterly to see my point of view; you are selfish enough to think there is no point of view except your own. And I am free to confess that you exasperate me beyond words."

The old man threw up his hands and became quite apoplectic.

"When I was your age——" he began. But Aucassin silenced him with a respectful interruption.

"Let us not go into that, Father. I have heard you say that you gave no thought to love and that your entire life was spent in the saddle. If you have been telling me the truth, I don't see why you are n't in better shape now. They say that the life of the campaign is strenuout but healthful. But, all that aside, you know my attitude. I am perfectly willing to fight and chase these wooden-headed carpet-knights back to Valence or Vienne or even farther north. But I would marry Nicolette! Ah, Nicolette! So fair! So unattainable."

Now, they tell it in the songs of the troubadours, this Nicolette was the daughter of the king of Carthage, a princess brought captive to Beaucaire after a campaign by the knights of that house against the Saracens.

Aucassin fell in love with her at first sight, so deeply in love that he fainted from sheer emotion.

But of course such a match was out of the question. The duke of Beaucaire could never consent to accept a slave as a daughter-in-law. He ordered that the girl be kept in a part of the castle where she would seldom be seen by the amorous Aucassin, and he sent pilgrims, soldiers, scholars, priests, and aristocrats skilled in the eugenics of the time to show that any liaison with this Carthaginian maiden was certain to be fraught with trouble.

And there the matter stood when the duke of Valence laid siege to Beaucaire.

"You 'll go out and fight like a man, or you 'll go into irons like a dog," declared Duke Gian. "If this had happened when I was a boy I 'd have been hanged to the corner of the tower out there as a coward. And had there been any wench in the world comely enough to turn my head I 'll warrant you she 'd have been pilloried in the courtyard to watch the hanging. The young men nowadays have things too easy; that 's the whole trouble. They make verses and play the guitar and walk moon-eyed in flower-gardens. And they can't ride or joust or swing a sword. Damn the verses! Damn the tinkle-tinkle music! Damn the flowers!"

"You are only working yourself up into a passion, Father," replied Aucassin soothingly. "There is just one thing in the world that I want, and that is n't your moldy

old castle nor the estates of Beaucaire. You can dispose of them as you please, to Bougars of Valence or anybody else. But I suppose that to keep peace in the family I shall have to go out to your silly old fight."

He threw aside his rose and yawned.

"Ho, varlet," he called. "See if you can find my buckler. You might curry my horse, too, and be as quick as you can about it."

Now, they say that Aucassin rode out and gave a very good account of himself against the troops of Valence. The men of Beaucaire took courage at the sight of him, for it looked like a return to the old times when their fair knight was the most dexterous blade in all Provence. Aucassin, without bothering to unsheathe his sword, swung out through the gate and over the drawbridge to the charge.

The mistral was blowing, and the air was white with dust, through which the knights moved like gray ghosts. Nicolette, imprisoned in the castle, could make nothing of the combat until presently the warriors of Valence abandoned the field and fled northward on the Avignon road.

As for Aucassin, they tell of him that shortly "his love-malady returned to him" and that he held to the road as a man in a trance, outdistancing his retainers and pressing close upon the Valencians alone.

Still unconscious, Aucassin suddenly found himself in the midst of the enemy knights who were plotting his death. Only the memory of Nicolette saved him then. He knew

that unless he disposed of these foemen he could never again return to the Castle of Beaucaire. He pictured the sorrow of Nicolette standing by her little window awaiting him. Also he pictured himself lying face down with his visor full of mud and his mail-clad feet spiked into the lush soil of the lowlands; and that picture was intensely moving.

So he set about with his two-handed sword, and he killed ten men in less time than it would take a troubadour to sing it. One must admit that Aucassin had a way with him.

But even such exploits with the sword failed to convince Duke Gian that the youth and the slave girl were suited to one another. Aucassin persisted in his love and so exasperated his aged parent that the old man declared for a stern régime in the interests of discipline. The pair were imprisoned, the girl in a little-used wing of the castle, the languishing knight in an isolated tower.

Thus far the romance is ludicrous enough even in its more serious moments. But there follow passages of lyric beauty, passages in which one hears the voices of the troubadours and the sighing of their fair audiences.

Nicolette looks from her window into the valley filled with May-time sunlight "when the days are warm, and long, and clear, and the nights coy and serene." One night she sees the moon floating just outside her little window and hears the philomel singing in the fragrant garden, and she thinks of Aucassin asleep in his guarded tower.

Nicolette is afraid. She knows that she is mortally hated by the duke of Beaucaire and that at any moment she may be thrown into the river or burned at the stake. . . . The old woman who guards the chamber is asleep. And so Nicolette weaves her bedding into a rope, which she attaches to the window-casing. Silently she lowers herself into the garden and darts like a white shadow in the moonlight through the streets of Beaucaire to the tower of Aucassin.

Leaning against the pillars of the tower, she hears her lover weeping bitterly.

Here singeth one Walter Pater in his translation of the ancient chanson:

> Her hair was yellow in small curls, her smiling eyes blue-green, her face clear and feat, the little lips very red, the teeth small and white; and the daisies, which she crushed in passing holding her skirt high behind and before, looked dark against her feet, the maid was so white.

And so Nicolette left word with her lover while she fled into the woodland, where she marked a trail with forest flowers.

May-time passes, and the woods of June are fragrant and cool and brilliant with leaping shadows and vagrant color. The old Roman roads are deep in grasses. . . .

Nicolette built a little hut in the forest where seven moss-covered by-paths branched from the main Roman highway into seven different destinies.

And presently, so they tell it in Beaucaire, came Aucassin, led thither by a flaming bird. Hand in hand the lovers wandered southward through Provence intending to embark aboard a galley on the languid sea. But once more they were separated.

The troubadours sing that

> Aucassin, li biax, li blond
> Li gentix, li amorous,

continued his search for his lost love through the lower Rhone country and on across the Levant. He returned after many moons to Marseille, and there, quite by accident, he found the royal slave selling strange pastries to itinerant soldiers and sailors. Thus united, the pair lived happily until death.

Walter Pater in his essays on the Renaissance picks this recently rediscovered romance of medieval France as an indication of a revolt against asceticism. He cites Aucassin's rather impertinent replies to the dignitaries who would convince him of the error of his love.

Which leads one to wonder how much asceticism there was in some of these medieval courts against which one might find reason to revolt. Personal restraint was something that the feudal lord, so intense in love and hate, believed to be an excellent virtue in some one else.

Aucassin has revolted against death, and with considerable success if one is to credit local gossip. He and the

Lady Nicolette walk hand in hand over the broken terraces of Beaucaire, "when the days are warm and clear, and long, and the nights coy and serene." They are there in the full of the moon when the nightingale is singing the chanson of their undying love. He is still the White Knight in gleaming armor, and she—"Her face featly fashioned, the nose high and fairly set, the lips more red than cherry or rose in time of summer, her teeth white and small, her locks yellow and curled, her eyes blue and smiling."

But no one can see them save only true lovers, which may be responsible for the fact that so many young folk of Tarascon and Beaucaire have looked upon them, and so few of the descriptions agree.

CHAPTER XXI

LES BAUX

Troubadours and a Golden Goat

The golden goat that ne'er felt mortal touch
Upon its udders but doth only lick
Moss from the base of the precipitous peak
Of Baux——

MISTRAL.

CHAPTER XXI

LES BAUX

IF the witches still meet in Provence, if Saracen necromancers with their golden goats and numbing spells still sail down the Rhone in phantom ships, if damned knights must come back from the grave to lament of their folly and warn their descendants of approaching doom, Les Baux is their meeting-place.

Here in the Alpilles, to the northeast of Arles, great masses of limestone have been hurled up in a threatening barrier—rocks that scale off in queer twisted patterns and lie across the green base of the hills like bleaching bones. Chaotic shapes, crazy spires, leaning towers, drunken peaks, lean over the winding path that leads upward from Montmajour toward the city of magic that crowns the heights. Here the yellow mountain drops sheer away for hundreds of feet into a gorge lined with pipe-organ flutings. Just ahead two cliff walls careen toward each other but do not touch, presenting to the eye the picture of a gigantic arch from which some ancestor of the Titans plucked out the keystone.

There is a legend in Provence that Dante was inspired

to write his Inferno by a sight of Les Baux. To one who has seen this heaped-up desolation, the suggestion no longer seems fantastic. Even with the sun of Provence blazing out of a clear blue sky, one cannot but see phantoms stealing about among these peaks. For the peaks themselves are phantoms. Already staggering in defiance of gravity, they take up a strange motion in the blue-white haze of the heat-waves.

At the head of the path the ancient château of the lords of Baux adds its bones to the skeleton of the hillside, its little old dead town, the magic city of Provence, stark and stiff beneath its disintegrating ramparts.

The troubadours are gone, God rest their bones. There is little in this street, now so reminiscent of November 11 at Verdun, to remind one that once a group of strong-armed, strong-willed princes made Les Baux the capital of the lower Rhone. The resplendent heralds, the lovely ladies, the guitar-strumming knights of the days when Baux was powerful have vanished. Rank weeds grow between the tumbled rocks of Queen Jeanne's walled court of love. The royal house of Baux itself is as dead as Balthazar, its founder, who came into Provence in pursuit of the star of Bethlehem. And of those departed glories there remain only the fairy caverns, a few mysterious haunted halls, the witches, and the golden goat.

In front of the Hôtel Chevelure d'Or sat Martin Tournier in scraps of a faded uniform, braiding a rope—a

strange successor to the one-time inhabitants of this *March Hare* world.

"A curious place, monsieur," he observed with a friendly smile. "I have lived here for many years, and I never get used to it. I do not wonder that folks come here; and they are not all sight-seers and tourists, monsieur. There are still many who come up from the valley on nights when the moon is full to seek the treasure of the golden goat or the aid of the fairies in the interest of love.

"There are still young folk who hope to gain happiness by bringing their affairs of the heart to the scene of the old court of love. . . ."

The "courts of love" were one of the strangest developments in the life of a childish people who seem to have stepped bodily out of "Alice in Wonderland." Here came the troubadours in great troupes like *Little Tommy Tucker*, singing for their supper, suppliants at the court of Queen Jeanne and under the protection of the princes of Baux.

In the walled court between banks of flowers and under a marble dome that may have been stolen *in toto* from some woodland shrine of mysterious Greece, the judges of the court of love assembled—the fairest women of the district, for none other were held qualified to judge the intricacies of love.

Comes a troubadour with a stirring chanson. A herald in the tabard of Baux steps forward with a golden trumpet to sound a call that echoes through the steeps of the Al-

pilles and across the still valley of the Rhone. The court is in session.

The minstel strums his lute and takes up the burden of his song, the simple tale of a lovely lady. At the sound of her voice brave hearts burst asunder in the ecstasy of love. At the sight of her marvelous brown eyes, strong men faint dead away. And there comes a true lover who kills her aged husband and right assiduously belabors the caitiffs who would pursue—and all that sort of thing.

Then is filed the bill of particulars in the case in trial, of which the following is a translation which may not be exact but is close enough for pratical purposes:

Comes now your deponent, Jacques Lemaitre, to pray judgment in the case of Lady Jane Doe, personal injury.

And deponent saith that on or about the seventh day of April he and two other sweet singers, of like repute and skill at the tinkling of the lute, did pay court to a lady of marvelous beauty and charm and that in the garden of Bellevue they did sit and converse with her, all displaying their wares of song and making sweet music. And that the while they injected into their chansons that personal element without which no love-lyric can amount to much, that gentle sighing which denotes deep and otherwise inexpressible feeling and the fluttering of the eyelids which the best practice has found effective in portraying an uncertain hope. And that all three of the aforesaid troubadours did perform in such fashion in the garden with the lady in question, seeking vainly to lead her into a declaration of her love, and that at no time did she depart from her coy neutrality to bare the instincts of her heart and denote a preference. And that presently, as the nightingale began to sing and the stars came out and the moon shone through the olive-trees and the songs of the singers became more plaintive, the maiden looked at one and sighed, moved her foot gently against that of the second, and slightly pressed with her own fair hand the hand of your deponent.

Wherefore your deponent demands a writ of injunction forbidding these other minstrels from encroaching upon the love of the lady so obviously given to him. For, may it please the court, a hand-clasp is worth two sighs and an equal number of foot movements as an indication of affection.

Such were the suits brought by troubled swains for decision by the beauteous judges of the courts of love. The medieval mind saw nothing ludicrous in argument on the pleas. Often three or four days might be devoted to heated discussion of the relative values of smiles and sighs, interpretation of the various movements of a fan, keen analysis of abstruse problems of etiquette. As pageants the courts must have been wonderful sights, for feudalism was in its best clothes when the page in his velvet and silk stepped forward to call "Oyez, oyez!" The complainants and their guitar-strumming lawyers presented most of the evidence in impromptu verse with musical accompaniment while the negligible males of the noble houses in attendance sat in dignified and serious silence.

Modern students of Renaissance poetry have found the chansons of the troubadours remarkable chiefly in that they were so openly fulsome in their praises of beautiful dames already married and beyond the hopes of the minstrels who paid them court. One might naturally wonder what a husband was doing on a chill morning when a tattered troubadour stood in the eaves-drip beneath the bedroom window of the lady of the house and chanted her charms in a querulous voice with an ardor that no mere perfunctory musical performance seemed to warrant.

If the truth be told, the sword-swinging gentry of Les Baux probably were not so keen about the nasal tenor voices of guitar-strumming poets. But what could they do about it? Ridicule was as potent a weapon in those days as it is to-day, and the lumbering warriors to whom the fitting of metrical lines was akin to magic were unwilling to risk a lampooning at the hands of the lady-worshippers whom they thoroughly detested. So, as a matter of convenience, they believed or pretended to believe that Platonism had come at last into its own; and they acquiesced to the solicitations of their wives in buying new strings for cracked lutes when they probably would have preferred to buy a few lengths of good stout hemp and use it in stilling some sleep-disturbing voices.

Take the case of William of Cabestaing, who sang well but not too wisely. In his day he was one of the favorites of Les Baux, and palpitating hearts had greeted his chansons in all the principal towns of the valley.

William's first poetical love was Berengaria, wife of the Seigneur des Baux, and it would have been fortunate for him had he remained faithful to this lofty and unattainable ideal. But he was a gentleman of many moods, this William, and, while putting a new string to his lute one day, decided to fit a new character to his chanson. He selected Tricline Carbonelle, sister-in-law of Berengaria, and young wife of old Raymond of Roussillon.

Eventually Raymond became suspicious. One day in a

LES BAUX

"The Abomination of Desolation"

burst of wrath he broke William's lute over his head and threatened him with death.

"You are very foolish," said the troubadour calmly. "I am ready to admit that I have not been wearing callouses on the ends of my fingers purely in the interest of my art. Were you to press me I might even go so far as to admit that my love is a married lady. There need be no secrets between us. She is the Lady Agnes, your wife's sister."

Raymond met the situation like a true medieval knight. He laughed uproariously at this strange jest. Quite logically it would have been a hanging offense had William dared to make love to Tricline. His amorous leanings toward any other married woman in all Provence naturally could be treated as nothing but a joke. Raymond agreed to do what he could to further the amour with Agnes.

So the knight and the troubadour journeyed to Tarascon, where the unsuspecting Agnes lived as the wife of the Seigneur Robert. William, lacking any other course, played his part by making love to Agnes.

The ruse was perfectly successful. Whatever suspicions Raymond might have had were disarmed when he noticed the ardor with which the troubadour paid court to his sister-in-law. But, if de Roussillon was deceived, so was Tricline. One day she chided William on his perfidy, and to calm her he wrote in his own inimitable style the story of the ruse and despatched it to her. She had just finished reading it when her husband came into the room. Imme-

diately afterward the seigneur, Tricline, and the troubadour went back to the court of Les Baux. The lovely woman went to her room in the castle. The outraged husband lured William to Cabestaing into the gorge below the peak and killed him.

A short time later Raymond appeared in Tricline's room with a savory dish, and he stood over her threateningly until she ate all of it.

"How did you like that?" he asked when she had finished.

"Very well, indeed," she replied.

"You should," he observed very calmly. "That was the heart of William of Cabestaing. It was always yours, I understand—more so now than formerly."

"Yes, always mine," said the lady, deadly white but queenly in her reserve. "I shall never have another."

Whereupon she leaped out of the window. Her body fell at the base of the cliff only a few feet from the mutilated corpse of William.

Perhaps Lady Tricline's was the body unearthed some years ago in the crypt of the Church of St. Vincent. In the unmarked coffin lay the body of a girl that rapidly disintegrated save for a wreath of golden hair that remained to shine in the sun as it had shone many centuries ago. This relic gave a name to the Hôtel Chevelure d'Or, but later it was rescued from the hands of the innkeeper by Frederick Mistral and taken to the museum of Arles, where it is still to be seen.

Other bodies of dead ladies and knights were found in the stone coffins in the crypt. They were well preserved and life-like when the slabs were first removed, but crumbled like the citadel they built when the air reached them. Their dust was reinterred in the ancient church.

The Chèvre d'Or, which haunts the solitudes of the high peaks, is a character from the Arabian Nights, left to linger in Provence after the men who wrote that book were expelled from Europe. The life of this goat is a bit of biography that seems to have puzzled the facile wits of the legend-manufacturers of the Midi. According to some accounts, he is a prisoner of four witches, who make his life miserable in the depths of a grotto below the ancient donjon.

He is the possessor of the great secret of the treasures of the earth but cannot buy his freedom from the witches. The jewels of Ind, which would be at his command should he utter a single plaintive "baa," can avail him nothing against the dark enchantments that hold him captive.

Some day, of course, he is to be rescued. The witches are to be put to flight by some modern knight whose character is pure enough to make him proof against their vile incantations, and the generous and grateful goat will thereupon share with him the world's wealth. That is one version of the tale.

The second is a bit more complicated. In this narrative of the goat's activities he is represented as the personification of all the evil impulses of the Saracen and Hungarian

invaders. The picture is more logical. Here is the goat, voracious, destructive, glittering with the proceeds of conquest, a type of the aliens who bequeathed him to Provence.

The goat naturally bears the curse that the early inhabitants of the Rhone valley so willingly called down upon the Saracens. Woe to the man who sees this Chèvre d'Or. Sometimes he is merely petrified on the spot, adding another bit of insane sculpture to the temple of dipsomania that crowns the ridge. More often he is lured to follow the goat to its cavernous lair, tracking it down by the gold flecks on the stones, until presently he is a captive beneath the ground.

Whether a distorted application of the intense hatreds that the Saracen brought into Europe, or a fairy-tale echoing in the haunts of the troubadours who made it, this legend is not illogical. One does not look into it far without seeing a homely lesson upon the evils of avarice, a rustic view of the curse of gold.

The goat in one form or another is common to all the varied lore of lower Provence. Ghosts of less evil import bear the goat company in the lost tunnels of Les Baux. The little woman who played the great jest on the Porcellet family, for instance, is still hereabouts. She has been kept alive by Provençal recitals of her Porcelline humor.

Adelaide Sabbattier, grande dame of her family, was the proud victim of the jest. She cast aspersions on the char-

Haunt of the Golden Goat

The feudal chateau with its tower hewn from the rocky point of the cliff where the Star of Bethlehem kept watch for the soul of the Princess Alix

LES BAUX

acter of a widow with twins who ventured to ask her for alms, and for her haughtiness received a curse.

"If twins are a mark of depravity, consider your own case when your time shall come," the woman warned her. "Mark your model." And she pointed to a pig.

And within the year Madame Sabbattier gave birth to nine children who were known, by reason of the widow's reference to the pig, as the Porcellets. Eventually this appellation was adopted as the family name of the Sabbattiers.

There is no prettier story in all the lore of Provence and Burgundy than that of the star of Bethlehem, last chapter in the lore of the vanished dukes. It is known, of course, that after the Magi had made their offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh at the manger in Bethlehem they followed the star of the east over devious paths into Provence. Their coming is celebrated every year at Christmas-tide with a number of pictureque ceremonials. One of these three kings—probably Gaspar, "the white one," although history and legend alike are hazy on this interesting subject—built a castle on the ridge of Baux and founded the race of nobles that came later to rule in the valley of the Rhone.

History takes up their record with the beginning of the tenth century and after that places them in every bit of battle or king-manufacture that affected their territory during nearly five hundred years. In the fifteenth century

the direct male line came to an end. The Baronne Alix of Baux was the last of the Provençal branch. And when she was forty years old she began to hear the mysterious message from off the sea.

She lay dying in the cool tower of the donjon, her bed so placed that she could look out across the Crau, across the spires of Arles and the marshes of the Rhone to the ocean. The best physicians of Provence and Languedoc came to attend her. Holy friars and ardent pilgrims flocked to the castle to pray for her recovery. But Alix felt that she was going to die. One night she knew. . . .

From out of the east came a gleaming star, the star that had guided her illustrious ancestor into Provence. It hung throughout one whole night just above the tower, so close that it seemed she had only to reach from her bed to touch it. And toward morning it floated away again. And the soul of the Princess Alix followed it.

Baux seems to have been since the coming of man to the Rhone a refuge for those driven from homes by the invader. Above the phantom city are man-made cliff-dwellings that probably antedate the coming of the illustrious Gaspar. Farther on up the slope are the remains of a camp that tradition assigns to Marius. The walls of this stronghold are still nearly intact.

Another relic of Roman times is to be found at the foot of the cliffs, a crude sculpture of three life-size figures which Christian tradition takes to be a representation of the Three Marys of the gospel. Archæologists have de-

clined to accept this explanation of the carving and identify the figures as the Roman Caius Marius, his wife, Julia Marii, and the Syrian prophetess who accompanied the conqueror on his campaign. If this theory is correct the work dates from 100 B.C.

From the gargoyled summit of Les Baux one looks down upon most of the old kingdom of Arles. In the foreground lie the ornate windows of echoing empty houses, sculptured chimney-pots that hum strange dirges in the mistral, gray walls that fade to amorphous shadows in the bright sunshine, the Church of St. Vincent where lie the princes of Baux, and the white road, winding dizzily down to the plain of the Rhone. Westward Arles and Montmajour, the latter a supposed terminus to a forgotten tunnel that begins in the grotto of the fairies, rise white from amid bands of blue where the Rhone rolls out to the sea. Eastward three mountain ranges come up to meet the sky.

To the south a captive rainbow strews its tints. From the foot of the Alpilles stretches a band of red earth—the Bauxite that is bringing more wealth in aluminum to this part of Provence than the most fruitful imagination had envisioned in the treasure of gold hoarded by the mystic goat. Beyond it a belt of purple-green olive-trees bends beneath the mistral. In cloudy distance marshes catch the sun and pull down the sky until, under a waving veil of changing color, the blue land blends with the bluer sea. It is not alone in the miracles of its haunted caverns that Les Baux is the enchanted mountain.

CHAPTER XXII

ARLES

Fair Women and Ghostly Ships

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies.

BYRON.

CHAPTER XXII

ARLES

IT is remarkable that Arles, a city of France celebrated principally for its Roman ruins, should be also the world's outstanding survival of classic Greece. But here, amid the wreckage cast up by tribal inundations that had nothing at all to do with Greece, surrounded by the commerce of a new civilization, lingers a transplanted bit of the isles "where burning Sappho loved and sung." Ethnologists have admitted with some surprise that in Arles, rather than in distant Athens, one will find the last of the race that brought Hellenic culture to its highest development. Commercial misfortune is not always an unmixed evil.

It is because the sea marched away and left Arles to stagnate in the Rhone lowlands that the enterprising community of the late Roman Empire was not allowed to achieve the destiny prepared for it by Julius Cæsar and surpass Marseille as the principal port in lower France. Its channels to the ocean clogged up and its shipping industry died, and within a generation Arles had become what it is to-day, an isolated memory. Marseille has progressed, and in the thriving port of the present day one sees a San Fran-

cisco, a Liverpool, or a New Orleans. The past has been pushed aside in accordance with the spirit of modernity expressed by the late Mayor Nathan of Rome when he observed, "Rome is a city, not a circus."

A modern comparing the cities of his own era can see that it is only in survivals of the past that communities differ. It is quite likely that all the Phenician trading-posts, all the Phocean colonies, all the Roman outposts resembled one another very much. They are different to-day merely because they were arrested at different periods in their development. Beaune survives as a city of the fourteenth century. In Autun the buildings of the Middle Ages have never covered the Roman remains on which they were founded. Aigues-Mortes, built as a city of the crusades, has not changed a particle from the days of St. Louis until now. Parts of Dijon, Besançon, and Lyon might well belong to the eighteenth century. Vézélay's clock stopped when the paynim's hold on Jerusalem was definitely established. And so it goes.

Arles, suddenly cut off from the world which might have reshaped it into the uninteresting uniformity of other port cities, clung to its old fashions in dress and language and is to-day a town of pre-medieval character.

One who would rediscover the history of Burgundy must of necessity find much to interest him in this district. Arles gave its name to the third incarnation of that frequently reconstructed monarchy. The territories of Arles added

much to its wealth. The men of Arles exerted an important influence in its affairs.

But the glories of this port of Cæsar were already in their full bloom when Rodolfe II took it upon himself to wear a regal crown for the duchy of Transjurane. Early in the Christian era Arles was a city with 120 gates, and her ships were virtually in control of the ocean.

Cæsar, at the time of his war on Massilia, built a fleet of long boats in the Arlesian shipyards and made the city the base of his campaign by sea.

Constantine the Great, who was an ardent admirer of Arles, is said to have hesitated for a long time before placing his second capital in Byzantium instead of here at the mouth of the Rhone. His son, Constantine II, was born at Arles in 316 and built the palace of which the ruined tower, La Trouille, is still to be seen. He was still living here when Maximin, his father-in-law, attempted to assassinate him and murdered a judiciously placed eunuch instead.

Fortune continued to favor Arles well along into the Middle Ages. Even after Burgundy and Provence had passed into the hands of the Holy Roman Empire, this city, in common with other proud ports of the Mediterranean, established itself as a republic and was recognized as such by the Italian republics after which it was patterned.

But during these years the passages that allowed the tides to flow into the lagoons in the delta of the Rhone became choked. The wide bayous were transformed into

marshes in which malaria found a ready breeding-ground. Commerce was at a standstill, and the lion of Arles no longer was seen at the mastheads of the ships that plied the Mediterranean. Yet all was not lost. The annual floods of the Rhone enriched the soil of the lands in the delta and made of them a wheat-producing region second only to the valley of the Nile. Arles might still have marched on toward the destiny that Cæsar had dreamed for her had it not been for the ill advised engineering ventures of Louis XIV.

The Grand Monarch realized that something had to be done to the outlet of the Rhone if swamp-fevers were not to carry off most of the population. But instead of reopening the lagoons he decided upon a reclamation project. He drained the swamps and diked the river. The alluvial plain of Arles became a desert.

The Arles thus cut off from the rest of the world, a city in which Greek and Roman traditions had been remarkably preserved, complacently settled down to face a changeless future. Greek sculpture and architecture already existing were incorporated in the rebuilding of old houses. They were duplicated in newer works. Some portions of the city were peculiarly Moorish in appearance. So they remained. To this day there is a hint of Araby in winding streets with arched gateways, *boutiques* that resemble bazaars, and latticed windows that have lost none of their old-time mystery.

And the women, tall and straight and fine of feature, preserve their ancient heritage of beauty. According to the history of the district, theirs should be the blood of the Gaul, Greek, Roman, and Saracen intermingled. But by some freak of atavism the Greek strain predominates.

Mistral says of them in "Mirèio":

> He said not, fruitful Arles, that thy fine air
> Gives to thy daughters beauty rich and rare,
> As grapes to autumn, or as wings to bird,
> Or fragrance to the hillsides.

Just as the France of which they are a part has failed to alter their charm or mar their loveliness, it has failed also to make them subject to the dictates of dress which the rest of the world is quick to obey. Here the Arlesienne coif remains the same from generation to generation. The black hair is combed back plainly under a little white cap and tied with a ribbon of black silk. A white collar crossed at the breast, a gold chain and Maltese cross, a blouse waist, ample skirt, black stockings, and plain, low-heeled shoes complete the costume.

These dark beauties with the burning eyes have a manner and a carriage that display their pride of ancestry. They know of the homage that the world pays to them, and they admit that it is just. And, wise women, they know that simplicity is a most effective trick and that perfection needs no ornament. Of what use are fashions to a queen?

There is a semi-tropical luxuriance about the gardens of Arles. Flowering vines cling to the tinted walls of the houses. One follows a winding way through a gallery of blooms across the Boulevard Victor Hugo to the east of the town and so enters the Alyscamps, an Appian Way strewn from end to end with empty stone coffins and walled with crumbling tombs.

This, in the early years of the Roman occupation of Gaul, was the principal cemetery of the ancient Provincia, and so it remained even after Christian saints had usurped the niches of Diana and Venus. Legend avers that Christ himself came here in answer to the prayer of St. Trophimus and dedicated this field of tombs as a Christian burial-place. What the legend may have lacked in tradition was given compensation in its effect. Well intentioned home-builders, whose tribe have ruined more monuments in France than the barbaric Vandals, felt some hesitancy about coming here in their search for building-stone. And so Les Alyscamps remained to pique the interest of the twentieth century.

Tradition has it that bodies came to this cemetery from the upper reaches of the Rhone. The process of transportation was delightfully simple. The dear departed was placed in a barrel with his passage-money and letters of identification at his feet. Then, like a passenger in the bark of Charon, he floated down the Rhone until the eddies at Arles drove him ashore. He was then buried in a tomb

Portico of Church of St. Trophime

Cloister of St. Trophime

ARLES

lately vacated by some dusty Roman, to sleep peacefully until turned out, not by Gabriel but by the curator of some modern museum who needed the sarcophagus to go with an exhibit of Etruscan urns.

Recently tracks and shops of the P.-L.-M. railway have taken over a large tract of this ancient burying-ground. As a result parts of sarcophagi are to be seen in the cornices of new stone buildings, as gutters and drains in ancient sheds, and even as rabbit-hutches.

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,

and turned out of his tomb to make a place for a pink-eyed rabbit.

No wonder the ghosts still walk in Provence!

The Roman amphitheater of Arles, while not so well preserved as that of Nîmes, is larger, and its history is better known. It still plays a large part in local festivals, although bull-fights of a bloodless variety have taken the place of the gladiatorial combats which made it one of the most famous abattoirs of the ancient world.

Account-books kept by the gladiatorial impresarios of that far day, showing how anything from a ceremonial murder to a complete massacre could be booked upon payment of certain set fees, have been preserved in the museum near-by. Here one may read how the memory of some proud patrician was honored by a fight in which thirty well selected gladiators took part.

The bull-fights that stir the red sand where the gladiators once contributed to the gaiety of festival days are less likely to diminish the population. Usually they are conducted with the utmost decorum and the best of humor except on the part of the bull, who is under the erroneous impression that he is attending a bull-fight.

A wrong-headed little steer is brought into the arena by bull-ring attendants garbed in the picturesque uniforms of the Chicago stock-yards. His horns are decked with brilliant ribbons that stream out over his back.

Amateur toreadors wave red flags at him until he charges. Then they deftly leap out of his path and snatch one of the ribbons from his head. That is the bull-fight. It is exciting enough, for the bull is usually as earnest and painstaking a bull as could be found in the arenas of Madrid or Barcelona. It is a pretty exhibition of skill, for the ribbon-catchers of Arles must be as sure of foot as any Spanish matador. And it has a distinct advantage over the bull-fighting exhibitions of Spain in that the odds are not all against the bull. Usually the animal is unwilling to quit the combat.

Quite recently a troupe of Spanish bull-fighters has been touring the south of France, bringing to the Roman arenas in several towns of the Midi the sanguinary spectacles of Madrid and Barcelona. But these contests, while more dangerous than the Provençal bull-fight and therefore a bit more thrilling, are not as well accepted as

the old-fashioned encounters, in which the bulls, as well as their opponents, are widely and favorably known.

The Church of St. Honoré at the end of the poplar-shaded Via Appia is the most interesting of the city's numerous ecclesiastical relics. It is a Romanesque chapel with three aisles ending in three apses. Immense pillars, some of them ten feet in diameter, rise from the floor to the half-seen vault like black stalagmites.

The ruined nave contains the Chapel of St. Trophimus, apostle of Arles, whose memory this part of Provence reveres almost to the isolation of the other saints of which the territory was so productive. A sixth-century church and fourteenth-century reconstruction inclosed the chapel, and antiquarians, studying the semicircular arches of the smaller building, have reached the conclusion that the chapel itself was built over a tomb, probably that of the saint.

St. Trophimus, according to the fragmentary accounts of his life obtainable in this spot where he lived and died, was an Asiatic contemporary of St. Paul who came to Provence with the three Marys. Church records, however, do not classify him so readily. The first Bishop Trophimus of Arles whose career is positively linked with that of the town is Martianus, who, according to Gregory of Tours, was sent into Gaul "during the consulship of Decius and Gratus," A.D. 250.

St. Vergilius, whom south European legend has fre-

quently confounded with Vergilius the Sorcerer, was the builder of the first Church of St. Honoré.

His engineering is given full credit for the massive pillars in the nave. It is said that the wagons hauling these ponderous monoliths became bogged so often that the architects were on the point of altering the construction of the church.

At this juncture Vergilius conducted a personal investigation and discovered a small devil holding on to the wheels of the leading truck. He chased the devil away, and after that the pillars were easily removed. Such is the Provençal version of it. Less romantic persons have identified the little devil as Friction and have credited Vergilius with the invention of a cone-shaped axle-bearing and a useful grease-cup.

Vergilius, however, did not confine his romantic exploits to the exorcism of stone-wagon axles. Of him is told the story of the Provençal Flying Dutchman, the phantom ship with its crew of the damned that sailed the world in search of a cargo of lukewarm souls.

Vergilius was walking one night on the Rhone quay where the tall ships of the Mediterranean still dropped anchor in the thickening silt of the vanishing river. Suddenly out of the mist emerged a galleon as hazy as the fog itself, a blue-gray ship with masts of transparent silver. Strangely garbed sailors ran about the deck and shouted to one another. But the saint could hear no sound save

the lapping of the waves against the stone piling of the quay.

They heaved overboard a heavy silver anchor that slipped into the water without a splash. A captain as white as the moonlight leaned over the rail and smiled at Vergilius.

"Good evening," he said. "It seems to me that I recognize you as the holy Vergilius."

"I am Vergilius," admitted the bishop. "And who may you be?"

"Ah, who, indeed?" returned the captain. "Who but a wandering mariner on the broad uncharted seas? I am the commander of the craft that bore the sainted widow Basilissa over the Black Sea to Byzantium with the body of Adrian, her husband . . . and would have landed her safely there, too, had not the curse of a learned astrologer fallen on us and dissolved the ship. I am the sailoring person who several hundred years from now will be condemned by the silly narrators of ghost-stories to spend the rest of a long eternity trying to get around the Horn. But of course you don't know where the Horn is, so there 's no object to this conversation.

"I should like, my good Vergilius, to have you as my guest on a voyage to Jerusalem. The pagans hereabouts all seem well enough converted to satisfy any ascetic, and there is a fine field for a man of your attainments in Jerusalem."

"You speak your riddles very glibly," commented

Vergilius. "But I suspect you of foul purposes, and, besides, I don't want to go to Jerusalem."

"Ah, why be skeptical?" pursued the commander. "This is the lightest craft that ever sailed the seas. My crew is the best trained that ever combined to scuttle a ship or cut a throat. Good lads withal, and well acquainted with places where there is treasure enough to build three churches larger than the dismal barn that you set so much store by."

Then Vergilius, feeling the first urge of temptation, made the sign of the cross. The misty boat and its shimmering rigging just faded away into streaks of moonlight, and Vergilius found himself standing on the quay alone.

Four miles to the northeast of Arles rises the rock of Montmajour, which was an island citadel of note in the days when the lagoons covered La Crau. It seems an island still, for the rock stands forth in all its ancient nakedness from the fertile growths that Louis XIV's draining process brought to this section at the expense of the lower Rhone. An ancient abbey, falling away bit by bit each year, and a feudal castle cling to the heights.

The Abbey of Montmajour in its day was one of the richest religious houses in France. It has a splendid history. It was founded by Childebert the Frank after he had defeated Villegis, king of the barbarian Goths. Villegis, who had driven the Romans out of Arles, ceded a vast territory. The son of Clovis found Montmajour a part of it and was so impressed by the piety and self-

sacrifice of some hermits who had established a community on the island that he built an abbey for them.

The hermits were succeeded by Benedictine monks, under whom the abbey prospered. It was famous throughout the Middle Ages for its Chapel of the True Cross, now totally destroyed. Pilgrimages were made here by boat as late as the eighteenth century.

During the revolution mobs from Arles sacked the monastery, pillaged its chapels, and turned the dead out of their tombs in search of buried treasure. Since that time Montmajour has been a city of the ghosts, similar in all ways to the other deserted ports of the Rhone.

A tower ninety feet high in the military architecture of the fourteenth century remains intact at one corner of the abbey walls. But its resemblance to a fortification is only superficial. Its masonry is thinner, and the stones with which it is built are smaller than those usually employed in such works.

Most of the abbey was carved out of solid rock, including a subterranean church as dark as a catacomb. Here again one meets the story of St. Trophimus. It appears that his preaching to the pagan was not always successful, for he had a confessional here, a narrow cell which legend says was originally a cleft in the rock that gave him shelter from the Saracens.

Here also the Golden Goat finds grazing-ground. Near the cracking walls of the monastery is the Montagne des

Cordes, where a venturesome explorer may penetrate man-made galleries deep into the recesses of the earth. The mystic rites of some prehistoric religion were celebrated here, the weird ceremonials of a priestcraft that preceded even that of the druids. Archæologists have puzzled over the place for a long time, but the people of Provence do not waste time in seeking scientific explanations for the existence of a shrine like this. It is another Trau di Fado—grotto of the fairies—they declare. That being the case, it is only logical that the grotto connects by means of a forgotten tunnel to the other Trau di Fado of Les Baux.

One might be skeptical of the basis for this story of the tunnel did he not know the peculiar nature of this countryside. Surely a tunnel would be no more remarkable than the wild carvings of Les Baux. There may be no such mysterious subway now, but who can say that there never has been? Such a country as this is productive of faith. One strains his eyes in a vain attempt to comprehend the vertiginous mazes of Baux or listens to the abysmal silences of Montmajour, and he is no poet if he does not set out at once on the unending quest for the treasure of the Chèvre d'Or.

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NIMES

Roman arena

CHAPTER XXIII

NÎMES

The Devil's Bridge

My thoughts by night are often fill'd
With visions false as fair:
For in the Past alone I build
My castles in the air.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

CHAPTER XXIII

NÎMES

IN the shadow of the Maison Carrée, where once Roman priests sacrificed to strange gods, the coffee-roasters sit in a long row, turning their ancient black cylinders over glowing charcoal. Where once some white-robed Provençal equivalent of a vestal virgin tended a sacred fire, a graybeard in faded blue army breeches is cutting wood by rubbing the billets on a saw held between his knees. In the shadowy arcade of a bloody arena, a mild-eyed youth sells packets of sticky candy and little dabs of sherbet.

If the soul of burlesque is incongruity, then here is roaring farce, the more ludicrous in that the actors do not suspect their varied rôles. It does not seem exactly proper that a chestnut-seller in American shoes, Paris ready-made clothes, and a screaming Lyon cravat should be sitting in the niche of a Greek god in the Temple of Minerva. Nor can one get used to the sight of modern art as exemplified in the comic magazines on sale in a shop hard by a Corinthian façade. Nîmes is populous, aggressive as these southern towns go, and displays every evidence of a continuing existence. Its ruins do not stand out as ruins. Rather they are well preserved relics. They seem to be a part of the present-day city, so much so that their age as

Roman monuments is quite likely to be questioned by visitors. Therefore it is startling to discover this tomb of Roman culture to be more like Paris than Rome.

Gardens by Lenôtre give an atmosphere of the Tuileries to the boulevard that leads to the Roman baths and unhappily detract something from the majestic remains which they were designed to embellish. A bit of gardening more nearly reproducing conditions as they were when the Romans built the baths would have cost no more.

Nîmes was the Nemausus of Rome, a name probably formed by some Phenician adaptation of the Gallic word "Naimh." According to legend the city was founded by one of the lieutenants of Hercules, who discovered the clear springs on the summit of the hill behind the Gaulish town. For centuries the place was a Phenician trading-post, and for years after that an important Gallo-Roman city.

Of the second epoch in the history of the place, the most important relic is the amphitheater, which stands in a remarkable state of preservation. Delicate archways and carved stone window-framing remain in the façade, which rises in magnificent bulk to within a few feet of its original height.

This arena, while smaller than that of Arles, is more complete, so much so that it has been used recently by dramatic societies for the presentation of historical pageants, mass-meetings, and similar amusements, somewhat different in effect if not in intent from the gladiatorial combats for which the pile was erected.

NIMES
An age-old street

On one occasion the amphitheater served an entirely different purpose. After the Visigothic invasions of Provence, the arena was surrounded by a moat and converted into a fort. Here at various times during a period of several centuries widely varying populations lived in more or less discomfort. The town outside the ancient bull-ring was rivaled by a new city within, and a new civic population adjusted its life to the more modern four-room-flat conditions that the constricted space made necessary.

From the sands where Dacian strong men and others had impaled one another for the edification of the tired Roman business man, thin, tall stone houses sprang up along straight streets. The city of Nîmes received a new foundation. Here in the year 1100 a community of knights, Chevaliers du Château des Arènes, occupied about two hundred and fifty buildings. The nobles of the Arena quarreled vigorously with the bourgeoisie of the town.

In many ways the city of the amphitheater was one of the most remarkable in the world. The streets were not wide, but they were good. It was a matter of only a few minutes' work a day to keep them adequately paved, cleaned, and drained. The houses themselves, if contemporaneous descriptions are to be believed, were a very close approach to the modern city apartment. Two-room flats housed the average family and—shades of the cliff-dwellers!—some ingenious builder evolved a small charcoal fireplace as a space-saving device. The present tenant of a two-rooms-and-kitchenette apartment would not be so

smugly complacent over his modernity could he have seen this community of the circus living in similar discomfort eight hundred years before the sardine-box style of architecture was rediscovered.

One hundred years ago, when France, recovered from the revolution, was looking toward the preservation of such monuments as had chanced to survive, the remains of the little town of the Arena were removed. Buildings that had grown up so thickly outside the walls were torn down, and to-day's visitor to Nîmes probably obtains a better idea of what the amphitheater looked like in the days of the emperors than could possibly have been gained from a view of it in the crowded conditions of the seven hundred years preceding.

The building is about eleven hundred feet in circumference and provided seating space for twenty-four thousand persons. It is believed to have been built during the reign of Antoninus Pius in the middle of the second century. The stone that went into its construction was brought in great blocks from the quarries of Barutel and Roquemaillère.

Until the Visigoths—uncultured barbarians—came to interfere with their business, the gladiators were personages of considerable note in the public life of Nîmes. The museum is filled with inscriptions that testify to the eventfulness and brevity of the life that these swordsmen led. Here one who is acquainted with the peculiar shorthand

of Latin epitaphs may read that "a Thracian" who fought with sword and buckler ended his life amid the plaudits of the multitude, or that one "Myrmillo," heavily accoutred and armed with a keen short-sword, met with similar ill-luck. Here is the record of a wife setting up a memorial to her husband, Lucius Pompeius, who ran afoul of a net and trident on the sands of the arena at the tender age of twenty-five. Lucius, the mourning wife announces to the world, was born in Vienne and had despatched nine competitors in his chosen profession before his lamentable accident.

Such is the monument to Rome the cruel. Rome the sybaritic is also represented in Nîmes, Rome of the gardens and baths and luxurious ladies. . . . The Jardin des Thermes is singled out by Cecil Headlam as the "most delightful municipal garden in Europe," and it seems to merit its distinction. An eighteenth-century Italian motif is present in the landscape-gardening that has preserved the Roman shrine of Nemausus—blue shadows under the chestnut-trees, a white road singing beneath one's feet, marble balustrades circling through the half-lights in the foreground, classic gods peering with white eyes from the greenery.

Out of this closely leafed garden one steps into an open court where silent waters pass through an alabaster colonnade. Beyond is the Temple of Diana with a stone roof so disrespectful to gravity and the other forces of physics

that it seems to float from wall to wall, and farther up the slope, at the head of a series of stairs and hedged terraces, is the tree-bordered spring.

This fountain was held sacred by the Gauls of the lower Rhone at the time that the Phenician counterpart of Nemausus came to take over that god's functions in the founding of the city for Hercules. The Romans, always considerate in such matters, accepted Nemausus as a member of their own theology, gave him Diana—Diana in her seldom remembered character as the local equivalent of Artemis, goddess of the woods and waters—as an assistant in the care of the fountain, and transformed the shrine into a pleasure-garden.

The Romans established the custom of dropping coins into the water as an offering to the god of the spring. Antiquarians have found the basin an interesting mine of forgotten currencies. But no explanation of Roman superstition or barbaric ignorance can account for the fact that the men who would fish relics of the past from the grasp of Naimh have discovered a very considerable quantity of modern silver coins in their nets. Those who overlook the spiritual survivals of vanished civilizations in their study of ancient towns and peoples might find a thought in this.

The canals of Marius are choked. The houses of Gallo-Roman Nemausus, save only one or two of the greater monuments, have fallen down. The fortresses that the conquerors built have slipped piece by piece from the seven hills

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PONT DU GARD

of Nîmes to the plain. Of the prehistoric shrine that existed here when the legions came into Gaul not one mark has come down to us. And yet, in a century as thoroughly enlightened as nineteen hundred years of Christian culture can make it, franc pieces, shillings, and silver dollars are seined from a sacred spring to bear evidence that Naimh is still collecting his votive offerings.

On top of the hill from which flows the spring of Nemausus a stone tower ninety feet high, known locally as the Tour Magne, is another landmark commemorative of human credulity. During the reign of Henri IV one Trucat, a farmer of considerable means, chanced to read some of the works of the astrologer Nostradamus and decided without further evidence that a great treasure was to be found under the Tour Magne. He spent a fortune proving that Nostradamus had been in error.

Aigues-Mortes, an almost deserted stronghold on the edge of the Camargue south of Nîmes, is perhaps the best preserved memorial of the crusaders to be found in France. It owes its longevity to the same circumstance that brought it into existence, its isolation.

St. Louis made this his mobilization-point in the holy war that brought him to so tragic an end. Lacking political control over any port on the coast of Provence, the king was forced to purchase such camping-grounds as might be available. This particular tract of swamp was owned by an abbot, who consented to sell it. So Louis built his fort-

ress, sinking its foundations through the silt of the Rhone to more solid rock, tossing a great cincture of white stone toward the dazzling sky.

It remains to-day about as it was when he completed it, towers, bastions, crenelated ramparts uninjured by weather, untouched by any of the destructive wars that ravaged lower Provence. It never died. It atrophied.

Twenty kilometers northeast of Nîmes, where the Gard comes tumbling out of the Cevennes towards the Rhone, may be seen the principal remnant of the twenty-three-mile aqueduct that the Romans built to augment the bathing-facilities only partially supplied by Naimh and his bubbling fountain. The Pont du Gard, a mighty stone trestle across a valley nine hundred feet wide, is probably the most remarkable example of Roman masonry to be found in France. It was built about nineteen centuries ago of blocks of stone designed to hold their position without cement or fastening.

And it stands to-day with scarcely a single stone displaced, rising up out of the waters of the Gard to a height of 160 feet in three tiers of arches. The bridge is 870 feet long at its longest measurement. It shows little sign of weakness. Despite the fact that the flume was badly battered by ingenious natives, who sought, for use as building-stone, the limestone deposits left by the water and by the Duc de Rohan, who broke a number of arches in the second tier to permit the passage of his artillery, it remains virtually intact, with its end still centuries in the future.

Inscriptions on the arches have led antiquarians to believe that the aqueduct was the work of Marcus Agrippa, son-in-law of the Emperor Augustus. But despite this evidence two legendary theories are advanced to explain the building of it.

One story relates that a beautiful damosel of Nîmes attracted the loving attentions of a Roman governor. She promised to marry him on condition that he bring the plentiful waters of the Fontaine d'Eure to her home. He accomplished this miracle with the no less miraculous Pont du Gard. Whereupon the lady, with a fine eye for the modern dramatic dénouement, promptly jilted him for a vintner of the neighborhood.

The second story—to be found in the poems of Mistral and other literature of Provence—ascribes the actual construction of the bridge to the devil.

This legend, similar in its details to that which concerns the building of Charlemagne's cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle, tells how the engineer in charge of the aqueduct found himself facing insuperable difficulties. The devil appeared before him and offered to complete the work in a single night provided that he might claim as his own the first living thing that passed over it. The engineer complied and sat up all night thinking of his bad bargain.

Early the next day he went out to the valley of the Gard and saw the great rainbow of golden stone spanning the green valley. At the opposite end the devil stood waiting. Then, with rare inspiration, the engineer loosed a

hare, which darted across the long flume and leaped into the devil's bag. The all-evil, tricked as he always was in such legend, threw the hare against the bridge, cursed loudly, and disappeared. The mental equipment of the medieval devil was very poor.

CHAPTER XXIV

BESANÇON

Steamboats and a Sleep-Walking Ghost

What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps and points to yonder glade?

POPE.

CHAPTER XXIV

BESANÇON

BESANÇON, east of Dijon and on the frontier of old Burgundy, shares the mystery of the other cities of the kingdom, and much of their strength. It was here that Julius Cæsar, conqueror of Gaul, looked up at the gaunt rock zoned by the River Dubis and said, "In this spot with a legion of men I could defy the world." Military engineers ever since have been echoing his words as they piled layer after layer of concrete and steel upon the foundations that he left there.

Glimpsed as one emerges from the tunnel on top of the divide near Saône, it is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. From the plateau a white road drops away to the river between tall poplars. Trim forests march up the slope to the left; vineyards and wheat-fields, terraced and checkerboarded, form a grand staircase down to the luminous water. Ahead, a brownish band in the blue distance, are the walls of Besançon. They are modern fortifications now, masking deadly cannon, but little changed in contour and appearance from the days when the Romans first made this place an outpost of empire in Gaul.

A turn through the square gray town under the railroad

trestle, and the road moves out to the edge of a cliff so high above the Doubs that the song of the rapids is scarcely audible, so high that the midsummer haze makes of the river a zone of gossamer laid upon a green carpet.

The air is clear. The workers in the fields on the heights across the valley can be plainly seen. And there is a summery, Sunday-like quiet about things in which familiar sounds seem to lose themselves or change their identity. A gardener in some unseen nook is sharpening his sickle, and the scrape of stone on metal comes up to us in a vibrant echo like an unclassified chirping of an insect. There are voices all about: the voices of those vintners on the cliff opposite, the voice of the woman by the river singing an aria from "Manon," the voices of three children in the dusty road of the sleepy town, and other voices that carry from Heaven knows where, lazy voices only half heard . . . whispers.

Under the brown old fort the road suddenly shakes itself and scurries straight through the cliff wall by way of an embattled cleft. There is moss in the slits where the portcullis glided. An old man in a blue smock sits on a stone at the side of the arch and gazes into the distance with eyes as hazy as the smoke-blue of the valley. Once a Roman spearman held that post—and what a line of military after him!—and now an old man, with fading eyes, sits there and smokes his pipe, not feeling their presence nor caring that they ever lived.

An automobile roars through the little tunnel and up the white road toward Pontarlier. A donkey drawing a two-wheeled cart plods sleepily after it. The gate is not wide enough to permit the passage of two vehicles abreast, and it is noticeably scraped at the height of an artillery hub. Thousands of guns passed through this portal from 1914 to 1918, guns on their way down from the artillery-center at Valdahon to the battle-line. They left their brassy signature in passing.

Besançon has always been known for the beauty of its setting rather than for its interesting historical remains, but there is much to be found in its winding, secretive streets that will be worth the attention of any antiquarian. Content in its modernity, defying the future from its grim ramparts, it makes no bid for the interest of tourists.

There are dozens of Roman ruins scattered about the old city, some of them incorporated in modern dwellings, others slowly disintegrating amid vine-coverings of their own. The remains of a temple, probably of the Augustan era, stand near the Mouillière and have been deemed of enough importance as a monument to give a name to the Place Archéologique.

Down in the center of the city is the Black Gate, commemorating some forgotten triumph of some forgotten Roman, and beyond it a cobbled square that might be the setting for a scene from the life of *d'Artagnan*.

Victor Hugo was born near this arch. A bronze plate

and a fountain mark the house where he spent his boyhood. And within a stone's throw is the Palais Granvelle, embracing a cloistered court.

Besançon produced few more famous men than these same Granvelles. The first duke of the name was minister of finance under the great Charles Quint, who needed a minister of finance more probably than any other European monarch since the death of his illustrious great-grandfather, Charles the Bold. The Spanish influence of this association is evidenced in the architecture of the home that Granvelle built for himself by the Doubs, a cloistered Castilian palace that has brought a strangely exotic Moorish atmosphere to this portion of old Roman Gaul.

Antoine Perrenot, Lord of Granvelle, was born in this house in 1517. He stepped into the court of the Emperor Charles V to positions of an importance out of all keeping with his age and experience. Then, despite—or perhaps because of—the close connection between his family and the politics of his age, he took up the study of theology at Padua, Paris, and Louvain. When he was twenty-three years old he was made bishop of Arras.

His father, Nicholas Perrenot, had served Charles ably as secretary of state, and his influence kept the talents of the young bishop in the eye of the emperor. Granvelle has been rated highly in church histories, but his acquaintance with theology does not seem to have hampered him in politics. He brought about the marriage between Philip II,

son of Charles, and Mary of England, and then seems to have given most of his time to church affairs. He was made archbishop of Malines in 1560 and a cardinal in 1561. As a representative of the austere religious rule of the Spanish court, he incurred the enmity of the people of the Netherlands and found himself faced by a union of William of Orange, Margaret of Parma, and the Counts of Hoorn and Egmont, who demanded his removal. In 1564 he retired at his own request to the cloistered courts of his Besançon home, where he passed the remaining years of his life in scientific research.

A picture, this: Well dressed men and women, comfortably fixed middle-class folk, walk without haste in the gardens. Heavy-footed horses and strange little street-cars pursue a leisurely course toward the city. A captain of cavalry and a pretty brown-haired girl in a dress of pink stand in the warm spring sunlight by the stone railing of the bridge, gazing toward the cascade where a dam ruffles the quiet river. They are holding hands, oblivious of the rest of the world, a picture of content. From a convent by the Doubs comes the chant of nuns at their noonday offices. Besançon goes on about its business quietly, with the philosophical attitude of a graybeard toward the haste of youth. And this is the anomaly: here at the edge of the water, under the frowning citadel that the Romans founded, is the greatest watch-factory in France. A step from the quiet garden, the delicate lathes are turning and some of

the world's most skilful artisans are piecing together springs and balances and tiny gears that shortly will be marking the pace of commerce and industry for the nation. In one of those low buildings is made an instrument of precision that will split a second into ten equal parts. The cavalry officer by the bridge probably has one of them in his pocket.

The bell in the *clocher* of Notre Dame sounds noon. It is six minutes fast. The lovers by the bridge-rail have not heard, so engrossed are they in the purling waters beneath the arch.

"It must be nearly noon," says the girl with a sigh that the comment does not seem exactly to warrant.

"Yes," replies the officer. "It is either a few minutes before or a few minutes after noon. I can tell by the shadows of the old oak there." He does not take the trouble to look at his watch. . . . Minutes! Let an infant worry about them. Besançon measures its times in centuries.

The quiet of the town, however, is the quiet of the laboratory rather than the stillness of sleep. The Franche-Comté has furnished its quota of great men to every era of the piebald history in which it has figured. And it has done its bit in scientific research.

The world's first steamboat sailed the Doubs River near this point, and it was on the outskirts of Besançon that Armande Jouffroi, its inventor, carried on his endless labors.

The revolution stopped all experimentation and the

steamboat that Jouffroi built lay rotting at its dock in Besançon for ten years while Robert Fulton, working along different lines, steamed to success in the *Half Moon*.

The valley of the Doubs below Besançon is remarkable for its possession of the only sleep-walking ghost in this world or the next. The ghost, strangely enough even in the case of so exceptional a spirit, is not Burgundian but Swiss. He appears to peasants in the proper frame of mind as an armored warrior of the fifteenth century and has performed at least one service for the community in that he has stimulated the study of medieval history.

In life this phantom somnambulist was John, Lord of Stratlingen, who fought in the army of Charles the Bold before Montlhéry and continued in the Burgundian service until the fatal campaign against the Swiss Confederation. It was during a minor phase of the struggle between Duke Philip the Good and Louis XI that he acquired the reputation that he took with him to the other side of the grave and back again.

This is the legend:

The Burgundians and French had met in the valley after much manœuvering and tiresome forced marches. As was quite usual in warfare of that particular campaign, neither side was very eager to fight. So for three days they sat glowering at one another, hoping for a good excuse to do some more manœuvering.

At this juncture Charles, who knew that nothing was

to be gained by wasting men in a skirmish that would have no effect upon an issue that had been decided at Montlhéry, sent a messenger to the camp of Louis with a challenge to a single combat. He was confident of success, inasmuch as he knew, or thought he knew, every warrior of merit in the French ranks.

But it seems that the French had cruelly deceived him. Somewhere in their wanderings they had picked up a giant whose sword was as heavy as the usual contents of an arsenal and whose immense frame was covered with armor an inch thick. This heavy-weight champion of Louis's troops appeared in person to answer the challenge. Charles the Bold was visibly upset to see him.

The Burgundian commander could do nothing but post the entry in accordance with the terms of the challenge, though he foresaw that in the normal course of affairs this encounter was likely to disrupt a few of his plans for empire. The combat was set for high noon of the following day; the giant returned to the French camp; and Charles the Bold reviewed his troops. When he called for a volunteer to uphold the honor of the cross of St. Andrew and the chivalry of Burgundy, he encountered a lamentable apathy. Even his most energetic knights declined the dignity so freely offered. The day was as good as lost for Burgundy when John of Stratlingen stepped forward.

"I am willing to undertake this mission," he said. "But I shall insist upon perfect silence on the part of our men

until I have put this French upstart in his place. One cheer ahead of time might cause all sorts of trouble."

Charles the Bold saw nothing peculiar in the request. He would not have thought it odd if the knight had demanded a string-band to play for him while he fought. In those days all of the best fighters had their little idiosyncrasies.

So, shortly before noon, John of Stratlingen marched out into no-man's land, lay down under a shade-tree, and went to sleep with his sword by his side. Charles was frankly concerned about this. It would be well within the rules of such a duel were the French giant to pin John to the tree as he slept. But he had passed his word that there should be no interference from the Burgundian ranks, and, besides, there was no one to substitute for the Lord of Stratlingen.

Presently the French champion took the field amid a blaring of trumpets and a tumult of cheering. Then occurred a thing which even my chronicler was ready to concede a bit odd. Before the astonished warriors there appeared to be two Lords of Stratlingen, one of them still stretched in slumber beneath the tree, the other striding forward to meet the steel-clad Goliath. The second Stratlingen was of so thin a texture that his astonished companions could see straight through him to the poplar-trees half a mile down the Doubs. He seemed suffused, however, with a light that was brilliant even in the mid-

day sun, and he walked shoulder to shoulder with a being even thinner than himself whom the cutthroats of Charles the Bold recognized at once as the Archangel Michael. The soldiery needed no further instructions about keeping the peace. Their tongues stuck to the roofs of their mouths, and the valley was so quiet that frogs a mile beyond the river were clearly heard.

To such an encounter there could be but one ending. The French giant's face suddenly blanched, and he dropped the visor of his helmet. He walked forward with the shuffling, reluctant step of a man on his way to the gallows, and there was no gaiety in the gesture with which he lifted his ponderous sword. There were three lunges, quick as streaks of light, during which the Frenchman seemed to be striking at thin air. Then his head suddenly fell to the ground, and his iron-covered body dropped on top of it. . . .

It is perfectly natural that the returning ghost of John of Stratlingen should take the form that it took on the day of that famous battle. John remained wide-awake, save for natural periods of slumber, during the remainder of his service in Burgundy, and, so far as is known, until the day of his death. No other somnambulistic battle, before or since the Besançon duel, has been marked to his credit, but, being a medieval hero, he must fit his appearance to the demand of legend. And so he has been sleep-walking ever since.

CHAPTER XXV

THE FAIRY OF THE JURA

The Ghost of the Living and the Ghost of the Dead

Somewhere—in desolate wind-swept space—
In Twilight-land—in No-man's land—
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand. . . .
"And who are you?" cried one a-gape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night!"

ALDRICH.

CHAPTER XXV

THE FAIRY OF THE JURA

IT is to be expected that the Jura Mountains should be inhabited by fairies. There must be pure spirits where the mountains touch the sky. That the fairies should have had a part in Burgundian history is logical, once one is prepared to admit their existence. The numerous wars that flowed down out of the high Alps must have affected them, and we have it on very good authority that they affected the wars.

Climatic conditions and scenic arrangements should be good if one is to converse with the fairies, and they are seldom otherwise on top of the plateau between the Doubs and the Loue. The perspective cannot be explained, but the sense of height is unmistakable. Perhaps the whispering bells from the valleys, the sounds of wagons on the roads far below the fringe of forests at the rim, indicating distances that the eye might not detect, trick the senses. One seems to be in a new world, a world in which fairies are not at all out of place. . . .

A fine rain was beading the window-panes and spattering in the fireplace. A wind was sweeping across the plateau from the Alps, moaning in the pines and hooting down the

chimney. Madame stood at the window with a candle in her hand.

For ten minutes she had been standing so, gazing out over the glistening road into the blue haze that marked the edge of the table-land. The clock ticked on, and the cuckoo stuck his head out to announce eight o'clock. Madame did not move. Her tense expression was a bit disconcerting. So many things might be expected to happen "on a night like this" on the top of the world.

Presently she sighed and turned away from the window. The candle-flare intensified a series of set wrinkles about her mouth and brought out the restlessness of her eyes.

"They do not walk to-night, monsieur," she said. "Always it is on a rainy night that one may expect them. But to-night over across the churchyard there is no sign of them. You may see for yourself."

"What may I see?" I inquired.

"The ghosts of the living and the dead," she replied cryptically as she bent down to stir the fire under the *pot-au-feu*. "I have seen them often. One may expect them to appear when a great injustice is about to be done. In many parts of the Jura they appear, and I myself have seen them on this plateau, walking in that street out there.

"They will never harm the good and the just. But they are very terrifying, just the same. It is such a novelty to see corpses wandering about in the wet just like live people."

Eventually madame permitted herself to be convinced that I had never heard of "the ghosts of the living and the dead."

"Ah, it is a long and interesting story, monsieur," she said. "I had it of my grandfather, who used to live at Berne and later moved to Besançon when the watch-factory was built there. I shall tell it to you just as he told it to me.

"In the old days when the Franche-Comté was independent, there lived in the Jura the Count Landolph, a seigneur of the great house of Burgundy. He was a grasping, miserly sort of person, whose people had little to eat because of his rentals. Everybody hated him.

"He had a castle somewhere in this neighborhood—some say at Mouthier, some say at Lausanne in Switzerland, but after all that makes no great difference.

"At the same time there was an abbey north of here, some say in Besançon, some say in Nancy. Charles the Good was abbot. I think he is a saint now. The Bon Dieu could get no better servant. Charles was as well liked as Landolph was hated, which is not remarkable. It would be the same to-day if they were both alive.

"Landolph had a brother; Robert was his name. He owned much of the land in here, perhaps this very land on which our house is built. He was very rich, almost as rich as the Count Landolph. But he never caused any trouble and was neither loved nor hated.

"When he was about to die, Robert thought about the life that he had lived and the evils that his family had committed, and he set about making his peace with God. Shortly before he breathed his last—some say it was at Pontarlier, others say Geneva—he sent for the Abbot Charles the Good. Charles came afoot over the mountains and administered the last sacraments to him.

" 'I have n't lived the way I should have lived,' Robert told Charles. 'It is not right that my people should suffer through my death. They have suffered enough during my life. So I shall deed to your abbey and the glory of St. Benedict all of my lands and chattels.' And they sent for a legal person to make out the will in proper form. But before all that could be done Robert died.

"Landolph immediately seized the estate. He was a bad man, that Landolph. He made a great show of being in his rights in the affair. He set up a court in his palace and invited in the country-side to list any and all complaints. Charles the Good took him at his word, journeyed to the castle, and demanded his lands.

"Landolph laughed at him, monsieur. He laughed at that holy man.

"He said to him: 'If my brother gave you that land you should have something to show for it. Unless you can bring him here to me, to tell me in person about this transfer, I shall keep the land!'

"Can you imagine that, monsieur, asking the good abbot

to bring a dead man out of his grave to testify? Who ever heard of equal insolence!

"But the good abbot had right on his side, and after all that is everything.

"You will be surprised to hear what happened. The Abbot Charles walked through the snow over the mountains to Robert's grave near Sion—or was it Chillon?—no matter.

"And he stood by the side of the grave and he called out:

" 'Robert, in the name of God I command you to come out of your grave to right the wrong that your brother would do!'

"And Robert heard him. Down there in his coffin at the bottom of that frozen grave, monsieur, Robert heard him. He pushed against the top of the box and forced open the grave, and he stepped out before the good Charles in his rotting grave-clothes, a terrible sight, a corpse still, although the spirit had come back for a time.

"Then they walked back over the snow to Landolph's castle, the dead man following the living. It was a fearful thing. People who saw that corpse walking on and on at the saint's command fell down in the snow to pray for their own souls. Few who saw that spectacle ever forgot it.

"They came at length to Landolph's castle, where the sentries had been warned to bar the gate against Charles.

"But at the sight of Robert's corpse they forgot their

orders and fled. And so Charles led the way unmolested into the count's audience-chamber.

"All the warriors and women in that great hall fell back before them, monsieur. Charles and Robert walked right up to the dais where sat Landolph and his countess. The count was unable to speak for fear as his dead brother opened his blue lips and spoke to him.

" 'I have been forced to come out of my grave to prevent an injustice,' he said. 'In dying I left all my lands to this holy man. My estates must be restored to him in accordance with my will. For the next time I leave my grave I shall take you back to it with me.'

"Landolph could scarcely find voice to reply. Then he said in a whisper:

" 'The lands are yours, Abbot Charles. God has shown His will. But take this terrible thing away from me. Don't let him look at me with his empty eyes.'

"So Charles took Robert back to his grave and saw him laid once more in his coffin. Charles died forty years later after doing much for his people. Landolph, too, reformed as well as one could expect so hardened a character to reform.

"But since the death of Charles a number of very peculiar things have happened. Whenever a great injustice is about to be committed Charles leaves his grave and calls up the ghost of Robert to accompany him on a mission of warning. They walk across the hills as they walked that

other winter night, except that this time they are both ghosts; and, as is natural, considering their previous relationship, one of these ghosts is the ghost of a live man, while the other is the ghost of a corpse.

"If one gets a close look at them, he can see the difference. Charles' spirit is less transparent than that of Robert who died twice. I never got near enough to see for myself, but I have it on the authority of those who have. There are no other such ghosts in all the world."

Ghosts of varying density are not the only strange inhabitants of the Jura. It seems to be characteristic of mountains that they acquire a population which could not exist in flat spaces. Ghosts one may find anywhere. Gnomes and dwarfs seem to confine their tenancy exclusively to forests, but as one climbs the peaks he finds the fairies. The fairy of the Jura is a character of sufficient note to be mentioned in most of the standard works on mythology. She is a water-nymph, a stranded mermaid undergoing punishment for some unmentioned sin, a sprite who has the profound sympathy of all her neighbors. In a way her history is like that of the beautiful Mélusine—so much so that some commentators have suggested that she is merely a local adaptation of the Lady of Lusignan—and like Mélusine she continues to exercise an influence over the welfare of the country in which she is imprisoned.

Madame told me about her on the evening after the storm as we sat on the old bench before the door, watching

the big cream-and-brown cattle plodding down the street to the public troughs with the children of the town in chattering force behind them. Over toward Switzerland the mountains were white puffballs on a blue ground.

"Monsieur has heard of the fairy of the Jura?" she asked suddenly.

I shook my head.

"I never see the children that I don't think of her," she said. "My father told it to me, and I told it to my fine sons in there by the fire. They loved the story. I used to tell it to them over and over again. . . . I had hoped that I might live to tell stories to their children. And now I have no sons, monsieur. All are dead. . . . Chemin des Dames. . . . Pont-à-Mousson. . . ."

She wiped her dim old eyes with a corner of her immaculate apron, then straightened proudly.

"Pardon, monsieur," she said. "I am an old woman, and I sometimes forget that I am a Frenchwoman. I remember only that they were my sons. . . .

"The fairy, monsieur, I shall tell you of her. She was Ysabeau, a mermaid who came up to these mountains through a spring in search of a soul. There were lost souls a-plenty in the mountains in those days, monsieur. And eventually she found one. It was a very sad thing, too, I think. She jumped at the first chance that offered and got a soul that did n't fit. . . . The soul that she found belonged to the wicked duchess of Grenoble, and the mer-

maid was just a simple little thing—pretty enough but like the dear little girls in our own day, unsuited to any life but that in which they have been brought up.

"While she was just a little fairy she wasn't troubled by any ambitions. She was happy swimming around in her fountain. Not a care in the world to trouble her. But after she became a mortal like the rest of us she began to feel uncomfortable. Nothing ever was right. Nothing ever was good enough for her. . . . Oh, that 's an old, old story, monsieur.

"Then one day she met a count who fell in love with her. They were married.

"But the marriage was n't happy. Such matches never are. They quarreled. She ran away, and in a moment of thoughtlessness went back to her fountain to seek the aid of the fairies. They gave her the appearance of a mermaid once more, but they could n't take away her soul. That was where the trouble came.

"She went into the grotto where her fountain was and attempted to get into the water so that she might swim back to the sea. But the witches who guarded the spring would not let any one with a human soul pass through their territory. They changed her into a serpent and imprisoned her in the grotto.

"You may have heard of Charles the Bold, monsieur. He was a great man who at one time owned most of the land hereabouts. I have heard the school teacher say that

he was a greater man than the king of France. But you understand all of that was very long ago, even before my grandmother's time.

"Charles was not like the other men in the high places at that time, monsieur. At heart he was very good. He would have nothing to do with women, although they ran after him continually.

"One day, when he was hunting in the Jura Mountains, a storm overtook him, and he entered a cave. And there, chained to a rock, just as the witches had left her, was Ysabeau, human still, although a serpent in everything but her borrowed soul. She recognized Charles and spoke to him. You may imagine his surprise at that.

"She said to him:

" 'I am Ysabeau, Countess of Annecy, deprived of my body and my possessions by enchantment. I must remain here until a chaste man bold enough to kiss me three times, shall come to my rescue.'

"This Charles of whom I speak, monsieur, was really chaste, as I have told you, and he did not lack anything in the way of boldness.

" 'Well,' he said, 'women mean nothing to me, but I am an enemy of all wizards. They usually work against me.'

"So he stooped over, monsieur, and he kissed that horrible serpent full in the mouth. Mon Dieu! It makes me sick to think of it. And it was no easy task, even for him. When he felt that cold kiss on his lips he turned cold all over and was near to fainting.

"But he tried once more, choking back his disgust all the while. And the fairy might have been liberated then had she trusted in his strength. But she saw him turn white and tremble and feared that his nausea would overcome him; so she pressed forward eagerly and twined her slimy body about him to force the third embrace. That was too much even for Charles the Bold. He freed himself from her awful grasp and sprang out of the cave.

"Years afterward he repented this act of cowardice and attempted to find the cave again. But the rocks seemed to have grown together over the entrance to the grotto. For Charles was no longer the innocent boy. He had married and he had seen the world and his kiss had lost its power.

"I used to like to believe, monsieur, that there really was such a fairy and that one of my boys would find her and rescue her. It made me happy when they would go away arm in arm to find the grotto where she was imprisoned. I am an old woman and should have better sense, but it makes me happy still to think of it. I cannot explain it."

But I thought I could find the explanation. The fairy-story of Ysabeau and her sad plight was as true as a mother's hopes and a mother's love. Ysabeau, imprisoned in the rock, was nothing. Madame would not have cared had she stayed there for the rest of eternity. The four sons proclaiming their innocence by setting out in search for her were Galahads; and that was everything.

The "dissolute France" that the novelists have described

so meticulously for us is full of surprises like that. Here in a hinterland mountain village were ideals that our Puritan civilization had forgotten. Here in an unlettered peasant woman were the impulses that had given France a Joan of Arc. Here, amid poor little farms and decaying little houses, a quaint bit of chivalry, lingering centuries after its time, was a mother's chief consolation for the loss of her warrior sons.

CHAPTER XXVI

NANCY

A Medieval Cinema

Warriors and chiefs! Should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the hosts of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path!
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

BYRON.

Triumphal Arch—looking toward Place Stanislas

The cross of Burgundy which marks the spot where Charles the Bold died and a bubble of empire collapsed

NANCY

CHAPTER XXVI

NANCY

IT was near Nancy that the story of Burgundy began; with Nancy properly it should finish.

Nancy has fulfilled its destiny. It is the sort of city that Gondicaire, the blacksmith king, or Charles the Bold, the iron-plated duke, would have wished it to be —a place of forges and foundries and steel-mills. Not so long ago it was girded with all its medieval trappings and battling for its advanced bastions with all the skill that comes with centuries of practice. An enemy was at the gate, and enemies were no new experience in Lorraine. Now it has gone back to its routine manufacture of locomotives and has forgotten that it was ever singled out for greatness. But it is still Nancy, city of kings, still mysterious and still beautiful.

Nancy [says André Hallays] has received all of its beauty from the men who constructed and ornamented it. Nowhere else, even as far as Bordeaux, is one able to discover an ensemble of architectures in which is manifested so clearly the style of an epoch. Elsewhere the turn of events has frequently interrupted work already begun, and one sees where later the task was taken up by unskilful artisans with no thought for discrepancies. In other places, also, under the pretext of modernization, vandals and experimenters have altered the plan and decorative schemes conceived by the artists of former epochs. In Nancy the work was carried

out as undertaken and what is more has been respected. It has suffered, during the Nineteenth Century, some additions and some damage, but the arrangement of streets has not been modified. They have in no case demolished the triumphal arches which span the boulevards of the little capital. They have conserved the contours and the perspectives of the three great public squares of which each is a pure masterpiece by reason of the nicety of its proportions and the harmony of its façades—more beautiful still by reason of the ingenious contrast of their individual aspects: The long Place de la Carrière which is the magnificent terminus of the colonnade of the governmental palace; The Place Royale, called to-day the Place Stanislas, majestic as an emblem of monarchy but enlivened by the caprice of its grills and fountains; and finally the little Place d'Alliance, like a cloister, silent, shadowy, hedged in by sober and noble buildings, a place whose silence is troubled only by the splashing of the water which bearded river gods allow to trickle into their urns of lead. . . . In brief, we have to-day before our eyes the city created by the Dukes of Lorraine and finished by Stanislas, the perfect work of a troupe of admirable artists: Boffrand, Héré, Guibal, Cyffle, Girardet, Lamour, and others.

We speak frequently nowadays of "the art of city-building." Behold the model.

Behold the originality of Nancy. Behold the sort of beauty which at once strikes the stranger. The memory which it graves upon our memory is the image of a city regular and spacious where engineers, architects, sculptors, and decorators have realized one of the marvels of French taste. Nancy is above all the city of Stanislas. Its charm was given it by the art of the Eighteenth Century.

Nancy, as nearly as can be discovered from very meager sources, is totally the product of the new civilization which replaced that of Rome. It was just about the time of the collapse of the Rodolfian kingdom of Burgundy that the dukes of Lorraine established their capital here. They built a château not far from the Meurthe on a high point between two swamps. Monasteries came to the neighbor-

hood. The Knights of St. John established a commandery near the château and built a fortress abbey of their own. A tower of it may still be seen in the suburb to which they gave their name. The monks of St. Bernard came to found a monastery, of which nothing remains to-day save an ancient well.

In the thirteenth century the Duke Thibaut of Lorraine had a pretentious but somewhat useless war with the Holy Roman Empire, in which Nancy was burned.

A hundred years later the city had spread outside the square of its original ramparts and was extended and refortified by Duke John I. The walls that he built were pierced by the Porte St. Nicolas and the Porte de la Craffe, both of which remain as startling monuments in the principal thoroughfare of the steel city.

In the middle of the fifteenth century the population of the city itself was five thousand. About the walls sprang up another community of warriors, seigneurs, workmen, and monks. This was the Nancy which, as the fortified capital of Lorraine, aroused the cupidity of the dukes of Burgundy and brought sundry woes to the two Renés.

Lorraine was given a national unity toward the end of the fifteenth century by the patriotic reaction that followed the defeat of Charles the Bold. Before that time it had been in effect what Charles wished it to be in title, a link between the two isolated territories of French Burgundy and the Netherlands.

Nancy the victorious developed a civic pride that was the vital principle of its artistic progress. The present-day city has not forgotten the importance of the event that was the turning-point in its history. A tablet in the pavement of the Grande Rue marks the site of the old house of Georges Marquiez where the body of the duke of Burgundy was first taken after the battle. On two of the ancient city gates are bas-relief bronzes depicting the victory of René. And in the Faubourg St. Jean, former territory of the knights who left only their name there, one sees the simple Lorraine cross that stands over the spot where Charles was found, face down in the slush-ice of a pond. The little lake, described by witnesses of the battle, has long since disappeared, and a well kept residential section of the modern city covers the ancient parade-ground of the knights. The present cross is a reconstruction of the monument torn down during the revolution.

Under René II began the period of Nancy's embellishment. Provence had passed into the hands of Louis XI. The phantom crowns of Sicily and Jerusalem were no more tangible than they had been in the bloody days before the elder René claimed them. And René II had little mind to go adventuring for the pots of gold that lie at the end of distant rainbows. He devoted all his energies and income to the strengthening of the duchy that had cost so much effort and pain in the gaining.

Within a century Nancy was what the capital of a bor-

der duchy should have been—then as now—as formidable a collection of masonry and guns as could be found in Europe. It brought to Orphée de Galéan a reputation as a remarkable designer of fortification, and it brought to the dukes of Lorraine the usual woes that follow top-heavy armament.

The Duke Charles IV quarreled with Richelieu, and so the French came into Lorraine. The city was made free again by the peace of the Pyrenees, which concluded the fighting between France and Spain in 1660—a free city without walls. Louis XIV retook it and attempted to restore the fortifications; but his efforts to win over the nobility of Lorraine were without result, and the people remained hostile until the treaty of Ryswick concluded the war between Louis and the rest of the world and brought Leopold I to the ducal throne with a power almost regal. In 1729 Duke François Etienne, who had married Marie-Thérèse, daughter of the Emperor Charles VI, settled the war of succession in Poland by trading Lorraine to Stanislas Leczinski, King of Poland, for Tuscany. So came another king, quite unlike the others who had dabbled in the affairs of Lorraine, to play with a duchy and build a city.

Stanislas found his new capital to be not one town but two, a physical situation the more noticeable in that the fortifications built by de Galéan had nearly all disappeared. Louis XIV, ambitious for the return of the duchy to French domination, had prevailed upon Leopold to tear

down such of the walls as had been restored. Nothing had been done by succeeding dukes to repair this ruin, and so Stanislas found an unbeautiful, weed-grown open space between the twin cities that had once been citadels.

Nancy at this juncture might readily have been ruined artistically. It was plain that the two portions of the capital should be connected but the sort of arrangement that would effect the union with symmetry and grace was problematical. Stanislas solved the difficulty by laying out the Place Royale that now bears his name.

The art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries finds a varied expression in this square. There is probably no finer ironwork in Europe nor more delicate fountains. And modern Nancy appreciates its treasures. Here on the night of a festival the entire town gathers for an impromptu dance or to sit before the cafés that line the square and to listen to the playing of a military band. On such occasions the façades of the public buildings are hung with perforated gas-pipes connected by hose to the city mains. These crude fixtures are lighted at a thousand jets by means of a long torch and provide a flickering, scintillant illumination that electricity with all its advantages cannot duplicate.

King Stanislas looks down a short street between two pavilions toward the arch of triumph. Immediately beyond that is the Place de la Carrière with its center parking of cubical trees leading to the wide portico of the governmental palace. The Place de la Carrière itself ends in an oval colonnade that gives access at the left to the old town.

The Church of St. Evre, a modern Gothic structure which fails of effect through lack of harmony with its medieval surroundings, and the Palace of the Dukes, a work of René II, are the most important monuments on the square beyond the colonnade, but what the other buildings lack in individual charm they supply in atmosphere. The age of this portion of the town is unmistakable. Here are the streets of the White Horse, the Deceitful Moor, and the High and Low Bourgeois. Here are arcaded passageway and arched doors, ancient *tourelles* and overhanging gables. "The façades, the doorways, the courts of the private homes," says Hallays, "evoke the life and tastes of old Lorraine."

The palace of the dukes is a structure that reminds one somewhat of the Hôtel Dieu at Beaune. René brought more than the "Lorraine cross" from Anjou to Nancy. The Burgundian motif is not far to seek in everything he did. The exterior of the palace is a plain wall surmounted by a high-pitched roof and poorly lighted. Its only attempt at ornamentation is the entrance, which is pure Gothic. It is now used as a museum for the historical and artistic treasures of the duchy.

Within, it is a palace worthy of independent dukes, whose magnificent history is legible in scores of paintings, tapestries, and decorated windows. Read the pomp of the dukes in Claude de la Ruelle's engravings of the funeral of Charles III.

In old Lorraine it was traditional that Europe's most

magnificent ceremonies were the coronation of the head of the Holy Roman Empire at Frankfort, the consecration of a king of France at Rheims, and the funeral of a duke of Lorraine at Nancy. Claude de la Ruelle's artistic record shows that in one of its clauses, at least, the legend was not without foundation.

The Duke Charles III died on the fourteenth of May. The body was embalmed and laid in state while men-at-arms in the mourning garb of the palace kept watch day and night and tended the forest of wax candles that burned in the chamber. Constantly psalms of mourning were being sung by choirs from the cathedral.

This portion of the ceremony went on for three weeks to permit the merchants of Nancy to gather all the materials necessary for the mourning garments required by the court. On June 8, when these preliminaries had been completed, an effigy of the dead duke was laid in his bed, and the gentlemen of the court took up their part of a strange mummery. They entered the chamber accompanied by prelates of the church and officers of the army and solemnly chanted the vigils and thurifications. As soon as they had finished, a page appeared at the door and called:

"Lay a cover for his Highness!" The stewards prepared a table.

"Food for his Highness," ordered the page, and waiters brought a complete meal, which they placed course by course before the duke's vacant chair. The ducal alms-

distributer then said grace and carried out the untouched food to be distributed among the poor.

From June 9 to 13 these meals were served daily at the accustomed time, the periods between the Barmecide feasts being occupied with chants and prayers. Then the body was brought to the funeral chamber, where offices were said according to a prescribed ritual for two days.

On June 16 three hundred paupers carrying torches, three hundred burghers carrying candles, and all the knights, nobles, and ecclesiastics of Lorraine escorted the coffin to the Collegiate Church of St. George, where, after lying in state another day, it was finally buried. A dead duke must have been something of a care in those days.

Probably the most important of the art treasures of the Palace of the Dukes are the tapestries said to have been found in the tent of Charles the Bold after his repulse and death by the lake of St. Jean.

There has been considerable controversy over the origin of these panels. They are obviously of Flemish workmanship and have been attributed by some authorities to Pasquier Grenier of Tournai, furnisher to the court of Philip the Good. Whatever their origin, these tapestries have a distinct story-interest. They are history and poetry and romance as well as art. They are the perfect prototype of our cartoon strips, which attempt to convey a narrative through a series of pictures. In a lesser degree they are the motionless cinema of the Middle Ages.

Here, stated a bit differently from the manner of the Middle Ages, perhaps, but adhering in all respects to the original, is the scenario of the Great Flemish Feature Picture as it is unfolded panel by panel on the wall of the Galérie des Cerfs:

THE CONDEMNATION OF BANQUET

A Drama

Written by Nicolas de la Chesnaye (?)
Photography by Pasquier Grenier (?)
Subtitles by de la Chesnaye (?)
Produced by Charles le Téméraire (?)
Distributed by René II

The Cast

Dinner, *the poor but honest hero of the piece.*
Banquet, *an overfed villain.*
Supper, *his bloated accomplice.*

And their followers:

Good-Company	Habit.
I-Drink-to-You.	I-Pledge-You.
Pastime.	Daintiness.

And other noted actors from that great Opéra Comique of The Medieval Mind.

SUBTITLE:

The worthy DINNER entertains a few friends.

SCENE I. DINNER, *a commonplace, democratic sort of soul, has invited to his table* GOOD-COMPANY, I-DRINK-TO-YOU, PASTIME, GLUTTONY, DAINTINESS, *and a number of other gentle companions. Three musicians are playing inaudible airs on a tapestry flute, and all seems to be merry. . . . Here enter the villains. At the door are seen the leering countenances of* SUPPER *and* BANQUET, *jealous that the noble guests are neglecting them for the poor simple* DINNER. *Obviously they are plotting his ruin. One would be sure of it, even were it not for the subtitles woven into the scene.*

SUBTITLE:

The Betrayal

SCENE II. BANQUET *is shown in his own hotel, outdoing* DINNER *in the entertainment of the distinguished assemblage. His table is decorated with voluptuous statuary. The napery is the finest. The vessels are of gold. There are no after-dinner speakers. The guests are smiling their approval of the good* BANQUET'S *prodigal munificence. But look behind them. Once more the villains are at work. At a signal from the traitorous host there enters a horde of unexpected guests:* APOPLEXY, FEVER, GOUT, COLIC, *and their near relations.*

SUBTITLE:

The Massacre

SCENE III. *Same as Scene II. The terrible horde called by* BANQUET *rushes in upon the unfortunate guests and slaughters them. Of the group only* GOOD-COMPANY, PASTIME, *and* HABIT *come forth unscathed.*

SUBTITLE:

The Complaint

SCENE IV. *In the court of* DAME EXPERIENCE. *The Good Dame receives the survivors of the plot and accedes to their plea for vengeance. She orders that her servitors,* FIRST-AID, CLYSTER, PILL, REMEDY, *and* DIET, *bring the guilty ones before her.*

SUBTITLE:

The Trial

SCENE V. *The tribunal of* DAME EXPERIENCE. DAME EXPERIENCE *sits as judge.* GALLIEN *and* AVERROES, *the learned physicians, argue the case. The clerk writes the sentence.*

SUBTITLE:

Censored.

SCENE VI. *Probably this panel showed the execution of* BANQUET *and* SUPPER *amid a number of tapestried hor-*

rors. The censors of the revolution or of some earlier period lost this reel of the picture, and so one can only imagine the villains going to their just deserts while the humble DINNER *profits by his sturdy honesty and is restored to the faith and respect of his neighbors.*

THE END

So runs this ancient cinema. It is an interesting picture of life in the time of the Burgundian dukes, not in what it actually shows but in what it implies. It is a naïve, childish story, spun through five vast tapestries, and worked out with gorgeous opulence. Between its threads one sees something of the Mind of the Middle Ages.

It is typical, as Hallays says, of the laughing good nature of the times. It throws a bit of light on the tastes of the ducal courts in the twilight of feudalism. For all its luxurious surroundings, the noblesse was content to amuse itself with the same things that had amused its ancestors.

CHAPTER XXVII

SKETCHES IN TINT

The Heritors of Burgundy

All that tread
The globe are but a handfu. to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.

BRYANT.

Maconnaise

A Belle of Bresse

Charollaise

Brionnaise

CHAPTER XXVII

SKETCHES IN TINT

ORNANS—a cobbled straggling street, following the vagaries of a laughing river; houses, cornice to cornice, whispering *vieillards;* gray shadows under the damp, moldy portico of the seventeenth-century Hôtel de Ville; Madame the Tobacconist knitting a red shawl in the door of her shop; Monsieur the Shoemaker carving sabots with a draw-knife, the shavings deep about his knees; the bronze figure of Courbet's fisher-boy with his spear uplifted in the fountain at the end of the park toward Avenue Wilson; Avenue Wilson and memories of the Great War; a wagon creaking, a smell of cherry-blossoms and *pot-au-feu.*

Above the town, the river comes out of its crack in the cliff wall. Below, it winds into the softer curves of green hills. Left and right the cliffs rise through a snow-storm of white flowers to cumulus clouds of blue green where the pine-trees zone the crest. Beneath these walls the life of the town moves placidly in a time-grayed setting.

A bit like the old days, it is now. There is less and less black in the dresses of the women. Here and there a touch of color when the widows walk abroad. Bridal trains are

marching to marriage under the dim gold arches of the church. Bright-eyed, blond-headed sprites who were little more than babies in 1914 will shortly have homes of their own, and sons of their own to carry bayonets in the next war.

Madame Beauvais stood by her stove, winding odd little strips of warm sponge-cake in spirals about a white stick. The heavily leaded windows shook, and there was a vague trembling through the house. From over the blue hills came an echo as of distant thunder.

"They are firing at Valdahon to-day, Monsieur."

No touch of sentiment in that—a correct diagnosis of the noise. In a far city the statesmen of the world were attempting to strengthen the anemic peace that had come out of the forest of Compiègne with Germany's surrender. But on the range at Valdahon the seventy-fives were keeping exercised. Madame dropped one of the spiral cakes into a dish and furtively wiped the corners of her eyes with her apron.

Firing at Valdahon . . . but madame was hearing the smash of the barrage at Verdun. She was seeing flares in the sky to the north. She was seeing two boys in *bleu d'horizon* dead in the wire at Avocourt.

If one had not seen her brush away the tears, one might not have noticed the vibrant quality in her voice when she spoke again.

"I am afraid the cakes will not be so light as they should

be, monsieur. They should cool with a delicate crust but should be light and flaky inside. I do not do such things as well as I did once." Then, apropos of nothing:

"There was a month's mind mass for Monsieur Larousse yesterday. It was beautiful. It seemed to me that Monsieur Larousse must be so much happier than he was here where he was so lonely.

"There was no one to take care of him, the poor old man. He was quite wealthy but he never married. He never had sons."

The madame looked up and through the door toward the group picture on the wall of her little dining-room, the picture of the sons who had died at Verdun.

It seemed strange that she should be sympathizing with one who had never known the sorrow of parting or the shock of the message "mort au champ d'honneur," and she read in my eyes my lack of understanding. She smiled.

"I am not alone, monsieur," she said. "I have the memory of my sons. And my pride in them. No one can take that from me."

Typical of the country, that reply. Burgundy has always been proud of her sons and, since first they started to make war on the continent of Europe, has always had plenty of dead sons to be proud of.

The population of this end of the Jura is a puzzle well worth study. It is with something of a shock that one notices little Margot, who lives across the street, as she steps

forth in her calico dress with her school-books under her arm. Her hair, brushed from her forehead, hangs in pig-tails down her back. Her smock is the uniform of the school-child throughout France. But Margot appears to be anything but French. Her eyes are blue and mischievous, her nose a bit pert, her lips sensitive and always ready to curve in a funny little smile. And Margot is as pure an Irish type as one might find in a day's walk in Dublin.

There are names, too, over the Librarie near the hotel and across the door of a modiste in the Rue St. Laurent that have a strangely familiar look despite French accent-marks over the vowels: Maguire, pronounced "Margee" (with the "g" hard), and Sulivant, which needs no pronunciation, names whose racial origin seems to be a matter beyond debate.

Whence came this touch of Celtic to old Burgundy? From the same source, probably, that has given to the Jura its blond Teuton women and its Italian beauties. If Arles may take credit as the only place on earth where the blood of classic Greece may still be found, in no less truth may it be said that the Jura holds the female beauty of the rest of the world. Through here passed the frontiers of the old Burgundian kingdom. All about here were the battle-fields on which the fate of the uncrowned emperors was settled. And into these valleys came thousands of mercenaries from all over Europe, to fight occasionally, to desert occasionally, and on occasion to make ardent love to the fair women who lived there.

Many a swashbuckler settled down here to a peaceful existence, and new blood and racial characteristics were their legacy to the Jura. And atavism acts every now and then to keep green their memory.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A MARRIAGE OF THE MIDI

The Wedding Jesters

The feast was over in Branksome tower
And the lady had gone to her secret bower;
Her bower was guarded by word and spell,
Deadly to hear and deadly to tell. . . .

SCOTT.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A MARRIAGE OF THE MIDI

EXPURGATED scandals of the "Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles" have a way of bobbing up unexpectedly in modern Burgundy. The free-for-all honeymoons of remote Bresse, where the gentle spirit of American charivari is carried to its ultimate development, are modified survivals of the matrimonial riots of the Middle Ages. The critical chorus that so frequently figures in marriages in the Lyonnais—a group generally composed of disgruntled admirers—has its prototype in the same interesting period. Should a bridegroom be kidnapped on his wedding eve he can console himself with the thought that his great-great-great-great-grandfather before him probably suffered the same indignity. Old customs, especially marriage customs, die hard in Burgundy. And why not? Marriage itself is probably the oldest custom of civilization.

It was in Avignon in midsummer. White dust in the streets, flaming sunlight flowing down the white walls, white lattice curtains on the street-cars, white awnings over the store fronts. In the hotel it was cool enough. There was twilight in the stone court, and a cellar-like breeze

from one of the vaulted recesses of the rambling old building that made the place tenable.

A green plush carpet had been laid in the courtway from the street to the wide stairs at the rear, and tropical plants covered the gray walls.

"We are to have a wedding," the madame declared excitedly as I inquired the cause of the decorations. "A wedding of the Midi it is to be, and the monsieur is quite fortunate that he is to see it."

I was mildly interested. A wedding with potted palms and a green carpet and a sidewalk canopy did not seem so far removed from the quaint customs of our own fair land. . . . The old Avignon is gone. One realized it the more as the little "tram," drawn by three Spanish mules, rattled past the door on the way to Villeneuve.

"It is a pretty sentiment, their coming here," pursued madame, without noticing my lack of interest. . . . I thought of bedrooms flavored with citronella, clammy walls, and haphazard food, and I smiled. . . . A pretty sentiment indeed!

"You see," madame rambled on, "they are to have their wedding déjeuner in the old Salle des Templiers. The parents of both of them were married in that same old hall, and the parents of their fathers.

"They are of very old Provençal families, both of them. He owns vast lands in the Camargue. He is a Calmette of a line that can be traced back to Raymond of Toulouse, and

she is a Courtin. On her mother's side she is descended from the Lords of Baux. There is a legend that one of the princes of the Calmette family was a Knight Templar until Philippe le Bel suppressed them.

"Monsieur Calmette's immediate family starts with that prince. . . ."

I drew up a chair and sat down beside her under one of the little orange-trees. The story-interest of the wedding was becoming more evident.

I had often seen the Salle des Templiers, a long Gothic chamber now part of the hotel by grace of a door cut through a six-foot wall on the second floor—a place of carved paneling with beams that had been blackened by the candle-smoke of a thousand conclaves. What an assemblage of ghosts must be up there now, waiting the arrival of the modern knight and his lady! Armored knights sworn to celibacy, stern men who frowned at love; then princes suddenly turned back into the world, princes who learned anew to wander through fragrant old gardens and relish the caresses of soft arms; then Calmettes who had forgotten the Templiers except once each generation when the first-born of the house led his bride to a ceremonial dinner in the ancient hall—all of these had stepped down the centuries to raise their ghostly glasses when the pair should drink together from the loving-cup at the opening of their wedding-feast. . . .

And then suddenly a clattering in the street, a rushing

vision of color where the blazing highway disclosed itself beyond the arch of the dim court, a flash of metal, and a queer sound of piping instruments. A white-canopied barouche drew up at the curb, and there began a strange procession.

Down the courtway came a formidable array of army and naval officers in full uniform bedecked with braid and medals. There was a thrill in that. The warrior knights of the long hall might greet these men as worthy brothers of the blade. The escort halted suddenly at the foot of the staircase and clashed swords to form an archway of steel. Then came the scion of Calmette with his lady on his arm.

He was lean as a whip, with the stamp of the army in his bearing. His face was brown and lean and aquiline, his lips thin, his eyes deep-set and keen. For the rest, he was not particularly striking in his conventional costume. But there was individuality in his carriage and the button of the Legion of Honor was in his lapel. I felt suddenly glad that I had been disappointed in him. This man could march up to the Salle des Templiers and laugh at his ancestors. He was as good a man as they.

And then the bride passed. Madame half rose out of her chair and clasped her hands over her broad bosom.

"Oh, beautiful!" she exclaimed. "A lady of Provence like her mother was. . . . a lovely lady."

A lovely lady she was, the proud Artemis of the Greek

friezes, the Venus of Arles in the flesh. She had kindly eyes, this Venus—eyes that compensated for the somewhat too precise sculpturing of chin, nose, and forehead. Her complexion might have been that of Guiborg the Saracen, dark olive with a tint of rose in it. Her hair, woven through a wreath of little flowers and strands of her veil, was blue black and combed back in a simple coil. If the Rhone country never produced another like her, here was basis enough for its claim to distinction as the home of the world's most beautiful women.

The bride and bridegroom passed under the swords, mounted the stairs, and stood on the balcony as the rest of the procession filed in. Paris gowns and stately ladies, more uniforms, more medals, more somber vistas of dignified black broadcloth. A hundred or more couples marched past the young couple, smiling and wishing them luck, a wonderful wedding-party, spontaneous as they always are in Provence, tastefully costumed and colorful.

But the principal feature of the celebration came as an unexpected climax. There was a sudden swirling of dust in the street, a clatter of hoofs and wild shouts, and then under the archway, bearing down over the new plush carpet at full tilt, came a strange assemblage of horsemen. So quick was their appearance that they were difficult to catalogue. They wore broad-brimmed hats and silk shirts of a dozen flaming colors. About their waists were knotted gaudy Spanish scarfs. Velvet trousers, high-heeled shoes,

and silver spurs with heavy rowels completed their costume. Above their heads in the mad dash they waved a weapon that the knights of the Salle des Templiers must have approved whole-heartedly. It was like a lance save for three gleaming points. Neptune's trident remade to take its place in the equipment of centaurs.

And it was through this strange implement that I succeeded in identifying them. They were cowboys from the Camargue in holiday attire, come to pay picturesque tribute to the lady who had just been brought into their lives.

Their horsemanship was perfect. From a wild gallop to a halt was a matter of half-seconds. As one man they leaped from their saddles and stood waving their silver spears as they cheered the bride.

She came down to greet them, smiling, shook hands with each of them, and gave each a tiny rosebud from the wreath plaited in her hair. The cowboys then left their horses to browse on the potted palms in the carpeted courtway and followed her up-stairs.

The Salle des Templiers somehow seemed no longer inappropriate as the setting for the festivities of such a marriage. There seemed to be something reminiscent of the days of private armies in the sudden mobilization of these riders from the Camargue. They had escorted the bride from her home to the church, they had escorted her to the hall of the Templars, and presently they would escort her to the Mairie for the performance of the civil marriage.

And after that they would ride at her bidding—support cold and discomfort and hunger for her without a murmur. All the glamour of the old chivalry is not gone yet.

There was to be a marriage in Fléville-en-Bresse. No need for any one in the hotel to be told about it. The bustle of preparation had brought the town to life shortly after daylight. A wedding is an important civic function in this part of Burgundy, a day of universal celebration and gaiety for every one except the bridegroom. Only the brave acquire the fair in those regions of Burgundy where the ancient rites have been continued.

François Parriel, the town simpleton, offered me his services as informant concerning the more interesting features of the wedding. After the manner of simpletons, he had acquired a fund of lore relating to such things, and he was pleased to have the opportunity to display his erudition.

The bride-to-be, he announced, was Margot the *auberge*-keeper's daughter. She was about to espouse—with a lack of taste which he deemed it his duty to point out—Henri Duval, the necklace-maker. François's observations on what sort of marriage the fair Margot might have made were interrupted by the appearance of the bridal procession in the street. It was as strange a parade as one might hope to see in Lhasa or the Forbidden City.

The Bressan head-dress is almost Asiatic in contour. Un-

like the official crown of Macon, which is a little flat lace hat placed on the head at a jaunty angle, the state coiffure of Bresse is large and awe-inspiring and expensive. For the wearing of this head-dress it is necessary that the hair be braided and rolled to something of a peak on top of the head. Over this is placed the *chapeau*, which to American eyes resembles an inverted lamp-shade. A wide disk of heavy felt covered with hand-made lace is its basis; from the center of it rises a conical pedestal to a height of about twenty centimeters. Lace veiling sweeps down from the pedestal over the felt brim. All native writers who describe this peculiar feature of the native costume comment on its high cost as compared to other sorts of hats to be found in the neighborhood. Originally it was adopted by the well-to-do as a badge of prosperity. Now every woman in Bresse has one. She is much more concerned over the acquiring of the official *chapeau* than the accumulation of a *dot*.

Every woman in our town took advantage of so excellent an occasion to appear in full regalia. The hats, though striking, were only part of a luminous general effect. Brilliant shawls and enameled jewels were crossed over tight bodices. Hand-made lace paneled full skirts of flaming silk. The lamp-shade hats, probably to give an effect of contrast, were generally black.

The bride herself was similarly decked save that her veil and high head-dress were white. The coiffure bobbed minc-

ingly in time to her short steps, a mincing, vivacious, youthful, I 'm-to-be-married-to-day sort of movement. The other tall lamp-shades swayed with the more leisurely, bored air of disillusionment and age. Voluminous petticoats rustled. Stiff shoes squeaked. The men-folk, in their black coats and silk hats or Savoyard jackets and broad-brimmed head-coverings of soft felt, marched with the women in obvious uneasiness and constraint. Only the bride was smiling, and her smile seemed likely to give way before tears at any moment.

It was destiny that she was to marry Henri Duval, my simpleton found time to tell me. On the night of the "welcome to March" she had dreamed of him, and she had known of course that they must be married within the year. It was perfectly obvious after that that she must frown on the suit of Jacques Simon, the prominent distiller, who was old enough to make her a good husband despite his objectionable temper.

What was the "welcome to March"? Monsieur must be an outlander indeed. It was an old, old custom in these parts, older than any one could remember. At midnight on the last night of February all the maidens of the village open their windows and peer out into the snow-filled streets.

"Good morning, March," they call. "Show me as I sleep that which will be my lot when I awaken." And, with that scant greeting to the new month, they close their

windows and scurry back to bed to dream the dream of March. Should a maid dream of a man, it is a sign that she is to marry within the year. It is destiny that she must marry the person shown her in this auspicious vision. Should she dream of a grave it is quite obvious that she is to die before the year is out. . . .

All of the town was in the church to see Margot kneel before the altar during a long and impressive ceremony. The old curé, who had known both of them since he had written their names on the baptismal records of the parish, gave them some short kindly advice on the duties of their new station in life.

Some old women wept quite audibly at this juncture, and all over the church the lamp-shades bobbed like black plants in a breeze. Margot's day of days did not seem to be dawning very auspiciously. This might well have been her funeral instead of her wedding. And a pretty bride she was, a bit frightened by all this portentous solemnity, but smiling still. That she had regular features and a beautiful complexion was not so remarkable in these parts. That she was shapely and petite and graceful was something more worthy of note; and no Parisienne could have carried herself with a prettier air.

Eventually the mass was ended, and Margot and Henri led their party out of the church, while the cracked choir sang a dolorous hymn of good cheer. And then, quite suddenly, the entire atmosphere changed. Henri picked up the

little girl as they passed out through the portico, swung her clear of the threshold, and squeezed her in an embrace that took her breath and crushed most of her veiling. She kissed him, laughed, and slapped his face, while the mob behind them rushed forward cheering.

"It seems so foolish to celebrate now that they are married," observed the simpleton. "They don't care for any celebration, and a lot of uproar is n't going to change their luck. You see they are married for ever now."

But whatever the merit of this observation it did not seem to represent the theory of the majority in the town. In a mad carnival the staid owls who had marched lugubriously to the church now dashed along with her to the hotel, where the wedding-feast had been set. Margot, now radiant, raised her skirts to her knees with that scandalous assurance that only a matron may display, and outdistanced most of the company in the race to the feast. And so began the second phase of the wedding.

The feasting, which began about eleven o'clock, lasted until about seven o'clock that night. Then those who were able to dance cavorted through the lower halls of the hotel until well after midnight.

"This is only an ordinary wedding," the simpleton confided, as he met me standing in the dining-room door. "Sometimes they last for two or three days, and there was one here once that lasted for a week. It was a very noble affair."

About 1 A.M. Margot and Henri, skilfully directing the course of their dance toward the door, darted out into the street. One might have supposed that they would be allowed to escape. But it seems that in Bresse such a violation of custom would have been entirely unethical. The entire assemblage, including the string-band and a number of citizens who for hours had been nourishing their red wine against the wall, scampered out after them.

Another wild race led the populace toward the lower end of town, where Monsieur and Madame Duval were to live. I followed with the simpleton, who, being a simpleton, had failed in his attempt to be the first through the door. The celebrants halted in a mad mêlée about Duval's new stone cottage. They stood by almost quietly while Henri picked up the girl and carried her across the threshold in deference to a superstition that appears to have a world-wide acceptance. It would be bad luck for a bride to trip on the threshold of her new home on her wedding night.

After that ceremonial most of the women entered the cottage *en masse* to assist the bride as maids-in-waiting. A hundred or more waiting-women would seem to be more than sufficient in a nuptial chamber anywhere in the world. The men remained outside to keep up the good cheer with raillery as good natured as it was pointed. Presently a loud shout announced the arrival of the youth who had served as best man at the wedding. I rubbed my eyes to discover that he was carrying a bowl of water. Later I dis-

covered that the water was to be used in the ceremonial immersion of the young husband's head. But any one versed in the medieval lore of Burgundy would have recalled as he saw Henri released, sputtering and half drowned from his ducking, that this bowl in the hands of the best man once had a different significance.

Henri, of course, came out of the house after the women entered. There was no room for him inside. He had lived in the neighborhood long enough to know what was about to happen to him, and it must be confessed that he took the jesting good-naturedly. On the edge of the group the critical choir, more vigorous than musical, struck up a vinous chorus. The traits of Henri that failed to meet the approval of his wife's former admirers were described to him in ragged verse; his homeliness, his dull wit, his general lack of those physical endowments that might gain for him the admiration of his fellow-men, his poor handiwork in the manufacture of bead necklaces, his impecunious condition, and his improvidence. It appeared that he was about to be tried on a blanket indictment.

Nor was Margot spared. The choristers made vocal note of her coquetry, her sharp tongue, her evil temper, her poor taste in dress, her carefully itemized physical deficiencies, her voice, her dubious abilities as a housewife, her straggly hair, and her lack of good sense in the selection of a husband. All of which was quite likely pure libel.

Then came the climax of the evening's entertainment.

Margot, pushed to the window in her nightcap by her multitudinous attendants, smiled, threw a kiss to the assemblage, and closed the shutters. Almost simultaneously Henri made a dash for the front door. But he was not quick enough. He was whisked off his feet and into a waiting cart. Willing assistants clambered in after him, the horse was lashed to a gallop, and the mob cheered the kidnappers out of sight.

The women, all but one or two, came out of the house after that, and the wedding-party departed by twos and threes. I sauntered back to the hotel, wondering a little at this high-handed procedure. Two or three of the ribald guests remained at the Maison Duval long enough to tie two pairs of shoes that once had belonged to the bride and groom to the topmost point of the chimney. Then they, too, departed.

From the simpleton I learned what was happening to the bridegroom. He was to be taken somewhere up in the hills and stored in a hut or tied to a tree. By morning his release would be effected, and the entire town would turn out to welcome him home when he should return, foot-sore and hungry and probably peevish.

I thought of him as I opened my window preparatory to going to bed. The effervescent French temperament sometimes works a bit of hardship on those temporarily unwilling to pay it toll. I pictured Margot, alone in her new house, weeping and worrying for the safety of her vanished

bridegroom and fearful lest some similar indignity might be visited upon herself. I pictured Henri, tied to a tree up there in the hills, worrying about Margot and cutting his wrists in a vain effort to release himself. The honeymoon house, silent as death, stood in silhouette against the moon. I thought I could hear a woman sobbing. The wedding jest did not seem so humorous.

Then suddenly a light . . . a scream and a gale of laughter. A luminous rectangle appeared in the second story of the home of Henri Duval and at the window-sill Henri himself with his bride in his arms. The pair bowed in solemn mockery to the empty street, threw kisses to the breeze, and closed the shutter once more. Evidently the critical chorus had been wrong in its estimate of Henri's physical prowess. By some miracle he had escaped the kidnappers. The light went out.

CHAPTER XXIX

WRAITHS IN THE MOONLIGHT

So Ends the Chanson

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return.

SHELLEY.

CHAPTER XXIX

WRAITHS IN THE MOONLIGHT

"Where went they, the Kings?" . . .
"Over the mountain."

FREDERICK MISTRAL, in his story of the children of Provence who waited for the three glittering Magi, their golden-haired pages, and the "poor, hungry camels who had come so far," voices with delicacy the sadness of lost ambitions, the plaint of those who fail in their quest for the unattainable. And in his picture of the enthusiasm that faded with the setting of the sun, of the doubt that grew as the chill winds found their way through the forests along the road to Arles, and of the weary home-coming, he limns with understanding art the whole story of the Lost Kingdom of Burgundy.

The kings are gone, over the mountain. Their golden empire has crumbled. The heritage of power has been partitioned between half a dozen countries. A county remains to bear in its name the epitaph of a kingdom.

It is natural to wonder what might have been the fate of Europe had this Burgundy lived, vigorous as the racial entity which it was for many a generation after the Merovingian domination, or artificially strengthened as it might

have been in the empire of Charles the Bold. Certainly the buffer between the western and central portions of Europe would have been strong enough to keep them apart. Burgundy would have held the balance of power on the continent and, according to the map-makers who preached the virtues of buffer-states after the final error of the late Napoleon, should have insured a lasting peace. Yet somehow Burgundy, bull of the European china-shop, seems poorly cast in a pacifist rôle. Had Charles succeeded, would there be to-day a France, a Burgundy, and a Germany? Or would there be the spectacle of Burgundy and Germany battening on the carcass of France—or France and Burgundy picking the bones of Germany? Or would there be just Burgundy, more arrogant as ruler of a continent, still seeking affronts and hoping for battle?

It seems to me that the answer may be read in the Golden Kingdom's ruins: had the Valois dream come true, all Europe would have been Burgundy, or there would have been no Burgundy in Europe—which after all brings us around to things as they are. They were gamblers, these empire-builders of Flanders and the Côte d'Or, without fear enough to know when they were defeated, without intelligence enough to know when they should acknowledge superior authority; and when they tossed the red dice it was always for maximum stakes—all or nothing.

For the romance of the thing it is better probably that Charles the Bold was wrong in thinking himself an

Alexander. Burgundy, alive and flourishing and standing forth as history's finest example of national bad manners, might not be particularly interesting. Burgundy, the lost kingdom, a thing of moss-grown castles, and dimly echoing chansons and memories of chivalry and lady-worship and crusades and battles and misfit phantoms, is a charming place.

Who knows?—perhaps Queen Jeanne of the courts of love was a fat dullard who could not tell a good poem from bad. A modern minstrel does not care, for he sees only her lovely ghost, and that is airy and *spirituelle* as the ghosts of queens must always be. Philip the Good was quite free in expressing his opinion that King René, the royal troubadour, was a crazy old nincompoop, and, truth to tell, modern eyes are physically quite the same as Philip's. But René's chansons sound the better to us for having echoed down the aisles of some five centuries, and age is good for lutes and ghostly lute-playing. And so it is with all of them—the Amorous Duchess of Dijon, the Sleeping Monarchs of the Inland Isle, the Knight of the Holy Tear, Bertille of the Three Crowns, the Golden Knight of Crussol, the Dragon-Fighters of Provence, Nicolette of the Twinkling Feet, William of Orange—knights and ladies, minstrels and kings, crusaders, robbers, mendicants, courtezans, prelates, poets, macemen, heroes, and cutthroats—one may sit here under the beeches as the setting sun strikes across the crumbling walls of Beaune

and see them pass in glittering review, splendid, awesome, majestic in the softening perspectives of once-upon-a-time. Romance is abroad among the roses, and one forgets that these folks must have been very trying neighbors when they were in the bloom of health.

The bells are booming in the old *clochers*. Wooden shutters are curtaining the arched fronts of the ancient shops. *Vieillards* are moving their rush-bottomed chairs out into the cobbled streets. Misshapen shadows are clambering up out of the moat. The spire of the hospice stands sharp against the sky like a gigantic hour-hand checked for ever in its course while pointing to high noon. And the wraiths of the queens are passing . . . passing. . . . Old Burgundy stirs itself in the twilight and breathes once more.

In the distance a young voice and an old song:

> How many fair daughters have you?
> Giroflé, Girofla,
> How many fair daughters have you?
> Love will take count of them.

The sun sets, and the stars come out, and the cavernous streets teem with mystery. A modern minstrel with a shiny new lute feels suddenly out of place in such a setting. For these specters at his elbow are very real, and they will have none of him.

Moonlight is the great restorer of vanished kingdoms. On the hills rise the phantom donjons, towers of argent.

On the roads ride shining cavaliers in mail that makes no sound. In spectral bowers diaphanous ladies in conical caps and gossamer veils smile innocently enough at the impassioned songs of ghostly troubadours. . . . And so it will always be while there are romancers to marvel at Philippe Pot and sigh in sympathy with René and his dancing queen. . . . And so the old ghosts will always walk when the light is good and conditions favorable—on such a night as this.